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Mr. Willkie reports that he found "one of the most effective societies of modern times" in Soviet Russia

Life on the Russian Frontier

By

WENDELL WILLKIE



THERE ARE many questions in people's minds today about Russia. How does the Communist Party function in the lives of Soviet citizens? Are the people well fed, well clothed? How do they feel about the war? How far has Russia been able to develop her resources as an effective society?

There are no simple answers to these questions. The Soviet Union covers an enormous territory, bigger than the United States, Canada and Central America combined. What is true in one part of that vast land may not be true in another. Yet in the Siberian republic called

Yakutsk I did find answers to some of the questions Americans ask, answers that are worth reporting.

The story of Yakutsk — the record of its past and what I saw of its present — taught me more about the Russian Revolution than any book I have ever read. What I saw did not make me a Communist. In fact, it made me even more of a believer in our American system and more eager to work for it. But it also convinced me that the Russians are not by nature a hard people to get along with, and that the peace and prosperity of the world after the war will require that Americans and Russians do get along with each other.

First, consider the past history of

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Yakutsk. The Yakuts were a Central Asian people, pushed north by the Mongols in the days of Genghis Khan; most of them trapped for furs or picked the earth for gold. They lived in huts, low-ceilinged, dirt-floored, smoky from open fires, with cattle and human beings under the same roof. Disease and frequent famines decimated what was once a hardy people.

The Russians came into the country slowly, and until recently in no great numbers. During the time of the Czars, Yakutsk was famous for tuberculosis, furs and syphilis. Convicts and political prisoners, including Alexander Pushkin, were exiled there. Many who endured its bitter life wrote of Yakutsk as "the people's prison."

The first September snow had already coated the airfield when our Liberator bomber landed at the capital city of this republic, also called Yakutsk. We had been flying for hours over the *taiga*, or forest land, which covers the northern part of Siberia as far as the Arctic Circle. The land looks big and cold and empty from the air, with few roads and miles upon miles of snow and trees. A man stepped forward from the small group standing at the edge of the field as our plane stopped.

"My name is Muratov," he said. "I am president of the Council of People's Commissars of the Yakutsk Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic. I have instructions from Comrade Stalin to take care of you

while you are here, to show you anything you want to see, to answer any questions you may care to ask. Welcome."

It was a short speech, but he gave it everything he had. There were fewer than a dozen people at the airfield, but this one carried himself with the air of a man flanked by brass bands and guards of honor welcoming a foreign visitor.

I thanked him and explained that we were stopping only briefly as there was still time that day to cover the next thousand-mile lap of our journey.

"You are not going on today, Mr. Willkie," he replied, "nor probably tomorrow. The weather reports are not good and it is part of my instructions to assure your safe arrival at your next stop. Otherwise I shall be liquidated."

We drove into the town of Yakutsk in a heavy black Soviet limousine. Between the airfield and the town we looked for the usual concentration camp we had seen in some other cities—heavy barbed-wire fences, with sentry boxes at the corners. But there was none in Yakutsk, or at least we never came across it.

"What would you like to see in Yakutsk, Mr. Willkie?" Muratov asked me as we drew near the town.

"Have you a library?" I asked.

"Certainly we have a library."

We went directly to it. In an old but well-lighted building, clean and well staffed, this town of 50,000 people had accumulated some 550,-

ooo volumes. The stacks were wooden; the machine for delivering books to the reading room worked like a primitive country well. But the reading room was well occupied, the card catalogues modern and complete. Records showed that over 100,000 calls had been made for books during the past nine months. Special exhibits hung on the walls. Periodicals and reference works were on open shelves. There was an air of great efficiency. Here was a library any town might well be proud of.

Our hotel—the only hotel in Yakutsk—was a new building, with a Russian stove in every room. It was filled with tough-looking men in leather coats and boots made of reindeer fur. The girls were red-cheeked, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. They had an amusing way of looking straight at us and then laughing their heads off. We were foreigners.

The town itself seemed, in many ways, like a western town in the United States a generation ago. In fact, much of its life reminded me of our own early and expanding days—especially the hearty, simple tastes, the not-too-subtle attitudes of mind, the tremendous vitality. The sidewalks along the bigger streets were built of boards, like those I remember in Elwood, Indiana, when I was a boy. The houses had the neat, buttoned-up look of homes in any northern town, with light glowing from the windows and soft smoke rising from the chimneys.

There was plenty to remind us, however, that this was Siberia, and not America. Most of the houses were built of logs, packed with felt; their façades were covered with intricate native scrollwork. The food served us was Siberian—a whole roast pig on the table, sausages, eggs, cheese, soup, chicken, veal, tomatoes, pickles, wine and a vodka concentrate so strong that even Russians poured water into it. Each meal was as big as the one that preceded. There was vodka even at breakfast, and steaming tea all day long. It is a cold country. Though I do not imagine the people outside our hotel ate as well as we did, they apparently ate plenty.

I wondered about the local amusements. "Have you a theater?" I asked Muratov.

He had, and we went to it later in the evening. He told me the performance began at nine o'clock. After dinner we drank vodka and talked, and I suddenly realized that it was after nine.

"What time did you say the show started?" I asked him.

"Mr. Willkie," he answered, "the show starts when I get there."

And so it did. We walked into our box a half hour later, sat down, and up went the curtain. We saw a gypsy opera, performed by a Leningrad company on tour. The dancing was excellent, the staging good, the singing fair. The audience liked it noisily, though the theater was not quite filled, this being the ninth consecu-

tive performance of the same opera.

The war was far removed that night from this audience of young people, and so was the ideology of Communism. Love and jealousy and gypsy dances filled the stage, and between the acts the young men paraded arm in arm with their girls around the theater as Russian audiences always do.

But earlier, in the twilight, with the new snow crunching underfoot, we had gone to see the district museum. There we found vivid reminders of the war. The graphs on the walls — showing the increase in schools, hospitals, cattle, retail trade — all stopped at June 1941, as if the country's life had also stopped then. The answer to each of my questions ended with an explanation of how much more could have been done had not the Germans put a temporary end to all civilian plans.

Muratov showed me samples of the real gold which is now the greatest wealth of Yakutsk, and of the "soft gold" — or furs — which is its second most valuable product. Among the sables, foxskins and bearskins were the soft pelts of Arctic hares and white squirrels. These smaller animals, he explained, must be shot through the eye if the skin is not to be spoiled. When I expressed a polite skepticism as to the economic possibilities of a profession in which you must shoot squirrels invariably through the eye, Muratov stood his ground. All Yakutsk hunters, he said, when mobilized into the

Red Army, are classified automatically as snipers.

During the day, too, we were aware of the war. Though Yakutsk is 3000 miles from the front, we found simple people, most of whom had never seen a German in their lives or traveled west of the Ural Mountains, talking earnestly of "the war for the fatherland."

I asked Muratov what he was doing about the education of the people.

"Mr. Willkie," he said, "the answer is simple. Before 1917, only two percent of all the people of Yakutsk were literate; 98 percent could not read or write. Now the figures are exactly reversed.

"Moreover," he went on, smiling cheerfully, "I have now received an order from Moscow to liquidate the two percent illiteracy before the end of this year."

"To liquidate" is a term much used in Russia. It can mean the accomplishment of a set task, or it can mean imprisonment or death. I remembered the fate of the manager of a collective farm we had visited, who had just been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment because 100 of his cows had died. He had failed to liquidate the causes of the disaster so he himself was liquidated.

With pride Muratov showed us Yakutsk's newest motion-picture theater, one of the concrete buildings with which he has disproved an old belief that only wooden structures could be built on eternally frozen subsoil. The biggest building

in town housed the local Communist Party headquarters. I had often wondered how in actual practice 3,000,000 Communist Party members — that is all there are in Russia — could impose their ideas and their control on 200,000,000 people. Here in Yakutsk I began to understand the process.

There was no other organized group in the town, no church, no lodge, no other party. Approximately one-and-one-half percent of Yakutsk's 50,000 people belong to the Communist Party, and are thus members of the town's one important club. These 750 include all the directors of factories, the government officials, most of the doctors, superintendents of schools, librarians and teachers. In other words, in Yakutsk as in most communities in Russia, the best-educated, the most alert, the ablest men of the community are members of the Communist Party, and they keep the Party in power. That is the answer.

Furthermore, the membership of these Communist clubs is jealously guarded. Suppose, for instance, a member wishes to introduce a friend for membership. He will think well before doing so. For he knows that if his friend betrays the Party not only will the friend suffer but he, the sponsor, will suffer as well. Americans, I profoundly believe, would not like that kind of one-party system.

Few things in this Siberian outpost of the Soviet Union interested

me more than its president, Muratov himself. If the town of Yakutsk suggested answers to many of my questions, Muratov gave me the key to others. For he was typical of the new men who are running Russia. And in much of his character and career he was curiously like many Americans I have known.

He was a short, stocky man, with a round, smiling, clean-shaven face. Born in Saratov on the Volga, the son of a worker's family, he had been picked from a machine shop in Stalingrad for special schooling because he was bright. He had worked and studied his way through school, through the university and through the Institute of Red Professors, Moscow's leading graduate school in the social sciences. Two years ago he had been sent out to head the Council of People's Commissars of Yakutsk. And here he now was, 37 years old, educated entirely after the 1917 revolution, running a republic bigger than any other in the U.S.S.R., a state more than five times as large as France.

I saw a good deal of Muratov for a couple of days. He was a man who would do well in any country; in his own country he was doing something more than well. His way of doing things, like the Soviet way all over Siberia, was rough and tough and often cruel and sometimes mistaken. His comment would be: "But it gets results." When I pressed him for details about the economic development of Yakutsk,

he talked like a California real-estate salesman. And once more I was reminded of the days of great development in my own country.

"Why, consider, Mr. Willkie. We set up the Yakutsk Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic in 1922. Since then we've multiplied its budget 80 times, and everyone who lives here knows it in his heart and in his stomach. Yakutsk used to be just a white spot on the map. Now, this month, our gold mines have won third place in competing against all the nonferrous mining of Russia. They are ahead of plan." And he filled me with figures.

His power plant had just won first place in a competition of all municipal plants in the Soviet Union for cutting production costs to 6.27 kopecks per kilowatt hour. He interpreted these figures for me: "That alone meant a saving of 300,000 rubles just since the start of the Fatherland War.

"We've invested more than a billion rubles in Yakutsk in 20 years," he went on. "We'll cut nearly 4,000,000 cubic meters of wood this year, against 35,000 in 1911. And we've still got a long way to go before we hit the annual growth, which we figure is 88,000,000 cubic meters.

"When this war is over, you in America are going to need wood, and we're going to need all kinds of machines. We're not so far away from you when we get the Arctic sea route open. Come and get the wood; we'll be glad to swap."

I saw with my own eyes that his tales were not all salesmanship. Yakutsk is 1200 miles from any railroad. Only this year they are finishing a hard-surfaced, all-weather highway to tie the republic in with the Trans-Siberian Railroad and Moscow. Until now, they have been dependent for communication on airways and on the Lena River route to the Arctic.

Gold and furs are precious goods; they have been moved without roads since the beginning of history. But Yakutsk has now been found by Soviet research expeditions also to have great wealth in silver, nickel, copper and lead. Oil has been discovered, and although details of the wells are military secrets, Muratov told me they would be producing commercially before the end of 1943. In fish, lumber and salt, the country has vast untapped resources. And a sizable ivory industry has been built, curiously enough, on the tusks of prehistoric mammoths preserved in Arctic cold storage.

In agriculture, Yakutsk has found new possibilities in the crossbred wheat with which the limit of the cereal belt has been pushed northward. The growing season is short, but the subsoil is full of water and the sun shines all day and almost all night in summer.

Most of the farms — 97 percent in September — have been collectivized. Reindeer are the chief motive power of the republic, but there are now some hundreds of tractors

and 160 combines — "Think of it, Mr. Willkie, 160 combines at the Arctic Circle!" A small but growing army of specialists is determined to make the frozen tundra flower and produce.

These men, and the others who are running the tanneries and lumber mills and gold dredges, are driven partly by the desire for money, partly by social rewards like medals and citations for public service, and partly by fear of punishment. The cash rewards are on a generally lower scale than in the United States, but the range between high and low wages seemed to me very large.

Awarding of medals is far more common in Russia than with us. Finally, the fear of punishment, I believe, lies deep.

But whatever the incentives which move them, these people have developed an enthusiasm and a self-

confidence which reminded me repeatedly of the romance of our own western development. I came away with a powerful curiosity to know what Yakutsk will look like ten years from now. Any man who visits a part of the Soviet Union today may well dislike its godlessness, or be disturbed about its Communist theories; but no man can look at these people and talk to them without realizing that they have built one of the most effective societies of modern times.

Russia admires America greatly. We must learn to know Russia. For both now and in the world to come after the war, these two inherently powerful societies must find a way of working together. With the enormous contribution which Soviet Russia is making to the winning of this war, she will not be ignored in the world after the war.



❶ A CHAPLAIN preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments, leaving one private in a serious mood. But eventually he brightened up. "Anyway," he consoled himself, "I never made a graven image."

— *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books)

From the austere security of the Supreme Court bench, an astute politician steps back onto the domestic firing line

Jimmy Byrnes, "ASSISTANT PRESIDENT"

Condensed from Life

Eliot Janeway



WHEN last October President Roosevelt asked Mr. Justice James Francis Byrnes to step down from the hushed magnificence of the U. S. Supreme Court to take charge of U. S. domestic affairs, he made him, in effect, Assistant President. The national sigh of relief could be heard from *The Wall Street Journal* on the right to *The Nation* on the left. The general reaction was best expressed by Connecticut's Senator Maloney: "It looks like they're sending for the first team."

The President has of necessity become more and more engrossed in problems of international policy and war strategy. The country has not criticized him for this. But the people have felt that the home front is also vital to the conduct of the war. They have been infuriated to see the running of the war behind the lines fall into the hands of quarrelsome little men. Ever since the President has concentrated on events occurring outside our boundaries, the people's business has been neg-

lected at the top and mismanaged below.

To run the home front the President had no need of another businessman or economist. The job called for a politician like himself, with a gift for handling personal relationships and bringing order out of bureaucratic chaos. The choice of Jimmy Byrnes, the former Senator from South Carolina, seemed almost inevitable.

This job is hardly one to be sought by a Supreme Court Justice in his 60's with salary and prestige secured for life. All that Byrnes expects from it is heartache, attack and insecurity. And when he stepped down from the Supreme Court he made it clear that the seat was not to be held for him; he never expects to hold another public position.

Byrnes has not moved quickly in his new White House office. But he has never moved quickly. He is a

prudent man, a trading man, but no one who has ever taken him on in a fight has come out contemptuous — or completely intact.

On the White House chart, Byrnes ranks everyone in sight. His immediate subordinates do not make his task easier. They include plodding, harried Donald Nelson with his aspirations to toughness; Jesse Jones, who built a legend of security and solidity through just sitting on top of a large portion of the U. S. economy; the Food, Manpower and Price administrators; and their peers and rivals. The confusion below Byrnes and the preoccupation above him define the new job.

Besides running the sprawling, quarrelsome Executive arms for the President, Byrnes must also placate, inspire and persuade the new Congress. The President's relationship with Congress is in jeopardy. The 1942 elections left the Democrats in formal control, but as Representative Joe Martin said, "No majority of 220 has ever been able to control a minority of 208." Seven disaffected Democrats can lose the House for the Administration; and there is no end of disaffected Democrats in Washington. In the Senate the chances of losing control are nearly as close.

Sharpshooting for three votes, for two, or even for one is an art which Byrnes has practiced for years. Many a time, sometimes for the President, sometimes against him, the Senator from 'South Carolina

whittled a self-satisfied majority into a surprised minority. He knows how to reconcile the differences of independent men into a working agreement while respecting their right to differ.

He has been able to play his role so successfully because he does not put his own ego first. His cheerful ability to think about the matter in hand first and himself second is the reason he is so well equipped to serve the President as deputy.

It was in 1908 that young Byrnes first ran for office and was elected solicitor (district attorney) in the circuit around Aiken, S. C. Two years later he ran for Congress. Recalling that election, he says, "I campaigned on nothing but gall, and gall won by 57 votes."

Byrnes was born in 1879 on the wrong side of Charleston's railroad tracks, of poor Irish-American parents. His father had died before his birth and his mother supported the family by sewing. His formal schooling ended at 14, when he went to work as an office boy for a rich Charleston law firm.

He learned stenography at night, started to read law and devoured the contents of the Charleston library. Moving to the little county seat of Aiken at the age of 21, he held the job of official court reporter there for eight years. In 1903 he was admitted to the bar and the same year became editor of Aiken's weekly newspaper. There, too, he married Maude Busch.

From 1910 to 1924 Jimmy Byrnes represented the Carolina countryside in Congress. In 1924 he ran for the Senate in the Democratic primary and lost to Cole Blease, a rampant reactionary. He came back in 1930 and beat Blease decisively.

It is the Union County speeches of the 1930 campaign that Byrnes' friends remember best today. A lynching had taken place there only three days before the candidates arrived to debate campaign issues. Celebration of this "ceremony," as Blease liked to call such murders, was meat and drink to Blease. He launched into an hysterical death dance, and the crowd, worked up, screamed with him.

When Byrnes got up to speak he began quietly. "Ladies and gentlemen, I think we've had enough talk about lynching. My speech today is about conditions in our factories. Not enough sprinkler systems have been installed. . . ." He carried Union County, carried the state, and retired Blease, who never came back.

At the beginning of his political career Byrnes resolved he would never compromise integrity to gain political favor. Throughout his years in office he has written thousands of letters to constituents who have asked him to get them government jobs. The letters are in this vein:

Dear John Doe:

I will be glad to recommend you as to character and habits and ask investigation of your qualifications. I cannot ask

for your appointment as a favor because I have no way of reciprocating that favor except at the expense of the public.

I am a member of the Appropriations Committee, and the head of the office in which you seek employment will come before the Committee seeking appropriations. He may remind me that he has done me a favor in appointing you and ask that I reciprocate by voting for an appropriation which will increase the importance of his job and salary. I would thereby lose my independence of thought. I could not spend millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money to reciprocate the favor of your appointment.

The story of Byrnes in Washington during the 1930's is the story of Roosevelt and Byrnes. During the first World War the men had begun to like and trust each other. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Byrnes, a member of the House Appropriations Committee and its key Deficiency Subcommittee, was the man who backed him up. When Roosevelt slashed red tape and got production of equipment going before bureaucrats gave contracts, it was Byrnes who covered his rear and saw his accounts balanced.

In June 1932, when the Democratic convention met in Chicago, Byrnes gave Roosevelt strong, skillful support from the beginning. But his discretion was so complete that there was little mention of his important part in the tumultuous events through which Roosevelt emerged as the new leader of the people.

Byrnes has never regarded himself as a "Roosevelt man" or allowed himself to be classified as such. His record in the Senate is zigzag — for the Wagner Act, but against sit-down strikes; for the Supreme Court "packing" plan of 1937, but also for economy and against the President's attempted purge of 1938; for a ban on the importation of strikebreakers into a state, but against the Wages and Hours Act.

In 1939 came the war in Europe. Byrnes buried his domestic differences with Roosevelt and became the real leader of the Senate. Crucial emergency bills had to be passed, and only his masterful political engineering got them passed.

In the spring of 1941 Roosevelt offered Byrnes a Supreme Court Justiceship. To the Senator, the Representative, the district attorney who had dared oppose southern tradition in his first public case by prosecuting two white men for shooting a Negro in the back, the young man reading law at night, the boy who had known bitter poverty, this was the greatest honor he had ever dreamed of.

And yet he accepted it with a guilty conscience. His political talents, he knew, made him particularly useful in the Senate, while on the Supreme Court he was off the firing line. This feeling grew as his

EVERY MORNING, shortly before nine o'clock, a White House car calls at the Shorcham, takes Jimmy Byrnes to his office in the White House east wing. (Jimmy delights in calling it the left wing.) Byrnes sits at a huge, unlittered desk with one telephone. He hardly moves from this room all day. Like his boss at the other end of the White House, he has lunch at his desk. He talks frequently with the President by telephone, sees him two or three times a week. Most of his day is taken up by conferences with civilian and war-agency administrators. At seven o'clock the White House car takes Jimmy Byrnes home.

This happy, jaunty Irishman's bantam-sized body houses an almost inhuman store of nervous energy. Striding down the street, Jimmy Byrnes looks like Jimmy Cagney doing an impersonation of the late George M. Cohan. He has some of the Cohan philosophy: live a clean, honest, extrovert life; get your work done; don't gossip or meddle in other people's business. Although he loves to tell salty tales of the Old South, no one has ever heard him tell an off-color story. He once described his wants as: "Two tailor-made suits a year, three meals a day, and a reasonable amount of good liquor." — *Time*

chambers filled with harried legislators and government executives, asking for advice or pleading with him to intervene in this or that mess. He remained aloof. Finally the President himself asked the same help. He had to take back the honor he had bestowed on Byrnes by recalling him, after 15 months on the bench, to a more urgent job.

There was considerable fanfare when Byrnes was named "Economic Czar," as the papers called him. Thereafter there was considerable silence. Though the fanfare was deserved, it is the silence that suits Byrnes. He is not setting up a new agency identified by initials, first cryptic, then familiar, then forgotten. He is not hiring men by the hundreds, issuing press releases, squabbling on the front pages with other agencies. His organization is a general staff which will work through existing agencies. Right now his payroll consists of four men.

Though Byrnes has moved quietly, his influence has been widely felt in Washington. He guided the setting up of a food administration and moved in on the eastern gasoline crisis. Meanwhile he is wrestling with three other sectors of the home front which are in a state of crisis: manpower, rationing and war finance, especially taxes.

Byrnes has still another major problem on his hands. He has to work Washington back to a closer relationship with the people. Policy-making can be done only in Washington. But Washington's decisions will continue to boomerang until they are formulated in terms of what goes on throughout the country. Just as policy must be centralized in Washington, so execution must be decentralized among the various regions of the country. The miracle of an efficiently decentralized government organization, having over-all, not just specialized, responsibility, is what Jimmy Byrnes has been drafted to achieve.

No American not elected but appointed has ever held such power. But there is no one more sincerely respectful of our democratic tradition, no one in whose hands this power could be safer, than the poor Irish boy who is still called by everybody "Mr. Justice Byrnes."



Arms and the Woman

*I*N battle-ready Hawaii, where the ratio between the sexes is 260 men to 1 woman, the Boy Meets Girl problem is something that even the Islands' excellent U.S.O. cannot keep pace with.

At police headquarters in Honolulu I was told of an able-bodied seaman, on shore leave from the South Pacific, who broke into a department-store window and walked off with a lovely form draped in an evening dress. When the police caught up with him, he was repentant.

"I didn't mean anything wrong," he said. "I just wanted to get my arms around something feminine."

— Contributed by Stanley High

White Collars Go on the Production Line

Condensed from Forbes

T. E. Murphy

JOHN DEVLIN is a plump, slightly bald gentleman in his early 50's; he wears gold-rimmed glasses and works at a desk eight hours a day. But John Devlin is also on the production line. For an additional half day he helps make airplane motors. He is one of the hundreds of white-collar workers who pair off to do the same thing, each pair covering an eight-hour shift. They are helping their country, and they are meeting the increased cost of living by an additional pay envelope that contains from 20 to 30 dollars a week.

Last November manpower officials in Hartford, Connecticut, were worried. They were scraping the bottom of the labor barrel and orders continued to pour in. Fifty-one industries in the area had hired an additional 16,000 workers within a few months and estimated they would soon want 17,000 more. These 51 industries do real war work; 97 percent of the output is actually used in battle.

Home of a dozen large insurance companies, the city has a high proportion of desk jobs. For months the white-collar worker had been buzzing in and out of the U. S. Employment Service office—hundreds of him. He wanted to be useful, yet he

wanted to keep the hard-earned security of his office job. He was willing to do part-time work, but nobody seemed interested.

The harassed Employment Service decided to do the unorthodox thing. It invited these workers to come in and register. In a matter of days more than a thousand men and women signified their desire to work at least four additional hours every day.

Armed with this reservoir of manpower, a representative of the Employment Service approached one of the largest airplane motor manufacturers. "Here we have a thousand conscientious men and women," he said. "Many of them have skills. Some are engineers. All of them will be hard workers." And so they have proved to be, in that factory and others.

How does the system work? Take John Devlin again. He leaves his desk at five o'clock each afternoon; goes home, has his supper and reads the paper. At ten minutes past seven Bill Reid, from the purchasing department of a large insurance company, calls for him. They drive to the aircraft factory. At 7:45 John Devlin is running a drill press, relieving Bill Jenkins, a salesman, who runs the machine from 3:45 to 7:45.

Two months ago John Devlin didn't know a drill press from a hole in the ground. Training period for new workers is usually five weeks, but Devlin was put on production after 10 days.

"The night passes just like that," — he snaps his fingers. "I look up and it's 12 o'clock. Time to go home."

Tired? "Never felt better in my life," he says. "I was hoping I'd lose a little weight," patting his stomach, "but the job seems to agree with me."

This confirms the opinion of many psychologists that fatigue is largely boredom. Of hundreds of workers, not one has been discovered who has felt the slightest ill effects from the extra 24 hours a week. Nor do their full-time employers feel that their daytime efficiency has been impaired.

Roughly a third of the Hartford part-time workers are women. Josephine Loike is typical of the girl office worker whose day isn't over when she puts the cover on her typewriter at five o'clock. At 7:45 she is at a drill press, relieving a candy salesman who takes the first half of the shift.

Josephine has worked as a typist in an insurance office for five years. Always had a yen to do machine work but never had the opportunity. She denies that she does the extra work merely to make money. "I could get all the overtime I want as a typist." And she doesn't feel that the extra hours are hurting her. "If

I weren't working I'd be out dancing or bowling, getting to bed no earlier than I am now."

Employers in other Connecticut towns are adopting the Hartford plan. In New Haven the Winchester Arms plant, making Garand rifles, has taken on hundreds. It draws heavily on Yale students for the early half of the split. Store owners, insurance agents, salesmen, housewives and professional people take the second half.

They are paid piecework rates. Herbert Chappell, history teacher at the Hillhouse High School during the day, operates an edging machine from 7 to 11. He likes the variation from years of schoolteaching. "And it helps to pay the income tax," he points out. Mrs. Seby Baraldi, pert, dark-haired and comely, wife of a grocery clerk, helps make radiators for airplanes four hours a night. Lewis H. Munson, cashier of the Travelers Insurance Company in New Haven, runs a drill press. James G. Kenefick, head of the circulation department of Yale University Library, has spent his evenings at Winchester's since November 19, when the split-shift system first got under way in New Haven. Like most split-shifters, he never worked in a factory before.

Absenteeism among these part-time workers is far less than among those regularly employed. A remarkable *esprit de corps* has grown up.

Part-time workers in Hartford include one reporter and one Assistant

Attorney General — Harry Silverstone, who operates an automatic screw machine.

One of the remarkable discoveries is the potential machine skills that have been lying dormant — people who have grown up with the idea that they had no manual dexterity. An insurance clerk remarked recently, "If I had discovered 20 years ago how much better I liked running

a machine than pushing a pen, I'd have saved myself a lot of grief."

Employers are finding that in these newcomers they have a group of earnest, conscientious workers, anxious to do a good job. And hundreds of white-collar employees are finding a new joy in life in the extension of their work week to 72 hours — with no untoward effects. They like it.

Parlor Puzzlers



1. PLACE three glasses in a row, with the middle one turned upside down. Pick up two at a time, one in each hand, and turn them over. Make three of these moves, but do not turn the same two glasses in consecutive moves, and end with all upside down.

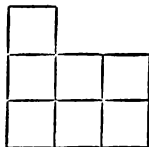


2. GRASP the stem of a wineglass in the second, third and little finger, and hold two lumps of sugar (or small dominoes), one on top of the other, in thumb and forefinger. Now put both lumps of sugar into the glass, one after the other, without using your other hand. (It's easy to toss the first lump and catch it in the glass, but when you toss the second you'll find that the first one is likely to fly out.)



3. LAY a calling card on top of a wineglass and place a nickel on the card. Now blow the nickel into the glass.

4. HOLD a napkin at two corners and, without letting go, tie it into a knot.



5. ARRANGE 20 toothpicks to form a figure composed of seven squares, as shown above. Now remove three of the toothpicks and replace them so as to form a figure of only five squares, which touch each other at some point. Each square must be the same size as those in the original figure.

(Explanations on page 41)

Four-Motored Dogfight

Condensed from "Battle for the Solomons"

Ira Wolfert

FIRST LIEUTENANT Ed Loberg was scheduled to take his B-17, an old Flying Fortress, on a routine search mission from Guadalcanal, and I decided to go along.

Loberg is a farm boy from Tigerton, Wisconsin. Co-pilot was Lieutenant Bernays K. Thurston, an accountancy-minded, guitar-playing, blues-loving youth of 23 from Indianapolis. First Lieutenant Robert D. Spitzer, 26, of Anderson, Indiana, was navigator and the bombardier was Second Lieutenant Robert A. Mitchell, 24, of Washington, D. C. Five noncoms completed the personnel.

IRA WOLFERT, North American Newspaper Alliance star reporter, has an uncanny faculty of being on the spot when things happen. He had a front seat from which to watch the only big naval battle ever fought within full view of shore ("A Grandstand View of Jap Naval Disaster," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '43). He was in St. Pierre-Miquelon when the Free French seized it, and he scooped the world on the news. Aboard a Flying Fortress on what was to be a routine patrol, he was participant in one of the strangest of dogfights, which he here describes. And perhaps most amazing coincidence of all, he was in a plane just above the transport *President Coolidge* when it hit a mine and sank.

Wolfert, who is 33, has been on the staff of the North American Newspaper Alliance since 1929, covering important assignments. Aside from his newspaper job he is an accomplished short-story writer whose work has appeared in magazines and anthologies.

We took off in a tropical noontime swollen with weather. There were patches of steaming sun lying breathless on glassy water and patches of squalls and cloudbursts rising in thick pillars over heaving seas. We searched low for a while, then climbed to 6000 feet to give some Jap a chance to sneak in under us if he wanted to.

Suddenly Lieutenant Loberg called for battle stations. I looked out of the glass-enclosed nose—where I stayed through all that followed. Far below us was one of our PBY navy planes. It turned and lifted and fell like a bird in trouble. Near it was a Kawanishi 97, the best four-motored bomber the Jap navy has. It, too, looked like a bird—an eagle bunching itself for the kill, its propellers glinting like claws. Quickly we muscled in and took the fight over.

We dived so rapidly that I fell on my knees and couldn't get up. As we pulled out, I could feel my cheeks drawn far down below my eyes and everything that was inside of me pressed into a tight little bundle. I became aware that the bottom turret guns were chugging; this made the nose buck like a riveting machine. Then a curtain of sooty gray dropped over my eyes—the beginning of blackout.

When we got on an even keel, I could stand up again and look out. We were in a squall. The rain drummed all over us with a sound like running feet. The plane was being thrown around so much that I had to hold on to the navigator's table with two hands.

"We lost him," Lieutenant Spitzer shouted. "He ran into a cloud."

And we, it seemed, had gone in headfirst after him — almost vertically, like a dive bomber. At every window men stood straining to see through the scudding mass of wind-blown water. We hurtled through the cloud and into blinding sunlight and there the Jap was, right alongside of us, maybe 50 feet away.

Both planes were firing full broadsides at each other. Thousands of bullets crisscrossed through the narrow spread of air. The planes rocked along side by side. It was a fantastic spectacle. We shuddered under the impact of bullet after bullet, and teetered and bucked from the recoil of our own guns.

The thousands of explosions seemed one vast unending blast. I could see a cannon firing at us, smoke blowing from its open mouth like frosted breath, and I could see our red tracer bullets pelt like darts into the Jap, ricochet off his armor, and streak straight up into the air. I saw the Japs clearly, shrunken figures huddled over their guns. Our men and their men, in that terrible fire, were bent over as if before a high wind, their faces wrinkled and gray, but

they stood to it and kept at it.

The Jap made a tight turn. To keep away from the deadly sting in his tail and give our nose and side guns a chance to work him over, we had to turn inside him. This could have broken a B-17 in half, but Lieutenant Loberg did it neatly.

Then the whole wild scene was blotted out as a cloudburst fell upon us like a mountain of loose rocks. Lieutenant Spitzer stepped away from his gun, dripping with perspiration. "Oh me, oh my," he said, as he pulled and pinched at his sweatshirt and blew a current of air from pursed lips. I looked at him, startled that he should utter such mousy words at such a time, and stand there plucking at himself like some plump woman fretful about a hot afternoon. He took off his sweatshirt, threw it on the floor and went back to his gun.

The Jap had dived into the cloudburst either to lose us or to maneuver into a position to kill us. We lost him five times in the fight, sometimes for three or four minutes. He was very brave and also very smart. But Lieutenant Loberg and Lieutenant Thurston out-thought him every time. They had marvelous help from the crew, who kept looking to the very last flicker of the disappearing Jap and reporting his maneuverings. Every time he plunged into a cloud and went racing along behind it as if it were a board fence, we went after him and caught him again just as he was breaking into the clear.

The Jap kept close to the water, to make sure we wouldn't come in under him. He has no guns there and we could tear his belly open with our top turrets. We were both flying so low that a hit on the controls meant the end. There would not be time for anybody to bail out or even get through the escape hatch if we hit the water. This was "git or git got," as they call it out here.

I kept thinking of that and kept wishing that our crew would not be so damned smart every time the Jap got lost. I would say good riddance to him and let him stay lost. It was not only a question of fighting in weather that no pilot in his senses cares to meet, and of stunting and half-rolling and power-diving the big Fortress as if it were one of those BB-size peashooters meant for such dogfights. It was also a question of trying to remember what Intelligence had said about this spectacular Jap plane, so that we could maneuver our strong points against his weak points — trying to remember where his guns were, and which of ours were shot out. And the two pilots had to do all this with a sergeant firing two guns right across in front of their eyes.

Lieutenant Spitzer got burned on the legs five times by hot shells, not one of which broke the skin. I don't know just when it happened. Bullets were whisking and smacking all around us throughout the fight. I remember once he rounded his lips as if howling, but I couldn't hear his

voice in all that noise and he went right back to his guns, so I didn't think any more about it.

Lieutenant Mitchell was hit by fragments from an armor-piercing bullet that buried itself deep in the side of his machine gun and made a smack that could be heard above everything else. We both looked at him frightened. He was standing dazed over the gun, his head bowed and his face stunned and loose-looking. I tried to get to him, but the plane was bucking terribly, and I couldn't move across the few inches of floor without falling. He was trying to balance himself, his head rolling slackly on his neck. Then he tried to work the trigger. No bullets came out and he tried to lift off the top cover to see what was jamming it, but the cover had jammed too.

I thought he must be all right if he was fussing with the gun. Then, I don't know how long later, I noticed he was standing alongside me. He put his lips close to my ear. "Where am I hit, please?" he asked. His voice sounded very soft.

Blood was coming down his eye and dropping down his neck into the golden hairs of his bare chest. I wiped the blood away with my finger and saw that his wounds were only gashes. "My foot hurts, too," he said. "I can't stand on it." He seemed to think it was bad luck that the only gun in the nose he could work lying down had been shot out.

Twice we passed right over the Jap, so close I could see the jagged

bullet holes we had torn in him. I looked apprehensively at the floor, expecting a spew of bullets and cannon shells to come up through it. Then Lieutenant Spitzer shouted, "He's smoking! One of his motors is gone!" I could see the propeller windmilling idly.

I looked at my watch and noted the time — 1:01 — and thought how silly it was to measure such time as we were living through in the standard units of minutes and hours. Such moments as these are timeless things flung out of the ordinary orderliness of the universe.

A moment later Lieutenant Spitzer, who was still working his two guns, shouted, "He's down!" Lieutenant Mitchell was sitting quietly in a corner on a parachute pack. I asked him if he'd like to have a look. There was an aching silence in the nose of the plane. Anyway it seemed like silence. We had all been deafened.

I helped Lieutenant Mitchell to his feet and held him as we looked at the somber spectacle on the sea below. He was steadying himself against me with one hand and trying to clear the blood out of his eye with the other. Lieutenant Spitzer had dropped his guns and was grinding away on a movie camera to provide headquarters with proof of the kill.

The three of us stood like that in the smother of quiet, pressed against each other, looking out. The Jap was burning like a tanker. There was an oval of flame laid like a blister over a

sea as smooth as skin. The orange-red flames rolled up in big, unfurling billows, flapping like a flag into clouds of black smoke.

There must have been acres of flame when we first passed over. In the center lay the Jap plane, skinny and black like the bones of a skeleton. Two small, black objects that could have been men or maybe were just bits of debris were on the edge of the oval. They were either trying to get away from the flames or maybe just being swirled away by the currents created by the heat. •

We circled and came back at 500 feet. The smoke mushroomed high above us. The skeleton of the Jap plane had disappeared completely and flames covered the place where the two black objects had been.

We headed home, a bullet in one motor, two flowering holes as big as derby hats in our wings, uncounted smaller holes, and five guns shot out. The plane, one of the oldest models still in use in this war, had, in weather calculated to hack any ordinary plane apart, done spiral dives, banks past the vertical, and power dives that put us on the edge of blackout. Maybe Rear Admiral John McCain didn't overshoot his landing so much when he called the Fortress the best *fighter* plane for this part of the world.

On the way back, after we had powdered Lieutenant Mitchell with sulfanilamide and made him as comfortable as we could and had jellied over Lieutenant Spitzer's burns, I

wanted music. Music seemed to be the only thing that would do and Lieutenant Thurston obliged over the interphone system, singing a marvelous little song:

We're marching, we're marching,
Our brave little band.
On the right side of temperance
We'll all take our stand.

We don't use tobacco
Because we do think
That all those who use it
Are liable to drink.
Down with King Alcohol!
A-A-A-Amen!

It was not the song of warriors returning drunk with victory, but everybody joined in the chorus, particularly in the "Amen."

Political Science

A DELEGATION from Kansas, calling upon Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, was met by the President with coat and collar off. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, mopping his brow, "I'm delighted to see you, but I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn and we'll talk things over while I work."

When they reached the barn, there was no hay waiting to be thrown into the mow. "James!" shouted the President to his hired man in the loft. "Where's that hay?"

"I'm sorry, sir," admitted James, "but I just ain't had time to throw it back since you forked it up for yesterday's delegation." — *Christian Science Monitor*

WHEN Bill O'Dwyer was running for District Attorney in Brooklyn, he would appear on the platform with a piece of paper in his hand, ostensibly covered with notes. Looking around the audience, he would say "Hello, Joe," "Hello, Harry," and remark that he hadn't known there'd be so many friends there tonight. "I don't need notes to talk to *you* people," he would say. "To you I can speak from my heart." And then he'd throw away his piece of paper.

A reporter who had seen O'Dwyer do

this in every Brooklyn neighborhood mounted the platform one night and picked up the discarded paper. It was an old laundry bill. — *The Newspaper PM*

THE LATE Governor Folk of Missouri, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his office one morning to find a number of men waiting for him in the anteroom. He paused as he passed through and told a very ancient joke. In the Governor's office, the friend said, "That was an awfully old chestnut you pulled out there."

"I know it," the Governor replied, "but I wanted to find out how many of those fellows were here to ask favors."

"And did you?"

"Oh, yes," said Folk. "They were the ones who laughed." — *Wall Street Journal*

OCCASIONALLY one of FDR's intimates, the breath of the draft board hot on his neck, comes to the President and says he wants to enlist in whatever service the President suggests, counting on FDR to fix him up in a soft spot. For any such the President has a stock answer: "Great! I'm glad you feel that way. We need crews to man our submarines!"

— Walter Winchell

The Life and Love of Ivan the Terrible



Condensed from

Nature Magazine

•
Leslie T. White

I FIRST met him on a jungle trail in Brazil. He was in an argument with a native, and his temper fascinated me. Swelled up in barrel-chested majesty, his tiny yellow eyes ablaze with fury, he was fulminating at the top of his lungs. But the odds were against him, for he weighed only three ounces. I interceded and, upon the transfer of 50 cents, became the custodian of Ivan the Terrible.

He was not grateful; he acted as if I had cheated him of a victim, and proceeded to give me a piece of his mind. Then his temper subsided and he went to sleep in my pocket. I sawed a coconut shell in half to make a house for him and took him back to the ship on which I was to return to this country.

Ivan is a *saguim de noite*, a night monkey — a species of pygmy marmoset. On his forehead is a luminous white fur that, in the darkness, lures moths and bugs which he captures with bewildering rapidity. He was three and one-half inches tall, with a

tiny human face and hands, a brown-and-yellow squirrel-like body, and a long, furry tail. His temperament was warm and sentimental when he had his way, but when crossed he would fly into a temper — which, however, quickly burned itself out.

Raising him was a matter of trial and error. At the first port I purchased a doll's milk bottle with a rubber nipple; Ivan handled it like a veteran tippler. One of the women on board knitted him a tiny turtle-neck sweater that made him look like a midget prize fighter. In his personal habits he was unbelievably clean.

Ivan's intelligence amazed me. Once I left him in his cage in a too strong sun; upon returning I found that he had rigged a shade with his blanket. When I removed the blanket, Ivan promptly replaced it.

Home in California I built him an ornate little red-and-yellow cage fashioned like a circus wagon, about three feet long and two feet high. The ends were glassed, the back was hinged as a door and the front was covered with wire mesh. His bedroom was a small cigar box, over

which I installed a bed lamp with a 25-watt bulb to heat the cage at an even temperature. His coconut shell was suspended from the ceiling, and there were swings, dangling bells and a trapeze.

Ivan loves civilization. One of his major thrills is traveling by automobile. We hang his coconut shell from the windshield mirror and in this vantage point he surveys the countryside. He chatters excitedly like a small boy when something unusual catches his attention.

He came to adore the American breakfast. He demands his orange juice immediately on rising although his *pièce de résistance* consists of three mealy worms. He now weighs over five ounces. He is the most fastidious animal I have ever seen. He will take a whole grape in his little mouth, then tilt his head back and squeeze all the juice out of it, rather than get his hands sticky and soiled.

We thought that Ivan was destined to go through life a bachelor, but a friend of mine in Rio sent me a tiny female *saguim*, and romance entered the life of Ivan the Terrible. Tonita, an incredibly tiny little hoyden, was only about half the size of Ivan. We gave her liquid vitamins and exercised her by forcing her to climb a walking stick. I did not think it wise to put her in with Ivan until she was larger, but one day I held her up to the glassed end of his cage so that he might see her. At first he turned away, thinking that it was just another mirror trick, but when

she spoke, he nearly fell off his trapeze. His obvious excitement made me fear for her safety, so we postponed the "wedding" for a while. Eventually we built her weight up to three ounces.

Meanwhile, Ivan was consumed with curiosity and desire. He would pace his cage, swelling his chest like a miniature gorilla. Tonita thought him magnificent, and whenever we turned her loose she headed for his cage. But every time Ivan found her looking at him, he'd turn his head away just to show her that he didn't care. Yet when she wasn't watching, he'd follow her every movement.

Finally we set the date for the marriage. I built them a tiny ivory-colored cottage, trimmed with blue, to go in the cage. My wife presented a pair of small pink blankets as a wedding gift.

Knowing Ivan's volatile nature, I was apprehensive for Tonita, and when I steered her into his lair I wore leather gloves so that I might rescue her if Ivan lost his head. Ivan's teeth are something to reckon with.

Ivan, the little dope, took one look at the lady, then his courage evaporated; before I could close the door of the cage he dived outside and ran all over the house, while the tiny bride looked hurt and bewildered.

When we put Ivan back in his cage he was completely embarrassed and walked around in a daze. Tonita, evidently a female of experience, took the initiative. Boldly cornering

Ivan, she grabbed him securely by his ears and kissed him hard.

Ivan was stunned. Tonita stroked him and tried to be affectionate, but the reluctant bridegroom climbed to a corner of his screen and stared indifferently into space. That evening I put their bright new cottage into the cage. Tonita was bewitched by the splendor, and promptly climbed inside. After a brief examination she stuck her head out the door and called to Ivan, but the little ninny was afraid to go in with her. When he finally pecked inside, Tonita grabbed him and kissed him. He nearly swooned and raced to a corner. She remained in the cottage cooing at him and acting coy.

Disgusted with Ivan, my wife and I went to a movie. When we came home I raised the removable top of their cottage and peered in. They were cuddled up together for the night. On Tonita's ugly little face was an expression of smug content.

Now that marriage was an established fact, Tonita set out to show Ivan who was boss. It became impossible to regard her as an animal; she was much too human. If you filled a great vat with women from every stratum of life and boiled away the fat and wind and water, you'd have Tonita. She was the very essence of the female. We could no longer talk to Ivan without her crowding him aside and giving us an argument. She never stopped talking. She took the food out of his mouth; she made him go to bed and

rise on command. A mere male, caged with this vitriolic, blowtorch Amazon, Ivan had no chance. He became a pocket Mr. Milquetoast. Yet he thrived on it.

Promptly after dinner each evening Tonita would retire alone into their cottage and pull the blankets over the door. For an hour she would remain in privacy. What she did in there we shall never know, but it reminded me of a woman retiring to remove her make-up. Eventually, she would brush aside the blanket and summon Ivan. He would bound inside and the blanket would cover the door for the night.

To aid him regain his old independence I would take him out of the cage, leaving Tonita penned up, but he kept glancing nervously toward the cage as if wondering if he was going to catch hell when he got home, and soon headed back to his wife.

At last Tonita was going to become a mother. Ivan knew it, too, for he began to worry if she was out of his sight for a moment. They would sit together atop their tiny cottage in the sun and he would comb her soft fur by the hour. He became particularly solicitous about her teeth. Every so often, he would tilt her head back so that the light was just right, open her mouth and peer intently inside.

As gestation progressed, Tonita became ravenous and irascible, demanding her food in shrill, querulous tones. Several times she bit my

hand when I was slow to place her dish within her cage, but immediately afterward she would be sorry. Then she would climb up her bar and make a funny little grimace of apology, or else chatter out a justification of her act. During this period Ivan gave her first chance at all the food, even to his beloved worms.

Toward the last they spent endless hours with their heads together, chattering softly, and if either got out of sight of the other there was much anxious whistling back and forth. Her cantankerousness faded and she became sweetly mellow. We cannot know what dreams and ambitions these tiny atoms had, but it seems to me the rankest human conceit to think that they could not dream.

Unfortunately my wife and I were out of town when the tragedy struck. One morning when my aunt came in to give them breakfast, Tonita lay sick on the floor outside her cottage. Ivan was distraught, and when an attempt was made to remove Tonita, he attacked savagely. Finally, by wrapping an arm with a heavy cloth, my aunt was able to lift her out. Ivan hurled himself against the wire in a frenzy, so she laid Tonita on a

blanket close by where he could watch her. A drop of whisky and water perked the tiny monkey momentarily, but she grew steadily weaker, and died quietly before a doctor could get there. So fell the tiniest star in my firmament.

For a while Ivan was completely lost. Sometimes he would give a shrill, eerie wail, as if trying to call into the Beyond. Always he watched the door, hoping to see her scamper in with that funny little crabwise movement she had. He would stay up nights, a bewildered expression on his tragic face, dreading to retire, and it was heart-rending to see him crawl alone into their little cottage. I took him out for romps, but he no longer cared to play. Instead, he would crawl down inside my shirt, and I could feel his tiny heart beating against my own.

Now that he is at last reconciled to the fact that Tonita is gone forever, he has transferred the bulk of his affections to my wife. She has taught him to blow kisses at her, but he won't do it when I'm around. If she kisses me, he turns his back and sulks in jealousy. He considers me his rival. He's a great little guy, is Ivan the Terrible.

*T*HE WORST sin toward our fellow creatures is not to hate them but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity. — Bernard Shaw

"Featherbedding" Hampers the War Effort

Condensed from Barron's

John Patric with Frank J. Taylor

THIS REQUEST we feel compelled to deny," declared the McCook, Nebraska, Selective Service Board when the Burlington Railroad last November asked the deferment of seven railroad men of draft age.

"We understand that some of these men work only two days a week," explained Chairman Bolles, "and we do not feel justified, during this shortage of manpower, in taking a man who works six or seven days a week rather than one who works but two days a week. With agricultural workers and others who request deferment, we investigate each case and if such a man is not devoting his entire time to production his request is denied. We feel that railroad men should be placed on the same basis."

Forthright Steve Bolles, retired mechanic, and his two colleagues, hotel man Max Merrell and jeweler Harold Sutton, had combed Red Willow County for selectees to meet their district's quota for the armed services. All three realized the importance of their task; all three were war veterans with sons already in or about to enter the armed forces. Everybody in the county agreed that Bolles, Merrell and Sutton had drafted young men without favoritism. All three knew firsthand the im-

There's a shortage of 168,000 railroad workers. Many railroad men work only a few hours a week. Does that make sense? What's the reason?

portance of keeping the trains moving. But they likewise knew the seven young railroaders and their jobs.

The board's refusal to defer such men hit the railroads with the force of a triple block-buster. The general manager of Burlington's western lines hurried to McCook to try to persuade the board members to change their minds. Patiently he explained the agreement between the railroad and the brotherhoods which limited the monthly work of engineers and firemen to 4800 miles in passenger service, 3800 miles in the cabs of freight engines.

The rule, he admitted, was a hang-over from earlier days when 100 miles was rated as a good day's work in the cab. Now, with fast locomotives and Diesel motors powering many trains, 100 miles was only 100 minutes' travel across the prairies. But the railroad brotherhoods still insisted that 100 miles was a day's work. On the 255-mile run between McCook and Denver, for ex-

ample, the 4800-miles-a-month rule limited the engineer and fireman to nine round trips per month, each calling for about eight hours at the throttle. Because of this union rule, it was urgent, the executive insisted, that the seven young draftees be deferred to keep key trains moving.

The hard-headed McCook draft board members were unimpressed. They cited case after case of farmers who were working 16 hours a day, every day in the month, to harvest crops likewise urgently needed. "Why don't you ask the unions to relax their rules for the duration so that railroad men can do a full week's work?" they asked the Burlington's spokesman.

"We've already done that," he replied. "They've refused."

The McCook case, which we investigated firsthand, talking with the draft board members, railroad workers and company officials, has focused the public spotlight on an outrageous wartime scandal. Last December Joseph B. Eastman, Director of the Office of Defense Transportation, estimated that American railroads are short 168,000 workers. Yet, despite this ominous manpower shortage, the most important group of railway workers — those who actually move war traffic — are restrained from putting in a full week's work.

The railroad management and the United States Government are parties to this fantastic hobbling of what Colonel E. C. R. Lasher, transportation expert of the Quartermaster

Corps, calls "*the vital defense industry of the United States, without which we couldn't even begin the successful prosecution of this war.*"

The so-called "featherbed" rules are written into labor contracts enforced by the National Railroad Adjustment Board. Through the awards of the NRAB, the make-work rules have become virtual laws by decree, and there is no provision for nullifying them even in time of emergency. Many such decrees date from times of depression. Then both management and the brotherhoods were eager to divide the available work among as many men as possible. For the unions, featherbedding has become an established business procedure; it makes more jobs for more members who pay more dues.

During the past three months we have visited railroad yards, ridden in locomotive cabs, talked with trainmen and executives from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon, from Los Angeles to Portland, Maine. We found that everywhere efficient railroad operation is affected by union restrictions. We cite a few typical examples.

The mileage limitation, exemplified by the McCook case, is duplicated on nearly every division of all railroads operating fast modern trains, either passenger or freight. The Rock Island's *Rocket* makes a run of 161 miles between Peoria and Chicago in 2 hours, 40 minutes. For a trip that far, a layover in Peoria and a return to Chicago (total time

seven and one half hours), the engineer receives three and one fifth days' pay, plus an additional two fifths of a day's pay for "turning his train around." The crew accumulates so much mileage in 5 hours and 20 minutes of actual running time that under the union rules they must kill nearly 2 days before operating the train again.

The crew in the cab of the B & O's *Royal Blue* between New York and Washington may work only one day in three. On the Southern Pacific's Los Angeles-San Francisco *Daylight*, the engine crew is permitted to make only 12 runs a month. If the unions would let engineers on the Union Pacific's *Streamliner* work six 8-hour days per week for one month, these men would earn \$2000 and the rules would require them to lay off four months to catch up with their mileage limitation. This is true also of the Santa Fe's *Super-Chief* and the Milwaukee's *Hiawatha*.

In our investigation, we asked nearly every railroad workman with whom we talked if he thought 4800 passenger miles a month was the limit of work an engineer or a fireman could do safely and efficiently.

"Hell, no," frequently was the reply. "It might have been 40 years ago, when the rule was first cooked up," one veteran engineer declared. "I'd like to handle this run every day for the duration. But I'd be making more money than most vice-presidents and it wouldn't look so good the next time we ask for a raise. So

the union holds me down to around \$400 a month."

We asked railroad executives if they would be willing to let engineers earn \$1000 a month or more by taking out trains six days a week. "Sure we would," they said. "We don't care how much the men make. We pay the same total — it wouldn't matter to us if we paid it to one man or three."

In the Los Angeles terminal the brotherhoods forbid the crew of a switch engine which has delivered a string of freight cars from the tracks of the Santa Fe to those of the Southern Pacific from returning with a string of other cars to its own yard. So the Santa Fe switch engine returns empty, while the Southern Pacific switch engine follows with the Santa Fe cars. This is known as "returning light."

Switch engines must follow this wasteful practice because otherwise, contend the unions, the Santa Fe crew would be depriving Southern Pacific men of their livelihood. In the already jammed railroad yards that handle traffic bound to and from busy war plants, "returning light" often requires twice as many crews, including yard men to handle switches, double the number of engines and twice as much fuel.

In the railroad yards of El Paso, San Antonio and Houston, diminutive switch locomotives snort around with six men crowded on each engine — two in the cab, two on front, two on back. This six-man switch

engine crew is a special Texas brand of featherbedding — product of a rule which says that it takes a foreman and three helpers, in addition to the engineer and fireman, to handle a switch engine. In some areas a foreman and one helper suffice. But not in Texas.

Most terminals have what are called switching limits. To extend these limits — even for the purpose of serving new war plants — requires union consent. Generally, if yard-engine crews go beyond these arbitrary boundaries, even for a few minutes, they are entitled to an extra day's wages. The crew of the main-line engine that didn't do the work can claim an extra day's pay, too, for work they theoretically were entitled to do.

Four miles outside the limits of a certain railroad yard in Arizona is a great army airfield which requires the daily switching of carloads of supplies to its sidings. Yard-engine crews, even if they have idle time for which they are being paid, are restricted from taking freight cars those four miles to the airfield. So main-line freight trains halt while their crews cut out cars consigned to the airport. Similar featherbedding delays trains that make deliveries to military bases and war plants all over the country.

The Burlington Railroad developed an efficient, inexpensive automobile inspection car with both flanged steel wheels and rubber-tired auto wheels, for division superin-

tendents, trainmasters, and other technicians who periodically check the condition of rails, roadways, bridges and block signals. These ingenious track-riding Fords had hydraulic jacks which lifted their flanged wheels, enabling the inspection men to roll them off the tracks onto roadways. After inspecting one branch line they could cut cross-country to the end of another and return to the main line on the rails.

Several years ago the engineers' and conductors' unions concluded that these Fords, which seat four men comfortably, were inspection trains. If they could be officially classed as trains, they would come under a rule that a train must have a train crew. Again more jobs for more members who pay more dues!

The railroad refused to accept this featherbedding. With a train crew crowded into the car, there would be no place for the technical men. The unions took the case to the National Railroad Adjustment Board, which decided that the Fords were not trains. However, in 1941 the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen brought up a similar case and this time the board decided that the Fords were inspection trains and therefore must carry brakemen. In a similar case on the Southern Pacific, the unions successfully established the right to have a crew of four on every Sperry rail-detector car. One man could have handled the whole job.

Featherbed rules that required the

use of full train crews on branch lines made them too costly to operate. To keep these branch lines alive, several roads developed cars powered by gasoline or Diesel engines. In every instance the unions refused to relax their hoary train-crew rules. Unable to operate efficient lightweight equipment, the railroads were forced to abandon lines, destroying jobs and losing traffic to highway competitors.

Some years ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers forced the Central of Georgia to employ a locomotive engineer on self-propelled machines. Some of these are really steam shovels; others are pile-drivers; still others pick up rails and lay them on ties. For 20 years these machines had been operated by men who belonged to the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees. But the NRAB ruled that under existing agreements a locomotive engineer should be at the throttle whenever any self-propelled piece of equipment moved along the tracks.

Then the Maintenance of Way brotherhood won an NRAB ruling that only members of their union could operate self-propelled machines while they were sitting still on the tracks during the work of ditching, driving piles, and so on. Since there was only one seat for the operator on most of these vehicles, the maintenance-of-way operator had to get out of the cab whenever the locomotive engineer moved it a few feet down the track; then the engineer climbed down to make room

for the operator who did the real work. This neat bit of featherbedding became the precedent by which many roads had to hire two men to do the work of one.

When the revolutionary Diesel electric locomotives were developed, their fast, smooth power was recognized to be ideal for passenger trains. The larger models were built with power units all of which were controlled by a small lever in the forward cab, very much as one motor-man runs a subway train.

A year or so ago the engineers' and firemen's unions served notice on the country's most important railroads that an assistant engineer and a fireman must be employed for each unit of the Diesel locomotives. On a four-unit locomotive this would mean a ten-man engine crew, including the electrician some railroads are now using. Eight of the crew would have little to do but ride. When the railroads refused to employ the extra men, the brotherhoods appealed.

In Chicago a staff of experts from the railroads are tediously preparing for a serious pseudo-legal contest to counter this ludicrous make-work demand. If the brotherhoods win the case it will mean that several thousand more trainmen — the pick of the engineers and firemen, under the seniority rules — will be added to the tens of thousands of trainmen who are featherbedding while the railroads beg in vain for 168,000 more workers to move war cargoes.

The Judge's Last Opinion

BY

Alexander Woolcott



TEN YEARS ago — it was Wednesday, March 8, 1933 — Oliver Wendell Holmes the Younger observed, in passing, his ninety-second birthday. That snow-capped and sightly old judge had lived long enough to know that he was already a tradition, that his dissenting opinions were studied in every law school and quoted in every court in England and America. He preferred to think of himself as a soldier, recently and reluctantly mustered out, and he once depressed a would-be biographer by saying that nothing of interest had happened to him after 1865.

Thus lightly did he brush aside the full half-century which began with the publication in 1881 of his masterpiece *The Common Law*, still looked upon in the English courts as Holy Writ, and which had ended only the year before, when, to the attendant in charge of the judges' fancy regalia at the Supreme Court — a kind of judicial-wardrobe mistress — he had gruffly said: "Won't be down tomorrow."

This was the only announcement of his retirement. Promptly his fellow members of the high court embalmed their suitable regrets in a set

of resolutions. To acknowledge these he stood, pen in hand, at the high schoolmaster's desk in his home in I Street. (He always held that the seated position encouraged verbosity.) His acknowledgment ran thus:

MY DEAR BRETHREN:

You must let me call you so once more. Your more than kind, your generous, letter touched me to the bottom of my heart. The long and intimate association with men who so command my respect and admiration could not but fix my affection as well. For such little time as may be left me I shall treasure it as adding gold to the sunset.

Affectionately yours,

O. W. HOLMES

Perhaps his faculties *were* somewhat impaired. Doubtless he was not so spry as he had been at Antietam 70 years before. He still wrote better than anybody else in this country.

After that, there were a few odds and ends to be attended to. He had already arranged (with crafty and wasted guile) for his burial in Arling-

ton. Then he need only make his will and putter around until the end. The will (written at that same desk) left something to a nephew in Boston, something to the Negro who had been his errand boy at Court, something to the Irish cook who had taken such loving care of him since Mrs. Holmes died. But to the residuary legatee, he left the greater part of what he had. The residuary legatee was the United States of America.

Now he was 92, with nothing much to do except rearrange his library. Indeed, on the afternoon of his birthday, he was naughtily making a show of his austere lawbooks and hiding his detective stories behind them when he was interrupted by some unexpected visitors. They were the new man in the White House, accompanied by his wife and attended by their stalwart oldest son. Mr. Roosevelt had been in office only four days. Earlier that day he had held his first press conference. He was busy preparing the script of his first fireside chat, which he was to deliver on the following Sunday. Indeed, he must have been preoccupied with many matters but somehow he managed to squeeze out enough time to drop around for a surprise call on the Justice on his birthday.

The old man was a little flustered and mighty pleased, but soon he quit calling his guest Mr. President and began addressing him, more informally, as Young Feller. There were so many things for them to talk about. The financial crisis, for example.

For many days the only sound in the country had been the crash, crash, crash of failing banks, and now, by fiat, all the banks were closed. From the newspapers that week one might have noted that Adolf Hitler (*né* Schickelgruber) had just come into power through an election held against the ember-glow of the burning Reichstag and that from Manchuria a smiling Japanese army had pushed down past the Great Wall of China. But judging by the front-page space accorded them, these ominous episodes deserved less attention than the fact that the Senator from Montana, having taken unto him, at 73, a vivacious young Cuban bride, had expired on his honeymoon.

But on these things, the old judge and the Young Feller did not touch at all. Their talk, for three quarters of an hour, was of deep-sea fishing and, oddly enough, prize fights. It was only when the visitors had risen to go, that the talk veered (and then obliquely) to the fear which was gripping the country. At the elevator, which Mrs. Holmes had installed to take the tug off her husband's heart, the new President turned, hat in hand.

"Mr. Justice Holmes," he said, "you are the great American. You have lived the great life. You have seen everything, known everything. What is your advice to me?"

At that the old man, so painfully bent in these past years, stood straight. It was as if he knew he had

been called upon, by one with the right to do so, to hand down his last opinion.

"Mr. President," he replied, "you're in a war. I've been in a war. There's only one thing to do in a war. Form your battalions and carry the fight to the enemy."

Of course he had in mind another kind of war than the one in which we are now engaged — a war against fear and greed and ignorance. But when, in the last months of 1942, Mr. Roosevelt was busy with plans

for the North African expedition and there was pouring in from the four corners of the earth more advice than was ever heaped on one man since the world began, one wonders if late at night, above all the shrill calls for a second front, he sometimes heard the ghostly voice of the old judge still saying:

"Mr. President, you're in a war. I've been in a war. There's only one thing to do in a war. Form your battalions and carry the fight to the enemy."



A FEW DAYS before his death, Alexander Woollcott met an old friend and told him he had just finished a piece on Justice Holmes for *The Reader's Digest*, "which I think one of the best I've ever done." We are grateful that there was time to let Mr. Woollcott know how enthusiastically we agreed with him. It was the last article he wrote.

If he had given his tired heart the rest it required, Alexander Woollcott might have prolonged his life. But he preferred to die in action. Five months ago, he became a Roving Editor and regular contributor to *The Reader's Digest*. He was full of plans for the future in both writing and radio work and in support of worthy causes to which he gave of himself so unstintingly. Stricken in the midst of a radio round-table discussion of "Is Germany Curable?" early in the evening of Saturday, January 23, he managed to write a note warning the chairman of his illness before collapsing, and listeners had no intimation of his removal to a nearby hospital. He died just before midnight.



RADIO QUIPS

Selected by Earl Sparling

- Never hit a man when he's down. He might get back up. — Fred Kasper (Blue)
- "What's wrong with the guy asking you if you can dance?"
"I was dancing with him when he asked me." — *Rudy Vallee Show* (NBC)
- "What comes into your mind when you hear the word 'Tschaikowsky'?"
"Gesundheit." — *Fred Allen Show* (CBS)
- My secretary, being a lady, cannot take what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot say it. You, being what you are, will understand what I should like to say. — Arthur Godfrey (CBS)
- "My feet were sticking out of the covers."
"Why didn't you pull them in?"
"I ain't putting those cold things in bed with me." — Abbott and Costello (NBC)
- If they take you in the army I am going to sell my bonds.
— Frank Morgan (NBC)
- "How are you feeling?"
"Well, I feel much more like I do now than I did this morning."
— *Kay Kyser Kollege* (NBC)
- We dove down 30,000 feet, and all my sins flashed before me. It was so interesting I made the pilot go back and dive eight more times.
— Olyn Landick (*Kate Smith Hour* — CBS)
- "Isn't that a terrible picture of me? I look just like a monkey."
"You should have thought of that before you had it taken."
— *Kate Smith Hour* (CBS)
- She used to be my flame until she went out with that squirt.
— *Fred Allen Show* (CBS)
- "I know which side my bread is toasted on."
"Not toasted. Buttered."
"Toasted. Who's got butter?"
— Charles Laughton and Eddie Cantor (NBC)
- "Isn't this wonderful sitting here before the fireplace? Isn't that a swell fire?"
"Yeh, but I'm sure going to miss the furniture."
— Bob Hope (NBC)
- "Dabney, is everything shut up for the night?"
"That depends on you, dear. Everything else is."
— *Club Matinee* (Blue)
- I hear they're changing the name of Coffeyville, Kansas, to Sanka.
— Fred Allen (CBS)
- Radio would be wonderful for you. After all, where else can you reach millions of people who can't reach you?
— Rudy Vallee (NBC)
- The employment manager looked over the references of the nervous little chap and said, "I'm afraid you're wrong for this job. We want a single man."
"Hey, wait a minute," yelled the little guy. "When I applied yesterday you said you wanted a married man."
"I'm sorry. Must be a mistake."
"Mistake!" groaned the little guy.
"What am I going to do? I went right out and got married!"
— *Can You Top This?* (WOR)

We Cannot Look to Preparedness Alone for Postwar Security

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

Mark Sullivan

FOR HAVING any kind of tolerable and practicable world whatever, there is one indispensable cornerstone.

Consider the lesson of Pearl Harbor: There, in 110 minutes, 105 Japanese planes destroyed one fourth of the American navy. We had at Pearl Harbor upward of 300 naval and military planes. Yet — and this is the point — had every pilot and crew been standing ready by each plane, that would not have been enough to drive off the Japanese raiders after they were sighted, so quickly does a surprise attack come and achieve its deadliness.

The same lesson is borne out, in a way most terrifying, by another aspect of Pearl Harbor. Had the Japanese known how successful they were, they could have pressed their victory to the point of taking Hawaii; even of coming on to California or the Panama Canal. Their great failure was that they were not sufficiently prepared for success.

The same lesson is driven home by the experience of Britain at Dunkirk, as revealed recently by Prime Minister Churchill. Had Hitler anticipated his success in France, or realized it soon enough afterward, he

could have conquered England readily. England's hopeless weakness is suggested by a single detail: there were in all that land less than 100 tanks, and all were of a type that had been proved inadequate in the fighting in France.

England at Dunkirk, and we at Pearl Harbor, survived desperate peril. We survived by the failure of our enemies to realize their strength, when we were not prepared. But to say the lesson is merely preparedness, adequate defense, is grotesquely short of enough. The lesson goes very much further. It is a lesson forever to remember.

In a world in which strong nations are competitively armed and in which some are aggressive for conquest, the burden of defense upon the peaceful nations is too great to endure. *The fact is, no possible amount of preparedness can be enough.* The burden in quantity of armament, of men on guard and in strain of watchfulness — the demand upon resources and energy, and concentration of spiritual and intellectual force — would be so great as to leave not enough to keep civilization alive. Such a world is impossible to live in. That the peaceful nations of the world should

live under the suspended swords of the war-making ones is intolerable.

Our first business is to bring about a world in which any sort of civiliza-

tion can live. For that, we must not only disarm aggressor nations but we must agree upon some way to *keep* them disarmed.

Do the American people want a world organization to enforce peace? Yes — says a keen political observer, who finds among the isolationists of pre-Pearl Harbor days the strongest support for international coöperation now.

America's New Mood

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Anne O'Hare McCormick

A STRIKING CHANGE has taken place in the American mind. The isolationism that prevailed in large areas of the country before Pearl Harbor sprang mostly from deep-rooted antipathy to war. Those citizens who wanted nothing more to do with "Europe's wars" were convinced that war from any quarter

could not come to us unless we went out to meet it.

This hatred of war has not been diminished. In a trip through a dozen key states this reporter has learned that the people who last year were determined to keep out of war hate it even more now. Repugnance to the whole business of destruction is perhaps the strongest feeling in the boiling caldron of mixed emotions, released energies, and confused and aching thought in which a new America is being made as surely as a new mode of life is coming out of the general flux and turmoil.

This very anger is forged into a determination to do something to prevent another repetition of the tragedy. Here is a paradox that may

ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK, one of America's leading journalists and lecturers, joined the *New York Times* as a special writer in 1921. During the interwar period her assignments carried her to most of the countries of Europe as well as to every state in the Union. Her analyses of European politics won her a high reputation as a penetrating observer, and in 1936 she became the first woman ever admitted to the *Times'* editorial board. Mrs. McCormick's absorbing interest in life is people, and she keeps constantly on the move so that she can find out what people are thinking and talking about.

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(The New York Times Magazine, December 6, '42)*

change the course of history. As far as one can generalize in the fluid and uncertain field of human reactions, it is the former isolationists who now demand a system of collective security. If this is true, it is hardly too much to say that the first great step toward international collaboration has been taken.

The reasoning of the converts is simple and logical: "We believed that war could not happen here unless we willed it. It has happened against our will. Therefore we have to act to make sure that it will not happen again."

There is little idealism in this evolution of opinion. There is not a starry eye in a thousand of the curious, troubled, cool or calculating eyes that look at the world from Main Street. The sincere America Firsters are still thinking of America first, but more realistically, in the searching light of experience. No surge of crusading spirit inspired former noninterventionists to shift their stand. Yet they have moved; in its strongholds, isolationism as the basis of foreign policy was sunk with the ships at Pearl Harbor. This is the most remarkable change the war has produced.

What will the experience of war do to the thinking of the millions of young men in the military services? These "undisciplined" young men surprise the training officers by their adaptability to army life. They leap into action like veterans and thrill us all by their matter-of-fact heroism

under the most grueling fighting conditions. Overnight, this unmilitary, luxury-loving nation has produced an army fit and tough.

These soldiers are fighting in places they hardly knew existed. It is not to be supposed that they will come back with the view they took with them of their country and the world.

"Our generation," said a veteran of the last war, "saw mostly the mud and the tidy, solid towns of France. But today's armies are literally seeing the world and how most of it lives. They are the best-educated army that ever went out to fight and they are going to come back appreciating their country as no Americans have ever done before. The effect this global view will have on our policy will be tremendous, for in ten years these fellows will be running the show and they will have definite ideas of the kind of system they want."

All these young men take easily to the military life, but they don't like it. In the camps where they drill, in the far-fields where they fight, their driving idea is to get the job done and go home. Wherever you meet them they refer to the war as "this damn war"; and they don't smile when they say it. They take what comes with good humor, but behind their gay and casual front they are about the angriest army that ever went to war.

This anger is general. The prevailing mood of the country is irritation at the waste, the upset, the stupidity,

the agony, the destruction, the obscenity and arrogance of war. We used to be considered a sentimental people, easily stirred by slogans, quick to respond to moral arguments and to join crusades. But the national mood today is anything but sentimental. It is grim, practical, almost propaganda-proof, increasingly optimistic, increasingly impatient.

Soldiers and the civilian population are angry for the same reason. Civilized people were done with war before this conflict started, which is why we are bitterly wise enough to support a policy of international insurance against war.

How much further Americans will go to back a world order in which they will have to play a leading part cannot now be predicted. It depends on how long the struggle lasts and how smashing the victory is. But today they are ready to try almost anything that will guarantee a peaceful world.

This includes participating in an international police force. It is surprising how widely this idea has found acceptance. It includes extending the lend-lease policy to the reconstruction period, although the terms and conditions on which American resources are used in restoring social and economic order will be sharply scrutinized and debated. It includes — and this is the real break with the past — at least

a limited surrender of national sovereignty.

No one would be rash enough to claim that this is a permanent state of mind. There may be a great reaction, as there was after the last war, another stampede to take the wrong road back to "normalcy." This might happen if the struggle drags on until it exhausts the energy, dulls the mind and smothers hope in a better future, which Americans have within their power to shape.

Or it might happen if there are shabby compromises in the peace and the ordinary citizen sees the principles he is fighting for scuttled to serve the ambitions of great powers. A collective security system will lose its appeal to the American if there is an "imperialist peace" or if small countries are sacrificed to the private "security" of their large neighbors.

This represents a long stride from our attitude before Pearl Harbor. Supposing the present mood hardens and is translated into national policy; it means that in the first year of war the United States, besides training a huge army and sending it to the ends of the earth, besides organizing the greatest war production system in history, has accepted the essential postulates of international cooperation for peace — has changed its mind, in short, in regard to its relation and responsibility to the world.

¶ A new method of anesthesia which in experimental stage has an amazing record of success

Safe, Painless Childbirth

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Morris Fishbein, M.D.

Former president of the American Medical Association; editor of the *Journal of the A.M.A.* and of *Hygeia*, the *Health Magazine*

DURING 1942, in more than a score of hospitals in the United States, 589 women gave birth to babies with none of the labor pangs or suffering traditionally associated with childbirth. These mothers rested comfortably in their beds, reading, sleeping, or receiving visitors until their time came. Then their babies were delivered normally, safely, but without travail. At last, the safe and painless method of childbirth had been found.

Previous attempts to free women from pangs of childbirth have met with failure. Every drug or anesthetic capable of deadening sensation or inducing unconsciousness or forgetfulness has been tried. Some — like “twilight sleep” — have been successful in producing unconsciousness or freedom from pain, but threatened to interfere with the normal process of childbirth or jeopardize the life of the unborn child.

Twenty-five years ago two German obstetricians created a world-wide sensation by developing the

By Thomas Parran
Surgeon General

To Drs. Robert A. Hingson and Waldo B. Edwards, two young officers of the United States Public Health Service, great credit is due for their vision and for their scientific approach to an age-old problem. Their discovery of continuous caudal analgesia is a substantial advance in medical science. In the hands of experts, this new method makes childbearing dramatically painless, and safer for mother and child. Moreover, this method of analgesia may have a far wider usefulness in other fields of medicine and surgery. Hingson and Edwards now are continuing their researches with this probability in mind.

twilight sleep technique. It employed a combination of drugs: morphine for deadening pain, and scopolamine to induce forgetfulness. Many a mother became delirious from its effects, and many a baby was born “blue” because it did not receive sufficient oxygen through the blood during the period of childbirth, so

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(*Hygeia*, March, '43)

that the technique never became popular and the long quest for the safe and effective preventive of labor pains went on.

The new and successful technique is called continuous caudal analgesia. It is a logical development based on step-by-step progress in medicine. The first step was the development of local anesthesia. Surgeons found that cocaine and drugs derived from it, injected directly around nerves, would block pain impulses from reaching the brain, hence prevent their being felt. Then came spinal anesthesia which was proved to be safe when properly applied by those trained in the method.

Local anesthesia and spinal anesthesia induced among obstetricians the idea that the nerves leading from the uterus (in which the child grows before birth) could be blocked similarly. These nerves originate in the lowest portion of the spinal cord. In 1913 German doctors successfully used a local anesthetic in that region. Many American doctors took up the technique and developed it further, one physician reporting over 400 cases, another more than 200. This method of "single blocking" only reduced the pangs of childbirth; it did not eliminate them. The prospective mother passed through a considerable number of hours of preliminary pains before the single nerve-blocking injection was attempted toward the end of the labor period.

On January 6, 1942, Drs. Robert A.

Hingson and Waldo B. Edwards of the U. S. Public Health Service introduced a modification of the single-injection method, with the idea of keeping the woman free from pain during the entire period of childbirth. They made an exhaustive anatomical study of the caudal region (the very base of the spine) to determine exactly where the needle should be inserted in order to block the nerves concerned in childbirth without placing the anesthetic in the spinal fluid or where it could act on the spinal cord itself. Unless the anesthetist knows this anatomy he is likely to have failures; and, indeed, a few such failures of the new method already have been recorded.

But the new procedure, in the hands of experts, is amazingly effective. Extreme care is taken to make certain that the needle is in exactly the right spot; the anesthetic solution must enter neither the blood nor the spinal fluid, but only the area immediately around the nerve.

The special stainless-steel needle used is semiflexible so that it will not break even if the patient rolls over or changes her position. A local anesthetic deadens pain while it is being inserted. It is held in place by strips of adhesive tape. Then it is connected by rubber tube to a bottle containing the anesthetic solution, and a few teaspoonfuls of the anesthetic are injected. The anesthetic used is metycaine, a derivative of cocaine.

Patients themselves say that a few

moments after the first injection they have complete relief from pain. Injections are repeated at intervals of from 45 minutes to an hour and a half, as needed. The patient lies in her bed comfortably and without pain until just before the baby is to be born, when she is taken to the delivery room.

The doctor, of course, must watch the progress of the childbirth with extreme care, for he does not have the usual warnings that normally come from the mother's increasing labor pains. Instead he must observe the increasing frequency and strength of the contractions of the uterus. For this reason the new method must not be practiced by those who are not fully trained both in the administration of anesthesia and in obstetrics. Drs. Hingson and Edwards, in their report published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, point out that the method depends for its success on a high degree of obstetric competence, on the avoidance of cases in which there are contraindications, such as abnormalities of childbirth, and particularly on the willingness of the physician to proceed with due caution and without haste. When such a method is properly used, the results are amazing.

In the shortest confinement reported, the baby was born within 35 minutes of the first injection. In the longest case, a mother having her first baby, the method was continued for 30 hours, without the

slightest pain to the mother, and without any danger to either mother or child.

In the U. S. Public Health Service Marine Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., where Drs. Hingson and Edwards introduced the new technique, there were in the first 100 cases 89 mothers who were having their first babies, and 11 who had given birth to children previously. A few of the latter group told me personally that the contrast between the old and new methods was simply indescribable. It was the difference between pain and suffering and no discomfort at all. Actually, one of these experienced mothers interrupted her luncheon to go to the delivery room and have her baby, and finished her luncheon when she came back to the room a little later!

The new method of painless childbirth has been applied in 489 additional instances in 19 medical schools and teaching hospitals, including those at the Mayo Clinic, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., in the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, in Syracuse, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Francis R. Irving, associate professor of clinical obstetrics at Syracuse University College of Medicine, who has had opportunity to test the new method for a considerable period, states: "There is no question that it is perfect painless childbirth without deleterious effect on

mother or child." Another important opinion has been expressed by Dr. Norris W. Vaux, professor of obstetrics at Jefferson Medical College and attending obstetrician at the Philadelphia Lying-In Hospital:

Our experience at the Philadelphia Lying-In Hospital with continuous caudal analgesia since July has been highly satisfactory. It is 100 percent effective analgesia and is not dangerous if administered using the technique outlined by Drs. Hingson and Edwards. It needs constant supervision by someone trained in the technique.

Some of those who have worked with it report failure to secure complete freedom from pain in 10 or 15 percent of the cases, some in even smaller percentage, but even in these instances the pain has been lessened.

One thing is certain: painless childbirth by this method has been accomplished in some hundreds of

cases. *The method is still in what modern medical science likes to call an early experimental stage. For the present it must be used only in hospitals, by those specifically trained in the method, and with the assistance of expert anesthetists.* When it is properly used, there is no doubt that this method of painless childbirth represents one of the greatest advances in modern medical science.

Recently an obstetrician in San Antonio, Texas, wrote me, reporting on the experience of his wife:

In the first place, I want to tell you that this obstetrical analgesia is wonderful. I never saw anything more spectacular. . . . Immediately after the initial injection she did not have any pain, and the length of labor was, in my estimation, greatly shortened. She was in the delivery room only 30 minutes and felt fine immediately afterward. Neither she nor the baby had any difficulty.

How to do the parlor tricks on page 15

1. TURN the second and third, the first and third, and then the second and third.

2. INSTEAD of tossing the second lump, simply let go of it and catch it by lowering the glass quickly.

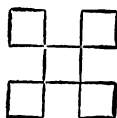
3. DO NOT blow at the coin; blow into the mouth of the glass. The card's outer edge will tilt and the coin will slide into the glass.



4. FOLD your arms before you grasp the diagonally opposite corners of the napkin; when you unfold your arms the napkin will have a knot in it.



5.



What to Do about Postwar Immigration

By

Robert Moses

IN DISCUSSION of postwar plans, immigration receives its share of attention. It is one of our most ticklish problems. There is still an enormous amount of misinformation and sensitiveness on this subject. Even people who can think logically about other matters become emotional about this one. Powerful organizations, especially religious groups whose honesty and unselfishness cannot be questioned, have already gone on record with resolutions endorsing a program of more or less unrestricted immigration after the war.

For example, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

ROBERT MOSES has been a lifelong crusader for efficient and reasonable government and his 27 years of public service have marked him as one of our ablest administrators. Appointed in 1919 by Governor Smith of New York to revamp the state's outmoded governmental machinery, Moses' recommendations are regarded as models. His later report on banking abuses won the approval of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then New York's governor. Recently Mr. Moses has been best known for his development of the New York state and city park and parkway systems. His article in the February Reader's Digest, "Consult the Average American about the Postwar World," is one of several penetrating articles he has written on problems of the future considered in terms of attainable rather than visionary goals.

adopted this plank in March of last year:

All men should be free to move over the surface of the earth under international agreement, in search of the fullest opportunity for personal development.

The Commonweal, a Catholic journal, recently said:

Our position is that the whole theory of exclusion is indefensible and that men and women should have the right to go anywhere in the world where they can find work.

On the question of Asiatic immigration Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said in *The New Republic* (May 11, '42):

I doubt very much if after this war is over we can differentiate among the peoples of Europe, the Near East and the Far East.

Survey Graphic, which represents social workers, said (May, '42):

The whole war enterprise rests upon the hypothesis — which has now become a demonstrated fact — that the nations of the world are bound together by such ties of common interest and common humanity that national isolation is impossible.

Although a respectable body of church people and liberals want wholesale postwar immigration, sentiment in Congress and throughout

the country is opposed to liberalizing the quotas. Among bills now ready for introduction to further limit immigration are: one to cut the existing quotas to one third, another to end immigration entirely for five or ten years or until our own domestic employment problem is settled, and a third to change the system so that quotas are based on race rather than nationality. If I have gauged correctly the temper of the country, and particularly of conservatives who are becoming more articulate everywhere, the measures which propose to cut quotas have a better chance on a showdown than those which would liberalize them.

The simple truth is that we are fully as liberal in our immigration laws as any other great nation. Consider, for example, Great Britain and her colonies. No alien can enter the United Kingdom to ply a trade or practice a profession without a special permit from the Ministry of Labor. The number of persons entering Canada yearly from other than the United States, the United Kingdom and the British dominions is negligible. Candidates from continental Europe are not wanted and get in only in small numbers as independent farmers. Ninety percent of the population of Australia is British, Scottish, Irish and Welsh. There is not the remotest reason to believe that there has been any change in sentiment throughout the British Commonwealth on this subject.

A great deal of nonsense has been

talked about the effect of the restrictions on immigrants both before and since the beginning of the second World War. Between 1931 and 1940, 528,431 immigrants were admitted, roughly one eighth of the number who entered in the previous decade. In 1941 approximately 50,000 entered, and in 1942 approximately 29,000. Catholics, Protestants and Jews were admitted because they were from Great Britain, Germany, Italy or elsewhere, without reference to religion. The story that there was discrimination against Jews has nothing to support it. As a matter of fact, between 1933 and 1942, 33 percent of all immigrants were Jews, and in 1939 and 1940, with the rise of Hitler terrorism, 52 percent of all immigrants landing here were of this stock.

Since 1929 immigration has been limited to 150,000 a year — each nation having a fixed quota. Yet the legal quotas have never been filled. Thus Germany and Austria might have sent us 273,000 between 1931 and 1940, but actually sent us only 120,000. Ireland might have sent us 178,000 but contributed only 31,000. Italy with a quota of 58,000 shipped us only 30,000, and Poland, which was entitled to send 65,700, sent in fact only 28,000. In 1938 Germany and Austria sent in 10,000 less than their quota, though in 1939 and 1940 together they exceeded the quota. In some years former immigrants returning to their native countries actually exceeded those arriving.

Why, under the circumstances,

force a showdown on this issue? Why precipitate antagonisms which cannot aid us in the war and surely will not make for a better peace? Those who insist that men should be free to move over the surface of the earth in search of work and opportunity can't win this argument in the United States with the people who inhabit it now. As an ultimate objective far off on the horizon it is properly the concern of all idealists if they will only concede that progress in this direction is slow and that our people will not be whipped or driven beyond their convictions and their strength.

The American people are prepared to make great sacrifices to feed and clothe the stricken peoples of Europe and the East, and to get them back on their feet. They will not, however, invite them to come over here by the millions to swamp a domestic economy which will be under the most terrific strain anyway, with perhaps 15,000,000 men and women looking for postwar jobs.

We must assume severe dislocations and unemployment after the war, at best mitigated by public works and other temporary expedients to pave the way for the resumption of private enterprise. Can any sane person advocate that we further complicate our problems by bringing in large numbers of immigrants to compete for comparatively few jobs? Our first duty is to provide our own population, including the returning members of

the armed forces, with work, food, shelter and a decent chance to enjoy the victory which they have earned.

The best thing to do about immigration for the present is nothing. Leave the law substantially as it is for the duration with a limit of 150,000 a year and with the same national quotas. We don't need another new commission with a balanced membership and another set of clerks, statistical sharks and publicity directors. Congress has had committees on immigration for years. Let them study necessary amendments to be effective a year or two years after the war. It might be desirable, for example, to permit under proper conditions an additional 50,000 representing cases of extraordinary hardship or *exceptional qualifications*, and it might be well also to transfer the immigration service to the Department of State, whose diplomatic and consular agents abroad are best equipped to decide initially who shall come over.

There is plenty of time to establish simpler and more understandable rules governing immigration and naturalization which make no wild promises, raise no false hopes and leave no room for recriminations. Such honesty may give cold comfort to cosmic idealists and global planners, but it will reflect the considered opinion of intelligent and, in the main, generous Americans who are proud of the fact that they are all immigrants or the descendants of immigrants.

The Saga of American Immigration

THE STORY of American immigration from Columbus, and later English, Italian, Spanish and French explorers, to Einstein is the most extraordinary saga of all time. The conquests of Caesar and Alexander, the barbarian invasions of Europe and the Crusades are tame stories by comparison. The Pilgrims, the Dutch, the Swedes, the Germans, the Irish, south and southeastern Europeans, the Russians, and all the other groups which followed each other in rapid succession to escape famine and oppression and to find opportunity were welcomed with open arms by a new country whose generosity to immigrants has no parallel in modern times. Between 1820 and 1942 we admitted over 38,000,000 immigrants who have created at least one half the population of the United States, and have brought to it the strength, the skill and the talent of every race on the globe.

Self-interest no doubt played a considerable part in this welcome. Our earlier laws and practices were no doubt actuated in part by the policy of getting our dirty work done by new immigrants as the older stocks moved up in the social scale. There were, however, other and finer motives which, up to the end of the 19th century at least, made the average American feel that there was room here for everyone who was healthy and came with the right

spirit. Certainly it was not a demand for manual labor which brought to these shores such vital contributors to American progress as Alexander Hamilton, Casimir Pulaski, Baron von Steuben, Albert Gallatin, John Mitchel, Carl Schurz, Joseph Pulitzer, Jacob Riis, Michael Pupin, Walter Damrosch, Charles Steinmetz, Josef Hofmann and David Sarnoff. The cavalcade of American immigration belongs to all of us from the gothic Daughters of the American Revolution to Toscanini. Only a full-blooded Indian can afford to be disdainful of it.

The attitude of the average native toward the immigrant suffered a great change toward the end of the 19th century. The country was simply fed up. If you eat too much, even of good things, your system will revolt. You will have all the symptoms of poisoning and invite a dozen other troubles, not the least of which is a pervasive irritability. In the first 14 years of this century the country was gorged with immigrants. In those 14 years about 13,000,000 came in, or about 68 percent of the number which arrived in the whole 80 years preceding. In seven of those 14 years they came at the rate of over 1,000,000 a year. The debate over restriction flared up again after the first World War, and ended in drastic action by Congress.

In May 1921 the First Quota Act provided that thereafter the number of immigrants of each nationality admitted would be only three per-

cent of the number of that nationality resident in the United States according to the census of 1910. In May 1924 the Johnson Act reduced the number to two percent by the census of 1890, but the minimum quota for any nationality would be 100. In March 1929 the total number of immigrants in each year was fixed at 150,000. The percentage of each nationality in the whole population of 1920 determined the quota.

The enormous floods of immigrants who entered in the first quarter of the 20th century clogged our economic, administrative, social and cultural systems in scores of ways. The effect was intolerable on our language, on the schools, on housing, on crime, disease and dependency, on congestion of urban centers and on labor and employment. There were sporadic outbursts of racial and religious animosity which did no one any good but were almost impossible to prevent.

It was futile to argue that most of these immigrants were useful, that they were building up the country, that they were loyal and that they constituted as fine material as any that had come in before. The answer was that there was no thought of shutting off immigration, that a reasonable number could still come in, but that the tremendous unselective mass migrations without let or hindrance had to stop.

No doubt the quota acts were crude. The debates, as distinguished from the laws, were lighted by fireworks of chauvinism, bigotry and intolerance. The basis of restriction was necessarily arbitrary and unscientific, but the results show that it was not unfair. There is one thing about it which is not open to the slightest doubt. The principle of drastic restriction had and continues to have the support of the overwhelming majority of the American people.

Military Insignia Guide

WITH MORE and more men appearing in uniform in every community, civilians are finding it increasingly difficult to interpret the insignia of the various ranks and organizations. To help you identify quickly the Army, Navy and Marine Corps symbols of rank and duty, The Reader's Digest encloses as a supplement in this issue a handy, pocket-size reference guide in color. It is reproduced by permission from *Newsweek*.



Condensed from
This Week,
New York Herald Tribune
Peggy McEvoy

THE "main front" firing line of the U. S. Army Proving Grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland, was a dreary, soggy expanse in the steady drizzle of rain. Long-nosed cannon pointing their snouts skyward were lined up like pickaninnies in a row. Beside one of them stood a girl in poncho and hip boots, field telephone in hand.

"Okay to fire!" she yelled. Two blasts of the foreman's whistle, and her teammate, in disheveled jeep suit, windbreaker and galoshes, braced herself in the mud behind the gun, pulled the lanyard and let 'er go. The ground came up and snapped at me as the big cannon went off. A few months ago one of these girls sorted posies in a florist's shop and the other balanced a tray in a tearoom. On another range an ex-beauty parlor operator fired a burst of ten on a 37-millimeter anti-aircraft cannon with a gleam in her eye that she never had over a permanent-wave machine.

Ruby Barnett, grandmother, is a crack machine-gunner. Mickey Lepert, 18 years old, is "just nuts about

These are the WOWS — Women Ordnance Workers to you — of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, who fire big guns, drive tanks, handle explosives with the skill of veterans.

cranes." Operating a 15-ton crane with three sets of electric controls, she could pick up a two-ton gun carriage, set it down at the other end of the shed, pick up a 155-millimeter gun barrel and slide it into the seat of its carriage with a timing and depth perception that made Lt. Colonel Jack Weber, ordnance expert, whistle through his teeth the first time he saw her do it.

All along the highways that crisscross the APG's thousands of acres of Maryland countryside, halfway between Philadelphia and Baltimore, I saw more of these hearty females driving jeeps, tanks and trucks, pedaling bike carts loaded with ammunition, or skillfully maneuvering gun tractors that trail the snouts of cannon behind them.

These are the Women Ordnance Workers of Aberdeen. The WOWS, as the army's publicity calls them, are the women in America today who

are closest to the actual machines of war — the first "gun molls" to back up, over here, our armed forces overseas.

In the last war and this, women have demonstrated that they are no sissies when it comes to tackling dangerous jobs in munitions and explosives. But it took a practical married man to prove that females can be good at firing as well as passing the ammunition. Last week, as he okayed a long list of salary promotions for the Women of Aberdeen, Colonel William B. Hardigg, Director of the Proving Center of the APG, justified his hunch that a determined gal can be just as handy on a firing range as over the kitchen variety.

At Aberdeen, women are working on everything from small carbines to 90-millimeter anti-aircraft cannon, and some of them have developed a lust for firing lethal monsters that would scare the wits out of a timid male. Of 1000 women now employed, about 400 are doing the rough stuff that movie thrillers are made of. They have tossed out of the window that nonsense about the "weaker sex," for they'll tackle anything. "We are the ones who have to limit the loads they may lift and the hours they may work," said Major General Charles T. Harris, Jr., Commanding General of the Proving Ground.

Aberdeen is the principal experimental testing center for practically all the ammunition, combat weapons and military vehicles that are to come

off the assembly lines of factories all over America. The first new jeep or tank model, for example, is shipped to Aberdeen. After that, every 25th or 50th is sent, too, and given the works, just to make sure there has been no slip-up somewhere. Same thing with shells and powder. Since many factories are now making war equipment for the first time, this testing is more important than ever before. It can mean the lives of men in combat.

After Pearl Harbor the work got heavier and heavier and there was danger of falling hopelessly behind, with a resulting holdup of factory assembly lines. Colonel Hardigg was on a spot to get new workers. He lowered the age limit from 21 to 18 years, and raised it to 60, but still his problem wasn't solved.

Then one March morning of last year, he announced to his staff: "Gentlemen, we are going to try out women at Aberdeen."

His decision was made public through the press and radio. The young army proof officers stared gloomily at the applications which rained in. Captain William J. Brennan, who is in charge of the light cannon proving range, groaned as he read the application of Eunice Boyd of Nottingham, Pa. "What," he asked, "am I going to do with a mushroom solicitor?"

But they were in no mood to dicker, and the girls swarmed in — from nearby Maryland factory towns, from farming sections of North Carolina, Virginia and West Vir-

ginia. Three girls car-pooled their way from New Mexico, and one applicant hitchhiked from the West Coast.

Most of them didn't know one end of a gun from the other. Then along would come a girl like Alice McGuire, who acquired her marksmanship potting squirrels from the porch of her home in the North Carolina mountains. A few days after going to work, Alice scored six out of seven bull's-eyes with a 75-millimeter tank gun. Soon after that she was helping to test medium tanks. "Driving a farm tractor down home helped me get the hang of it," she told me.

It was planned to give the women only routine jobs, but they surprised the men by taking to the heavy and highly specialized work like ducks to water. Most of them have little more than grammar school education, yet some can rattle off technical ballistics lingo like all get-out. "At first it's just a blur," says Helen Waream, "then one day, all of those strange words suddenly make sense." Many girls do star-gauging — measuring the lands and grooves of gun bores to microscopic tolerances.

The first publicity blast naturally attracted some thrill-seekers. These were weeded out — but fast. The proof officers have several methods of accomplishing this. "Quickest way," said one, "is to hand them some of the dirtiest jobs on the range and ask, 'Any objections?'" These jobs include "mucking up," a dainty lit-

British experience has proved that women are capable of filling 80 percent of all war jobs.
— Paul V. McNutt

tle chore which consists of slathering a gun with gobs of "applesauce," a nasty, thick, yellowish grease which protects it in shipment. One day of this and a gal who is merely out for a lark doesn't come there any more.

Josie Fayer is typical of the girls who have won the regard of the men in charge of training at Aberdeen. Josie turned up for work one day, fresh from 15 years of boredom behind a counter of the Perryville, Md., general store. Desperately shorthanded, Captain Brennan had no time to break her in gently. She started right in passing the ammunition to a man doing the firing on a platform. Soon afterward she was firing as well. Now, in a few months, she has become such a whiz at dismantling, assembling, cleaning, loading and firing a gun that they've boosted her salary and offered to make her foreman of a gun crew. But Josie doesn't want the responsibility; she just likes to fire the guns. She is covered with grease and gun carbon from head to toe, day after day, but says she'll never go back to the store.

Another girl who made good is Anna Brown, 23, who weighs 103 pounds. Anna was ramming a rod down the throat of a big gun when I came on the range. She does everything from dismantling, assembling and testing the oil elevation gear

to firing, but she likes firing best.

"It's easy," says Anna. "You fire one shell for a pressure test, then you keep your foot down on the trigger pedal while it fires a whole round of ten. Oh, it's nerve-racking for some people I guess, because you have to hold the pedal down with your foot all the time you're firing a burst — but I love it."

Helen Lindamood, a buxom lass of 19, worked in a drugstore at Peach Bottom, Pa. She couldn't get the hang of the simplest arithmetic in school, but she can understand complicated computations in projectile velocity now that she's at Aberdeen. "Isn't there an awful kick to the gun?" I asked her after watching her fire.

"It doesn't kick you exactly," explained Helen. "It sort of *pushes* you."

Edna Griffiths, one of the first and best of the gun girls, has a brother in the armed services overseas. "I like to think that a gun I've tested might be given to him to fire over there. It makes me feel I'm helping him if I make sure every gun is perfect."

The patriotic motive seems to be the major reason why women work

at Aberdeen. Money is a minor consideration, for in war factories they could make more than the \$100-a-month starting salary which the Provoking Ground pays, at less risk of life and limb.

Powder weighing is one of the services the women of Aberdeen perform best. Women are better at this repetitious job than men, who beg off every half hour for a stretch and a smoke. Viola Testerman is a shell loader. Weighing 225 pounds, she needs her heft for picking up and loading 200 forty-pound shells a day.

"Do they ever explode?" I quavered, watching her dexterity with fascination.

"Oh, they could," replied Viola lightly, and she picked up a shell case and turned it bottom up for me to see. "See this primer here?" She pointed to a little flat knob. "If it hit a pebble on the floor it could go off." Then she added matter-of-factly, "That's why we keep the floor swept nice and clean."

The Women of Aberdeen have by no means completely replaced men workers. But even the most skeptical officials have been surprised at the number who have made good in this he-man's work.



A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

— Buffalo News



Life in These United States



THE GATEKEEPER at a famous race track took \$1200 — his life savings — out of the bank to help his nephew through an eastern college. When asked how he could afford that gesture, he smiled sheepishly. "Day in and day out," he explained, "I watch thousands of men bet on horses and lose their shirts. The way I figure it, a fellow might stand a chance to make a killing if he bets on a human being."

— Frederick Van Ryn

I WAS breakfasting on the open terrace of the Hotel Jefferson in Richmond, Virginia, when a man with a merry eye sat down at a table near me. The colored waiter asked him what he wanted. "Tell me," the man said, "what do people in Richmond have for breakfast?"

"They eats the same things as everybody else," the waiter answered, "but befo' they eats, they say, 'Thank God I'm in Richmond!'"

— Dorothy Crowell

MISSISSIPPI rivermen are colorful characters. Lanky, gaunt-cheeked Captain Barney, for instance, who every evening lowers a tin bucket into the muddy river and drinks his fill of the thick brown liquid. "Keeps my health a-goin' good," he says. "It's this here filterin' they do to water that causes all the sickness there is nowadays. Just takes all the strength out of it."

— Ben Lucien Burman

I WATCHED an old fisherman for three summers in a tiny town in Maine, and in all that time I believe I did not hear

him utter more than three remarks. But I shall always remember one of them. A wealthy young New Yorker, dressed in the Abercrombie & Fitch version of What a Man Should Wear in the Wilderness, said to the old codger, with a patronizing smile, "I see you are using fishbait for lobsters. You think it's good, do you?" The weatherbeaten fellow shook his head. "No," he said after a silence, "I don't, but the lobsters do."

— Frederick Van Ryn

ON A DAY memorable to me, I boarded a tiny tugboat which I used often in crossing a southern river, and saw that we had a new Negro engineer. He sat in the doorway of the engine room reading a Bible; he was fat, squat and black, but immaculate, and in his eyes was the splendor of ancient wisdom and peace with the world. As I paused to talk with him I noticed that the odors that had always emanated from the engine room were no longer there. The engine gleamed and shone; from beneath it all the bilge water was gone. Instead of grime, filth and stench I found beauty and order.

When I asked the engineer how he had managed to clean up the old room and the old engine, he answered in words that would go far toward solving life's main problems for many people. "Cap'n," he said, nodding fondly in the direction of the engine, "it's jes this way: I got a glory."

Making that engine and that boat the best on the river was his glory in — and, having a glory, he had everything.

— Archibald Rutledge

SINCE I was very tired when I boarded my train one night in Little Rock, Arkansas, I was soon snugly hidden behind the green curtain of my berth. Then a troop of soldiers came into the car. Unaware of my presence, they began loudly to outline their plans. First they were going to raid the club car and get drunk. Then they were going to go through the train and make love to every good-looking woman.

Just as the boys were at the height

of their joyous schemes, robustly announced in language which made Ernest Hemingway's characters sound like sissies, their commanding officer came into the car. "Attention, men!" he said. "You have all the berths in this car except one. I want you in those berths in three minutes, and no talking." The officer left the car.

The men went to bed. Silence. Not even a whisper. That car was like a tomb until eight o'clock in the morning.

— Dorothy Crowell

The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote acceptable for this new feature, The Reader's Digest will pay \$100. Contributions must be true, revelatory and unpublished human interest incidents, drawn from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address "Life in These United States" Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

This Shrunken Globe

TODAY, wherever you live, no spot on the whole earth is farther away than 60 hours from your local airport. Note that many large cities, once far distant from each other, are now separated by only a day and a half, or less, in time:

<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Surface Time</i>	<i>Air Time</i>
New York	Chungking, China	11,300 mi. 31 days	7500 mi. 38 hrs.
New York	Moscow, Russia	5700 mi. 8 days	4525 mi. 23 hrs.
New York	London, England	3700 mi. 5 days	3462 mi. 17 hrs.
San Francisco	Brisbane, Australia	8200 mi. 21 days	7050 mi. 35 hrs.
Chicago	Fairbanks, Alaska	4090 mi. 8 days	2730 mi. 14 hrs.

— Based on an advertisement of Consolidated Aircraft

¶ With small funds but with daring leadership, our neighbor below the Rio Grande is solving the rural health problem

Mexico's Medical Revolution

Condensed from The Pan American

Michael Scully

THE FIGURES were appalling when Mexico's Health Department added them up in 1936. By modern standards, the country should have had 18,000 doctors, or one for each 1000 inhabitants. It had but 4500, of whom 90 percent were in the large cities. Two thirds of the population — 12,000,000 small-town people, farmers, miners, Indians — had no medical care. Or, worse, they were the prey of village witches, herb doctors, charlatans. The death rates were among the highest anywhere.

What Mexico did about this situation deserves the attention of the world. It solved a problem that still baffles U. S. health authorities by turning the tide of young doctors from the cities to the small towns where they are most needed.

The first gun in this medical revolution was fired by Dr. Gustavo Baz, young dean of the National University Medical School. He lacked funds but he didn't lack daring. Assembling 260 seniors, he announced that they had all been made *provisional* Doctors of Medicine.

"You have had nearly six years of training, and normally you would

soon become hospital interns," Baz said. "Instead we are asking you to undertake a great medical adventure. Each of you will spend six months in a doctorless community as public health officer and physician. We will send you medicines. You will charge no fees; the government will pay you 90 pesos (\$18) a month. You must train your own nurses, improvise clinic facilities. Most of you will work with primitive people who know nothing of modern medicine.

"At the end of the six months you will write what should be the most valuable thesis ever offered for a medical degree: a complete survey of the community's history, population, climate, diet, income, sanitation, and the incidence and causes of disease there. When you have done these things you will deserve the title of Doctor!"

Baz' unprecedented experiment was so successful that it has been made a part of Mexico's permanent program. The 260 young men turned in the first complete report on Mexico's rural health problem.

As a result, Mexico has today a rural health program that is a model.

A free course of medical training has been set up for poor young men of rural districts who could not otherwise attend medical school; more than 1000 places once wholly without medical help are now served by qualified physicians. Forty regional hospitals have been opened; 28 more are being built; mobile medical units using trucks and burros serve the people of the hinterlands.

Rural doctors now examine more than 1,000,000 persons a year, vaccinate 500,000 against typhoid, smallpox and other communicable diseases. Less than 10 percent of the nation's water supply was potable when the program began; now tested sources, protected from pollution, are being provided for hundreds of towns and villages.

The "provisional" doctors who pioneered in the work came back with experience that city hospitals could never have given them. They had operated under jungle trees, improvised splints from bamboo, delivered babies on mats of banana leaves. They brought photographs of village food markets screened for the first time against flies, dogs and pigs; of sources of pure water established where villagers and animals had previously bathed and dumped refuse.

One of them did not return. He had tried to treat a girl for diphtheria, but her Indian parents drove him from their hut, fearing black magic in the hypodermic syringe. Next day a schoolteacher persuaded

the father to let the doctor do what he could. An injection was given, but it was too late; the girl died. A few days afterward the young doctor was killed from ambush.

As class after class of medical school seniors have gone out, 11 more of them have been attacked by Indians whose primitive fears were inflamed by jealous village witch doctors. In the student doctor's equipment a revolver has become, by government order, as standard as the thermometer.

One young medico, Abelardo Salas, found it necessary to establish the first quarantine ever known in Itepec. Measles, frequently fatal in tropical country, had broken out. Twice the doctor had to draw his gun on quarantine violators who threatened him. Finally he called on the army and threw troops around three blocks. Then he and his Indian nurse went from house to house administering, explaining, and leaving a sentry before each quarantined home. Thus controlled, the disease was conquered and an epidemic averted.

Salas set Itepec on the road to better health. Along with a clean-up of the water supply and food market, chief sources of disease, his report shows 1266 patients examined, 1000 smallpox vaccinations, instructions to 49 expectant mothers, treatment of 429 children, 12 lectures on hygiene to the town's teachers. In addition he established the *Casa de los Niños*, a day nursery.

Women of that town do the heavy work, from cutting cacao to slaughtering cattle. This meant a frightening disease and accident rate among children left in dirty homes in the care of older children. Gathering a few intelligent citizens, he put them to work. They screened and white-washed a vacant house, built cribs and piped in water, while Salas trained 30 schoolgirls in the essentials of infant care. This volunteer group took over the nursery. In two months the *Casa de los Niños* cut the need of medical care among Ixtepec babies 40 percent.

In six years the Baz plan has sent out 2400 pregraduate medical men from the National University; lately 400 others from three smaller medical schools have served likewise. Many, after graduation, have gone back to their assigned towns as practicing physicians.

At least one pharmacy is opened wherever a doctor settles, and now for the first time essential medicines are available in primitive localities. The pregraduates have also trained 4000 girls as nurses. "They are not full-fledged nurses," Baz admits. "But they have been taught the fundamentals of sanitation and hygiene. Let's say they are five centuries ahead of the village wise women they are displacing. That is something!"

After putting in their half year as provisionals and receiving their degrees, most of Baz' young men locate in towns of 5000 to 12,000 in-

habitants, where they can count upon a fair percentage of paying patients. Mexico's greater health problem, however, lies in the 7000 *ejidos*, or communal farm colonies, and in countless Indian hamlets that consist of only a few huts. These — the majority of the rural people — could not afford a doctor's fees even if he were available.

The Health Department began organizing rural field units, in basic teams of four — doctor, pharmacist, nurse and general assistant. Each unit, stationed in a communal farm or Indian hamlet, was given an automobile and made responsible for the public health in an area comprising hundreds of square miles.

No scientific explanation of medical methods would be understood by these people, Dr. Gustavo A. Uru-churtu realized when he took the job of Director of Hygienic Education. So he created a tabloid paper, *Higiene*, distributed free by rural medical units, student doctors, country schoolteachers and peasant group leaders. In stories to be read aloud, the world's great medical discoveries are turned into folk tales — the first use of quinine by Peruvian Indians, for example. Sun, Air and Water are portrayed as characters friendly to man; Filth, Germs and Darkness are enemies. Pictures show what happens when one family builds its house on high, well-drained ground and another chooses a damp, sunless site. Movies following the same pattern draw adult groups to

the schools, and phonograph records, many in Indian languages, give instructions in remote market places. Fundamental rules of health have thus been conveyed to 3,000,000 Mexicans.

Today the federal Health Department operates more than 125 rural units. Some have grown until a dozen or more doctors provide all the services of modern health centers.

One communal farm colony after another has been put on a group-medicine basis. For complete medical care a family pays a yearly fee of 24 pesos (about \$5); in poorer areas the charge is 12 pesos. The report for 1941 shows that peasants paid about 35 percent of the cost of the national program.

Most physicians heretofore have come from families who could afford six costly years of medical school, and this group is small. Therefore Mexico has launched another revolutionary experiment: it proposes to recruit for medical schools thousands of young men from among the poor of rural districts.

In 1937, Dr. Ignacio Millán, an eminent surgeon, offered his plan to President Cárdenas. "Here," Millán pointed out, "is a reservoir of potential physicians who can't afford a medical education. Let's take the best of them — those who can finish vocational science courses with an

average of 80 percent — and carry them through medical school at state expense. Upon graduation they will be obligated to enter the rural medical service for at least five years."

In the following year, with meager funds, Millán launched the School of Rural Medicine at the Polytechnic Institute. He gives half his day to teaching at only 100 pesos (\$20) a month. His teaching staff serves on similar terms.

By cutting all frills, eliminating almost all holidays and lengthening the hours for study, Millán has packed a six-year course into five. His graduates will be thoroughly trained in general medicine, will have intensive schooling in tropical diseases, and will be able to practice dentistry in emergencies.

Today the School of Rural Medicine has more than 200 carefully selected students. Each is paid 30 to 50 pesos (\$6 to \$10) a month for living expenses and some are provided with quarters. This year the first class will be graduated and go out on five-year contracts to doctorless communities.

Much remains to be done, but in Baz' rural internships, the Health Department's rural field units, and Millán's plan for making country doctors out of poor country youths, Mexico has at last the basis for a solution of her rural health problem.



What Is Profit?

Condensed from a publication of the New York State Economic Council

Fred I. Kent

A SCHOOLBOY, disturbed by the current fashion of speaking disparagingly of the profit system which has formed the basis of the American way of life, wrote to his grandfather asking him to "explain just how there can be a profit which is not taken from the work of someone else." The grandfather was Fred I. Kent, J.L.D., President of the Council of New York University and a former director of the Federal Reserve Board. Dr. Kent replied to his grandson's query as follows:

MY DEAR GRANDSON:
I will answer your question as simply as I can. Profit is the result of enterprise which builds for others as well as for the enterpriser. Let us consider the operation of this fact in a primitive community, say of 100 persons who are nonintelligent beyond the point of obtaining the mere necessities of living by working hard all day long.

Our primitive community, dwelling at the foot of a mountain, must have water. There is no water except at a spring near the top of the mountain: therefore, every day all the 100 persons climb to the top of the mountain. It takes them one hour to go up and back. They do this day in and day out, until at last one of them notices that the water from the

spring runs down inside the mountain in the same direction that he goes when he comes down. He conceives the idea of digging a trough in the mountainside all the way down to the place where he has his habitation. He goes to work to build a trough. The other 99 people are not even curious as to what he is doing.

Then one day this rooth man turns a small part of the water from the spring into his trough and it runs down the mountain into a basin he has fashioned at the bottom. Whereupon he says to the 99 others, who each spend an hour a day fetching their water, that if they will each give him the daily production of 10 minutes of their time, he will give them water from his basin. He will then receive 990 minutes of the time of the other men each day, which will make it unnecessary for him to work 16 hours a day in order to provide for his necessities. He is making a tremendous profit — but his enterprise has given each of the 99 other people 50 additional minutes each day for himself.

The enterpriser, now having 16 hours a day at his disposal and being naturally curious, spends part of his time watching the water run down the mountain. He sees that it pushes

See also "Your Stake in Capitalism" by Eric Johnston in last month's Reader's Digest.

along stones and pieces of wood. So he develops a water wheel; then he notices that it has power and, finally, after many hours of contemplation and work, makes the water wheel run a mill to grind his corn.

This 100th man then realizes that he has sufficient power to grind corn for the other 99. He says to them, "I will allow you to grind your corn in my mill if you will give me 1/10 the time you save." They agree, and so the enterpriser now makes an additional profit. He uses the time paid him by the 99 others to build a better house for himself, to increase his conveniences of living through new benches, openings in his house for light, and better protection from the cold. So it goes on, as this 100th man constantly finds ways to save the 99 the total expenditure of their time — one tenth of which he asks of them in payment for his enterprising.

This 100th man's time finally becomes all his own to use as he sees fit. He does not have to work unless he chooses to. His food and shelter and clothing are provided by others. His mind, however, is ever working and the other 99 are constantly having more time to themselves because of his thinking and planning.

For instance, he notices that one of the 99 makes better shoes than the others. He arranges for this man to spend all his time making shoes, because he can feed him and clothe him and arrange for his shelter from profits. The other 98 do not now

have to make their own shoes. They are charged one tenth the time they save. The 99th man is also able to work shorter hours because some of the time that is paid by each of the 98 is allowed to him by the 100th man.

As the days pass, another individual is seen by the 100th man to be making better clothes than any of the others, and it is arranged that his time shall be given entirely to his specialty. And so on.

Due to the foresight of the 100th man, a division of labor is created that results in more and more of those in the community doing the things for which they are best fitted. Everyone has a greater amount of time at his disposal. Each becomes interested, except the dullest, in what others are doing and wonders how he can better his own position. The final result is that each person begins to find his proper place in an intelligent community.

But suppose that, when the 100th man had completed his trough down the mountain and said to the other 99, "If you will give me what it takes you 10 minutes to produce, I will let you get your water from my basin," they had turned on him and said, "We are 99 and you are only one. We will take what water we want. You cannot prevent us and we will give you nothing." What would have happened then? The incentive of the most curious mind to build upon his enterprising thoughts would have been taken

away. He would have seen that he could gain nothing by solving problems if he still had to use every waking hour to provide his living. There could have been no advancement in the community. The same stupidity that first existed would have remained. Life would have continued to be a drudge to everyone, with opportunity to do no more than work all day long just for a bare living.

But we will say the 99 did not prevent the 100th man from going on with his thinking, and the community prospered. And we will suppose that there were soon 100 families. As the children grew up, it was realized that they should be taught the ways of life. There was now sufficient production so that it was possible to take others away from the work of providing for themselves, pay them, and set them to teaching the young.

Similarly, as intelligence grew the beauties of nature became apparent. Men tried to fix scenery and animals in drawings—and art was born. From the sounds heard in nature's studio and in the voices of the people, music was developed. And it became possible for those who were proficient in drawing and music to

spend all their time at their art, giving of their creations to others in return for a portion of the community's production.

As these developments continued, each member of the community, while giving something from his own accomplishments, became more and more dependent upon the efforts of others. And, unless envy and jealousy and unfair laws intervened to restrict honest enterprisers who benefited all, progress promised to be constant.

Need we say more to prove that there can be profit from enterprise without taking anything from others, that such enterprise adds to the ease of living for everyone?

These principles are as active in a great nation such as the United States as in our imaginary community. Laws that kill incentive and cripple the honest enterpriser hold back progress. True profit is not something to be feared, because it works to the benefit of all.

We must endeavor to build, instead of tearing down what others have built. We must be fair to other men, or the world cannot be fair to us.

Sincerely,
GRANDFATHER

I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education.

— Wilson Mizner

"Such Is Your Heritage"

Condensed from Time

MARIA was heavy with child when the Germans took over their village in Yugoslavia. Her young husband, Peter, escaped to join the Yugoslav Partisans. He was shot several weeks later, but before he died he took out a stub of pencil and wrote a letter to his unborn child.

His comrades passed the letter from hand to hand. It has already become a part of Yugoslavia's folklore. Last week it reached London and the outside world:

"My child, sleeping now in the dark and gathering strength for the struggle of birth, I wish you well. When your time comes, there will be something in you that will give you power to fight for air and light. Such is your heritage as a child born of woman — to fight for light and hold on.

"May the flame that tempers the bright steel of your youth never die, but burn always, so that when your work is done you may be like a watchman's fire on a lonely road — cherished by all wayfarers.

"The spirit of wonder and adventure, the token of immortality, will be given to you as a child. May you keep it forever, with that in your heart which always seeks the pastures beyond the desert, the dawn beyond the sea, the light beyond the dark.

"May you seek always and strive

always in good faith and high courage, in this world where men grow so tired.

"Keep your love of life, but throw away your fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost; but it should never be loved too well.

"Keep your delight in friendship; only learn to know your friends.

"Keep your intolerance — only save it for what your heart tells you is bad.

"Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, the rain and the stars, the wind and the sea, the growth of trees and the return of harvests, and the greatness of heroes.

"Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge; keep your hatred of a lie; and keep your power of indignation.

"Now I know I must die. I am ashamed to leave you an untidy, uncomfortable world. But so it must be.

"I kiss your forehead. Good night to you — and good morning and a clear dawn."

WHEN the avenging Partisans swept back into Peter's village they found that Maria had been murdered a few days before her child would have been born. The letter that his comrades could not deliver has become a letter to all the unborn children in this great, mad world.

“How did he do it?” A question mark still punctuates any inquiry into Houdini’s magic art.

Hairbreadth Harry Houdini

Condensed from *Variety*

Francis Sill Wickware



THE Great Houdini had the flexibility of an eel, the lives of a cat, and a bizarre genius that enabled him to sneer at fetters. He shed police handcuffs merely by “tapping them in the right place.” He could release himself from dungeons in less time than it took to lock him up. For 25 years he astounded audiences by his escapes.

Harry Houdini was buried in sealed coffins, sewed up in canvas bags, stuffed into milk cans and beer barrels, even riveted into boilers. He always got out, one way or another.

Fifth child of an immigrant rabbi, Ehrich Weiss ran away from home in Appleton, Wisconsin, at 12 and spent a wandering apprenticeship holding odd jobs as blacksmith’s helper, necktie cutter and locksmith’s assistant. Locks fascinated him and he practiced picking them with a two-inch piece of wire until he knew all their secrets.

Ehrich Weiss began to give “conjuring” exhibitions in beer halls and sideshows when he was 15. The slender youth with steel-blue eyes and

black, curly hair billed himself as “Cardo” or “Ehrich the Great.” To routine sleight-of-hand illusions with rabbits, silk hats and playing cards he gradually added such novelties as wriggling out of trick boxes and slipping free from “rope ties.” At a country fair, the sheriff drew out a pair of handcuffs and asked: “Do you think you could get out of these, bub?” Houdini said: “I’ll try.” He slipped behind a screen and reappeared a minute later with the open handcuffs dangling from his wrist. This trick became the backbone of his act and the basis of his international fame as “The Handcuff King.”

Weiss was 17 when he came across the memoirs of Robert Houdin, and was so impressed that he decided to call himself Houdini and to model himself on the great French magician.

As his fame spread, Houdini en-

tered a sort of nonstop competition with most of the world's jailers, locksmiths and knot experts.

The London *Daily Mirror* challenged him to break out of handcuffs on which a blacksmith had labored for five years. Houdini obliged before a cheering audience of 4000. In Boston a sportsman wagered \$6000 that he could tie Houdini securely. He spent 45 minutes swathing the magician from head to foot in hundreds of yards of heavy fishline. It took Houdini an hour and a quarter to wriggle out of this cocoon, covered with bruises.

Locked naked in a jail cell in Washington, D. C., he was out in two minutes flat. He then proceeded to open other cell doors and change the prisoners around, just for the fun of it. He broke into another cell where his clothing had been left, and appeared fully dressed in the warden's office just 15 minutes after he had been locked up.

Houdini might have become a most dangerous criminal. He would open an ordinary office safe in no time. To solve the more elaborate type of vault lock, he invented a small device which resembled a voltmeter. He would merely stand in front of the safe, operate his machine, then presto, pull the door open. Long before his death he destroyed this machine, fearing it might fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons.

To insure capacity audiences Houdini often gave a free public exhibi-

tion when beginning a new engagement. One nearly ended in disaster. Houdini was scheduled to leap into the Detroit River and free himself from handcuffs under water, but on the appointed day the river was frozen solid. Houdini insisted on going ahead, and workmen cut a hole in the ice. Spectators packed the riverbanks while police snapped handcuffs on his wrists. A shout went up as he plunged into the icy water. Tense silence followed as the minutes passed — two, three, four, five. . . . Finally a rope was lowered into the water, and a diver prepared to go down. Just at that moment, Houdini's head bobbed up through the hole. He had been under for eight minutes!

The handcuffs had been no problem, but the current had swept him downstream. Houdini knew that between the ice and the water was an air space of about half an inch. By floating on his back and keeping his nose in this breathing space, Houdini managed to get enough oxygen to keep himself alive until he found the hole.

On another occasion an English brewmaster challenged him to escape from a metal barrel filled with ale. Houdini had made hundreds of escapes from all sorts of cans and containers filled with water or milk, sometimes handcuffed or hanging head downward with his ankles in irons. But he was a teetotaler, and the ale fumes were too much for him. He just managed to pry the

lid off and was slipping back, stupefied, when his assistant pulled him out.

The "secret" of Houdini's escapes is still a secret; he was always fearful that criminals might learn details. But there are certain clues to his methods.

He always had a picklock, sometimes hidden in his mouth or nostrils, sometimes cemented to the sole of his foot. There seems to be no doubt that he could swallow steel bars and files of considerable size, regurgitating them when necessary.

Perhaps the most important ingredient of his skill was his phenomenal muscular control. At the age of nine he could pick up needles from the floor with his eyelids while hanging by his heels. Later he acquired wonderful control of the muscles of his throat and stomach. This was the basis for one of his most successful tricks, wherein he appeared to swallow a hank of thread and a package of needles, and later brought up 100 needles neatly spaced on 20 yards of thread.

Houdini could make his wrists and ankles bigger when shackles were being applied, then relax them to normal size to make his escape. His feet were like a second pair of hands. At dinner parties he sometimes tied a dozen tight knots in a piece of string, dropped it on the floor, slipped off his shoes and socks, and untied the knots with his toes.

He trained like an athlete for his underwater escapes. For months he practiced submerging in the bath-

tub, timing himself with a stop watch, gradually increasing his endurance. Not until he was able to stay under for four minutes did he feel ready for public demonstrations. To prepare for immersions in freezing water he took progressively colder baths until he could climb into an iced tank that would chill a polar bear. For escapes from safes and sealed caskets, he learned to utilize a limited supply of oxygen by breathing very slowly and making no unnecessary movements.

"My chief task has been to conquer fear," he once said. "When I am manacled and nailed securely within a weighted packing case and thrown into the sea, or when I am buried alive under six feet of earth, it is necessary to preserve absolute serenity of spirit. I have to work with great delicacy and lightning speed. If I grow panicky I am lost. And if something goes wrong, I am lost unless all my faculties are working on high, free from mental strain. The public sees only the thrill of the accomplished trick. They have no conception of the torturous self-training that was necessary to conquer fear."

Surprisingly simple methods were employed by Houdini in many of his stage illusions — for example his feat of walking through a brick wall. Volunteer union bricklayers would erect in full view of the audience a solid brick wall, 10 feet high, 12 feet long and a foot thick. The foundation of the wall was a steel beam

mounted on casters; the beam was scarcely two inches above the floor. Screens were set up on opposite sides of the wall; underneath the wall was a heavy, seamless rug. A committee of 12 from the audience tested the wall, examined the rug, and made certain that there was no way for Houdini to get under, over or around the obstruction. He then went behind the screen on one side, called out "Now I'm going," and 30 seconds later cried "Here I am" from the other side of the wall.

When he called "Now I'm going," stagehands released a trap door directly beneath the wall and the rug sagged several inches — enough to let agile Harry slither under the wall. Yet the trick was performed so cleverly that not even rival magicians hit on the answer.

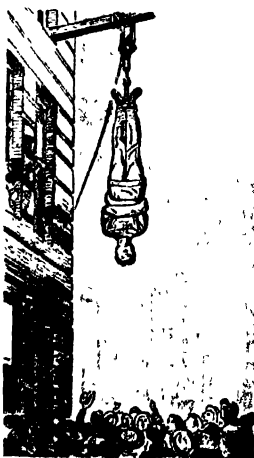
Toward the end of his career Houdini embarked on a crusade against fake spiritualist mediums, who in the postwar period batted on the susceptibilities of bereaved widows and desolate parents. As a lecturer he demonstrated that he could reproduce all the spirit-writing, table-lifting and ghostly apparitions of the mediums. To any medium giving proof of genuine psychic power, Houdini offered \$10,000; there were plenty of contestants but no winners. As

a member of the *Scientific American's* Committee for the Investigation of Spiritualism, Houdini played a leading part in laying bare frauds which had mulcted thousands and driven more than a few to the madhouse. He exposed the notorious Margery of Boston, demonstrating that she obtained her "spookiest" effects by means of megaphones suspended from wires, and by ringing eerie bells with a two-foot ruler concealed on her person.

Yet while rending this curtain of fraud, Houdini possessed a curiosity about the possibility of communication between the worlds of the dead and the living. He entrusted certain secret messages to his wife with the understanding that he would try to repeat them after death.

Houdini died in October 1926; for ten years his widow attended hundreds of séances, all without result. In 1936, on the tenth anniversary of his death, she made her last

attempt. Amid impressive surroundings, a medium pleaded with Houdini to make his last and greatest escape. But nothing happened. When the séance was over, Mrs. Houdini said: "Houdini has not come. I do not believe he will ever come." For years she had kept a light burning over a portrait of the great magician and showman, and that night she turned it off.



Our 110,000 New Boarders

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

J. P. McEvoy

WRITING a school essay on "Life in a Relocation Camp," a small Japanese boy led off recently with this innocent observation: "Never before have I seen so many faces at government expense."

The child had seen only a few thousand around his camp, but Uncle Sam is actually looking at 110,000 of these new faces and feeding them at a cost of \$50,000 a day (45 cents each) while the war is on, and possibly also for the duration — which, according to one wit, will last even longer.

The taxpayer may wonder how an industrious, productive group that has \$200,000,000 in property holdings and an annual agricultural production of \$100,000,000 in California alone could be changed overnight into wards of the government and guests of the Treasury at a time when industry and agriculture suffer from a manpower shortage.

The taxpayer is told that the Pacific Coast was in danger of invasion; that the presence of these Japanese was a potential spy-sabotage-fifth-column menace and to evacuate them was a military necessity. The taxpayer will wonder why the Japanese who comprise 37 percent of the Hawaiian Islands' population

Why spend \$180,000,000 a year to keep in sterile "Relocation Camps" thousands of Japanese-Americans who might be loyal fighters or industrious food producers?

weren't just as much of a menace *there*, and why it hasn't been necessary to evacuate or intern more than a handful of them. Taxpayers may also wonder why our East Coast isn't also vulnerable, and if so, why all Germans and Italians — aliens and citizens alike — haven't been similarly evacuated inland, put into camps under armed guard, and fed at government expense.

Well, the taxpayer can shrug the whole thing off and relax on the broad bosom of a new bureaucracy that possesses a vested interest in the new jobs, pay rolls and budgets which grow out of maintaining the interned Japanese. Or he may rise to inquire how the sunkist hysteria of West Coast pressure groups could transmute an old local, political, economic and race feud into a national burden and an international reproach.

The taxpayer has not been told the true story of these 110,000 Japanese — 70,000 of whom are American citizens. He doesn't know that the

War Relocation Authority has asked for \$80,000,000 to maintain them for the next fiscal year. Nor does he realize that 50,000 of these interned persons are employable; that for a fraction of what it costs to maintain them they could be individually investigated by FBI and Military Intelligence operatives, all questionable elements segregated, and the majority freed to work in agriculture and industry, or to enter the armed services.

We have 5000 American-born Japanese soldiers in the U. S. armed forces right now; we have as many more who would qualify for duty.* If young second-generation American citizens of Japanese ancestry now interned were permitted to fight for this country, the morale of the camps would be improved immeasurably, and older Japanese would no longer be able to say: "For 40 years we have been sending our children to American schools to become good Americans; now they are not permitted the honor of fighting for America."

The taxpayer should acquaint himself with a few facts about the "Japanese problem." Two thirds of the 110,000 new boarders are American citizens whose average age is around 21. These are the Nisei, or second generation. The other third are the Issei, the first generation, whose average age is 59. They were the farm-

ers and other workers who came into this country until our so-called gentlemen's agreement with Japan in 1907, followed by the Exclusion Act in 1924, cut off the supply. Some of the second generation are the Kibei, meaning "those who have returned to America." Their classification is significantly political since, though American-born, they have been wholly or partly educated and indoctrinated in Japan. They could be identified and segregated.

As for the aging Issei, when they are all gone (in another decade or so) the problem of Japanese *aliens* will have solved itself. Meanwhile, they represent a large pool of skilled agricultural workers who should be available to raise food.

And most of the 70,000 who are American-born citizens, educated in our schools and colleges, are so thoroughly indoctrinated with our education that only a few can read or speak Japanese. The army has a Japanese-language camp in Minnesota for training personnel to interrogate prisoners and perform other duties in combat zones. Officers sent to comb the relocation camps found less than 300 who knew enough Japanese to carry on a simple conversation or read an elementary schoolbook.

The American Legion in California demands "repatriation" of all West Coast Japanese, but offers no explanation of how the American citizens among them can be "repatriated" to Japan at the moment. The Native Sons of the Golden West

* As this article goes to press, it is announced that American-born Japanese will be permitted to enlist in special army units.

suggest that a constitutional amendment disfranchise these citizens as the first step toward sending them back to Nippon. It is hardly conceivable that recommendations so contrary to our democratic principles could become national policy. If entire groups can be disfranchised because of race, why stop with the Japanese? And who will be left when everyone starts moving everyone else out of the country?

Commodore Perry, who thought he was merely opening Japan to American commerce, also opened America to Japanese labor. In 1870 there were only 55 Japanese in the United States. But the rich, undeveloped empire of the West needed cheap labor, so Japanese coolies were imported.

Japanese could work longer and harder and live on less. They were a "commodity." But soon they organized into labor gangs, and as they gained strength they organized strikes and boycotts, particularly at harvesttime, forcing their wages up until they were being paid more than white workers.

In short, they started out working for less, and infuriated labor; they wound up working for more, and infuriated management.

This was the condition responsible for the economic and social conflicts, race discrimination and political footballing that forced most of the Japanese into congested and indigestible communities.

That in itself was an unhealthy

pattern. But the present relocation camp setup is worse, since it puts behind barbed wire the alien and American citizen, the loyal and disloyal alike. The taunts of the older and alien Japanese are difficult for the second-generation American citizens to answer: "A lot of good it does you to be an American and believe that stuff they taught you in school. Look where you are now — right in here with us."

The relocation camps are in isolated regions of California, Arizona, Arkansas, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado. Each contains 7000 to 18,000 Japanese. They have no sidewalks, street lights, phones, taxis, buses, restaurants, movies, drug-stores, grass or trees. Rich and poor, old and young, married and single, aliens and American citizens, all live in one-story wooden barracks. An entire family is crowded into one 20-foot-square room.

Each block of 10 or 12 barracks has its mess hall, laundry, baths and latrines. A number of such blocks make up the mile-square center around which is a barbed-wire fence and a row of towers manned night and day by armed guards. The food, simple but adequate, is cooked and served army style. There is a large measure of self-government in the camps. Tensions and conflicts do exist. Put a fence around any city block and allow no one to get out for months — think of the family quarrels, and fights among the neighbors!

How the interned Japanese feel

was summed up by one child who said to his mother: "Mama, why are we here? Let's go back home to America."

So far, however, there has been amazingly little trouble. There were a few strikes, and a serious riot at Manzanar, California, which was caused by internal political conflicts. Soldiers on guard outside the camp were called; tear gas proved inadequate and the military police opened fire, killing two innocent bystanders and wounding 20 rioters. Everything is now under civilian control again.

The WRA admits that the camps are an emergency measure and not a permanent solution. The present policy is to give indefinite furloughs to evacuees as soon as they can be cleared by investigation and are assured employment outside of defense zones and in communities where they will be received without hostility. Employment centers are being set up at Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Cleveland and Chicago; many church groups and social service agencies have promised to help integrate reliable individuals into communities

where they can be used in agriculture, industry, and clerical and domestic jobs.

To date less than 1000 have been relocated, 400 of whom are college students, and it is too early to judge how successful this dispersal policy will be. But it boils down to how our communities will react, and the experiment will be a test of our ability to solve the larger race problems which we shall inevitably inherit after the war.

To sum up for the American taxpayer: He has suddenly fallen heir to 110,000 new boarders, who *could* become permanent. Thousands of them should be in our armed forces, where many of them want to serve. Many more thousands are skilled workers who could and should be used in our fields, factories and homes.

The taxpayer should insist that these Japanese be treated just as though they were Germans or Italians — potential troublemakers should be screened out, the others removed rapidly from the public trough and put back into useful production.



Diplomatic Finesse

EDWARD J. FLYNN stated before the Senate Committee that President Roosevelt and he had talked about having him go to Mexico. Mr. Flynn said he preferred the post of Minister to Australia.

"I understand the language is the same," he said, "and I don't speak foreign languages."

— Bert Andrews in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

The Whistle of the Evening Train

Condensed from "Under a Thatched Roof"

James Norman Hall

Author (with Charles Nordhoff) of
"Mutiny on the Bounty" and other novels

I HAVE a friend who predicts that before the end of this century there will be no more railway trains. I take comfort in the belief that he has greatly underestimated the length of time necessary to work so great and mournful a change, for I can no more conceive of a world without railroads than I can imagine wishing to live in such a world.

There must be many people who feel as I do; who have what may be called a steam-engine rather than a gas-engine outlook upon life. No one, I think, whose boyhood overlapped the division between the 19th and 20th centuries could fail to be loyal to trains. To him, the mingled smell of steam and coal smoke is like the smell of the sea to another boy, for the fragrance of his youth is in it; indeed, one has only to compare it with the acrid stench from an internal combustion engine to appreciate at once the world of difference, in romantic appeal, between a railway train and a motorcar.

I grant that motorcars have added more to the *variety* of life than railway trains have, but in overwhelming us with variety they have robbed us of the old capacity for keen enjoyment. Furthermore, there is a point

at which mechanical transportation becomes merely a means of covering ground, and not travel in the fine sense.

Man has humanized only one power machine — the steam locomotive engine. All his other creations are mere monsters of speed, or efficiency, or ingenuity, or all three. Perhaps the reason for this one exception is that the steam locomotive engine breathes and seems to have moods like those of humans; it takes conscious pride in its strength and its endless labors for mankind. To see one of them at the end of its long journey, panting at a railway terminal — a deep, quiet "*tsoo-tsoo, tsoo-tsoo*" — is to be tempted to speak to it, to thank it for its faithful service. But one never feels that way about a motorbus or an electric engine, purely mechanical things.

I believe that trains may become a passion only on a great continent, majestic in its distances and in its diversity, where trains partake of the grandeur of the country they traverse. No English boy, I feel certain, experiences the kind of emotion at the passing of a London-Edinburgh express that stirs a boy of Canada or the United States when he hears the

first faint whistle of a transcontinental limited, or when he sees through the dusk of a winter evening the long line of moving lights crossing the vast plains of Manitoba or Kansas.

A midwestern boy of the '80's and '90's knew by sight, if not by name, the members of all the train crews, freight and passenger, that passed through his town, and his most far-reaching ambition was to become the engineer of a passenger train. In early boyhood, however, it did not reach so high; in my case, the newsboy of the local eastbound train that passed through Prairie Hills at 11 in the morning was the first object of envy. He had a listless air of boredom that astonished me; I could not understand how anyone in his position could be otherwise than happy.

When Number 21 pulled in for its two-minute stop, he would swing down from the platform of the smoking car with his bundle of papers under his arm. He made no attempt to sell them; if a customer appeared he would consent to dispose of a copy with grudging disdain. When the conductor called "Bo-o-o-oard!" with a blood-stirring, rising inflection that made many a small boy sick at heart, knowing that the summons was not for him, the newsboy paid no heed. The baggage car would pass, and the smoking car; then he would take a step forward, swing to the rear platform of the day coach and enter at once, as though he thought Prairie Hills not worth the trouble of a backward glance. Soon

the loneliness of the plains would flow silently back from either side of the track, and the sound of a far-distant whistle made it seem as wide as space itself.

Those were the days, and Prairie Hills, Iowa, was just the town for boyhood. Our house stood near the summit of the highest hill overlooking the bottom lands of the Skunk River and miles of farming lands beyond. The railway followed the windings of the river, skirting hills that seemed fashioned by nature for trains to pass below and to echo and re-echo their deep-toned whistles.

Who invented the whistles for American locomotive engines? Perhaps there were many collaborators who perfected them over a long period of years. Those men must have been poets at heart, who said to themselves: "The horns of Elfland shall not be sweeter to the ear than the varying tones of our whistles, heard in the wide air of the prairie country on drowsy summer afternoons, or coming from afar across the deserts of Arizona, or reverberating among the rocky fastnesses of the Continental Divide. They shall be in keeping with the spirit of a great continent. They shall give voice to its vastness and beauty, to the promise of its future. Their sound shall float over corn lands, over fields of wind-rippled wheat and oats and rye, and meadows where the cattle browse knee-deep in clover. They shall make midsummer peace the deeper, and midwinter loneliness on

remote farms and in little towns less hard to bear. And they shall all mean to the ears and hearts of boyhood: 'Over the hills and far away.'"

Such was their meaning to me. On winter nights I would hear the whistles for all the howling of the north wind that buffeted our old house. Number 6, the eastbound evening passenger train, had a whistle that sounds as clearly in memory now as when it echoed among our wooded hills along the river. Usually it thundered down the five-mile Middleton grade at tremendous speed, whistling repeatedly, and passed through town in a flash of time, the pitch of the whistle dropping by quarter tones as the distance increased. The whistle of the Rocky Mountain Limited — the "Midnight Flier," we called it — I heard rarely, for boyhood slumbers are deep; but sometimes it would bring me to my knees in bed, gooseflesh tingling all over me. Midnight — that fabulous hour to a boy's fancy. The whistle of the Midnight Flier set its enchantment to music, growing fainter and fainter till at last I heard it, the very ghost of sound, far out on the prairies to the westward.

A horse-drawn vehicle was the natural complement to railways, for it is impossible to enjoy fully the advantages offered by rapid mechanical transportation unless there exists at the same time a much slower and more commonly used method of travel. In summer I often accom-

panied my father in his drives through the country, and I knew every railroad crossing for a distance of ten miles on either side of Prairie Hills. If our approach to one coincided with that of a train, I was happy enough for one afternoon.

Toby, our old bay gelding, would plod along at a steady three miles per hour. I see my father leaning forward, elbows on his knees, the reins held loosely in one hand. Now and then he would whistle softly the fragment of an old song: "Oft in the Stilly Night," or "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Roger, our cocker spaniel, who went everywhere we did and came into the buggy to rest now and then, would sit with his back to the dashboard, panting, looking up at us with that expression of affection and good will that only dogs can show. So we would travel dreamily along, and then, perhaps at a moment when father, son, horse and dog were scarcely more animate than the golden cloud of dust that traveled with them, would come the far-off whistle of a train to stir them into consciousness once more.

I can hear it, even now, and a kind of melancholy seizes me as though it were the whistle of the last train we are ever to see or hear, on its last journey — into the past. And when it comes to that, where will the boys of tomorrow find nourishment for *their* dreams of Over the Hills and Far Away?

We already know. There is no Far Away any more. "The great, wide,

beautiful, wonderful world" of the poem that boys of my vintage read in their Appleton's Third Readers has shrunk perceptibly. Tomorrow it will

seem no larger than a withered orange, and "bluc distance" will have significance, thenceforth, only for the astronomers.



The Pied Piper of Vaagsö

AT DAWN we took off from our destroyer in flat-bottomed boats to make a commando raid on Vaagsö, Norway. Suddenly the music of bagpipes rose above the sound of German machine guns on the shore. A Scotch major stood erect in the rear of the boat playing, his six feet four a perfect target for the Germans. He was wounded — both in the face and in the hand — but he stopped playing only long enough to grin and shout, "We'll make it, lads!" And we knew we would.

When we landed, the Germans took to the houses for sniping action. Grenades and tommy guns in our hands, we crept slowly up the main street, peering at every window. "I wonder where the wee ones are," said the major walking beside me. "I've a couple of bairns myself. Look up there," he interrupted himself suddenly, indicating a second-story window.

A ghostly woman, the skin on her face white and drum-tight, was pointing downward. A sniper was on the first floor. The major and I crashed the place. In the kitchen, the Nazi sniper was holding a crying baby against his chest. The major shot him between the eyes, and I caught the baby as it fell.

Women and children appeared at the

windows of other houses — their faces gaunt with starvation. A whole town of the living dead had suddenly come to life. The signaling came faster. In the first block we killed at least 30 snipers. Suddenly there was a tug at the major's sleeve. The first woman who had signaled us was carrying her baby and a little black bag. In Norwegian she said, "Please take us with you."

The major chuckled. "By Jove," he said, "just because I play the pipes doesn't mean that I'm the Pied Piper of Vaagsö!"

After several hours of block-to-block fighting a line of more than 50 women and children formed behind us. We made contact with the rest of our party early in the afternoon. Even more women and children were trailing behind them!

At our boats a group of men waited to see their families off to freedom. They didn't ask to come with us — they knew there would be a job for them when the Germans returned. It was dusk when we pulled away. We had come that dawn upon a land of the living dead. There had been life for a short while, but now behind us was the land of the living dead once more.

— As told to Alan Hynd in *Liberty*

¶ How the army introduced our soldiers to the Moslem land they were invading

So You're Going to North Africa!



Condensed from "Pocket Guide to North Africa"

A booklet prepared by the Special Service Division, Services of Supply, U. S. Army

WINNING the friendship of the North Africans is an important step in the winning of the war. They are producers of food. They can either supply us with water or poison the wells, guide us through the desert or lead us astray. They can tell us what the Germans and Italians are doing or they can tell the Germans and Italians what we are doing.

AS PART of the amazingly thorough preparation for the greatest overseas expedition in history, the army prepared a *Pocket Guide to North Africa* for the troops. "The purpose of this book," the soldier is told, "is to keep you from making mistakes in your dealings with the people of North Africa so that we may have their friendship and coöperation. No other American force has been given a more important mission. From North Africa our armed forces will make entry into Europe."

And he is reminded that "it is not strange ground for an American fighting man. More than 100 years ago, Americans fought over this same soil. . . . The American flag flew above the Derna fortress in Libya in 1805, when we campaigned against the rulers of the Barbary States who were hijacking our ships. We won the right of our commerce to move freely through distant waters. Now we have returned to fight a mightier enemy, but we are defending the same principle. The North African interior is as uninviting now as when William Eaton's scratch army of Americans and natives marched into Cyrenaica. But hardship did not stop Americans then and it will not stop them now."

Since few can read or write, their opinions are formed on what they see and hear. Their experience has been that European soldiers, officials and colonists have often been domineering and unprincipled, and their inclination is to regard an invading force with suspicion until its good intentions are proved. Avoid talking about or praising local Europeans, don't imitate their attitudes or behavior, and accept with reserve what they tell you about North Africans.

For the most part, the 17 million people in North Africa are fair-skinned, though some are swarthy. They are fully clothed—better clad than we are, if garments are measured by the yard.

You will be struck by the great variety of the peoples and the myriad of tongues spoken. The one bond that touches nearly all, however, is the Mohammedan religion.

The Faith of Islam

THE MOSLEM worships the same God as the Christians and the Jews, and speaks with reverence of Abraham, Moses and Jesus. Mohammed preached against the same vices which are the targets of American evangelists. The mosques are not temples but meeting

houses. There are no priests. Don't refer to the people as heathen; they are very religious.

In North Africa the Moslems believe in the Evil Eye. People may unknowingly have this power and it is supposed they put a curse upon anyone on whom they look with envy. Because of this belief a Moslem hates to have you say to him: "How well you look today!" "What a fine son you have!" unless it is preceded by "*El hamdu li 'allah!*" meaning "Praise be to God!" which takes the curse off it. Some believe that cameras are instruments of the Evil Eye and resent having their pictures taken.

The deep religious faith of Moslems is especially evident in their feeling about places of worship. *Keep away from mosques and the tombs of saints.* The Moslems will not tolerate Christians inside them. If you come near a mosque, look away and keep moving. Smoke or spit somewhere else. Keep silent when Moslems are praying, and don't stare at them.

Country of Contrasts

THE COASTAL AREA of North Africa is almost as pleasant as southern California, with hot, dry summers and consistently heavy rains in winter. The forested mountains of Morocco and Algeria have a heavy winter snowfall, and excellent skiing grounds. Temperatures in the coastland's higher altitudes fall below freezing on winter nights.

South of the mountains and plateaus the true desert begins. It is not a continuous sea of sand; some parts are great stretches of picturesque dunes, but others are rim rock and gravel, not at all flat, and one may travel for days and

see scarcely any sand. Rains fall rarely, though then in such large doses that bivouac commanders should take care not to make camp in a ravine. Winter nights are bitterly cold.

In the coastal plains and valleys you will see vast expanses of well-farmed country, mainly grain fields and vineyards. Large quantities of figs and olives are grown.

About Food

MOST MOSLEMS eat very little meat. Animals are almost too precious to kill, and meat is hard to preserve because of the lack of refrigeration. The mainstay of diet is grain — made into bread, mush, or a fluffy dish called *kuskus* or *seksu*, which is tasty when seasoned with pepper or cinnamon. It is advisable not to drink much liquid after eating *kuskus* as the grain is only partly cooked and bloating will result.

North Africans are great eaters of bread. If you enter a bakery, leave your shoes at the door, as the baker slides the loaves out of the oven onto the floor and the customers object to having dirt tracked in from the street.

Fruits — figs, dates, grapes and apricots — come second on the list of staple foods. The favorite beverage is green tea. It is served sweet, and flavored with mint. If offered tea by a native host, you should not refuse it or throw away any part of it. The polite thing is to accept three cups if they are offered, but under no circumstances to accept a fourth. To drink less or more than three is considered ill-bred. When you are visiting, the third glass of tea or coffee is the signal for you to go.

Though their religion forbids the use of intoxicants, some Moslems take a drink on occasion. A liquor called *legbi*

or *lebqui* is made from the fermented sap of the date palm; grape wines are also common. Most Moslems smoke tobacco, though it is prohibited by some religious brotherhoods. American cigarettes are much appreciated by both men and women. Be generous with them.

You will also see Moslems smoking *keef*—known in our country as marijuana. French law prohibits it, but there is a large bootleg traffic. It produces rapid moral deterioration in the smoker.

In general, it is dangerous for a soldier in North Africa to eat or drink anything offered him by a stranger or to go to cafés or resorts of any kind with a Moslem who has not been properly vouched for.

Customs at Mealtime

IF A reputable Moslem entertains you in his home, you should eat and drink a little of everything that is offered. This may require some hardihood, especially if you suspect that any of the food handlers may be diseased. But it would be impossible to explain your fears to your host without insulting him.

When invited to a meal, take off your shoes before entering a room—leave your socks on. Sit on the floor with the rest. After grace (*Bismillah*) is said, wait for the host to dip into the food before making your move. Eat only with the right hand; Moslems never use the left in partaking of food.

Eat with your fingers and out of the same bowl.

Always tear your bread with your fingers—never cut it.

Leave food in the main bowl—the remains go to the women and children.

Eat only part of the first course—there may be four or five more coming.

Be kind and considerate to servants. The Moslems are very democratic. They draw no color line.

Always say "*Hamdullah*" at the end of the meal.

If you wish to give someone a present, make it tea, sugar or cigarettes. A polite gift is three of the large, conical loaves of sugar.

About Moslem Women

WHEN SEEN in public, a Moslem woman is usually covered from head to foot in a plain white wrapper, with a white veil stretched across her face just beneath the eyes. But under this unattractive costume she wears bright-colored garments which are revealed only in the privacy of home, the idea being that a Moslem woman is not supposed to look attractive in public. The veil likewise is a sign of respectability, distinguishing ladies from scrub- and farm-women. Oddly enough, however, when a girl from the red-light district walks abroad, she is muffled to the eyes.

These few rules are to be strictly observed with relation to Moslem women:

Never discuss women with a Moslem.

Never stare at one.

Never jostle her in a crowd.

Never speak to her in public.

Never try to remove the veil.

This is most important. Serious injury if not death at the hands of Moslem men may result if these few rules are not followed.

Shops and Markets

GREET the shopkeeper as ceremoniously as if he were your host. Bargaining and haggling over prices are the expected thing. By accepting it as a

game, you should be able to get from one to two thirds knocked off the original asking price. But bargaining must be polite, for abusiveness is a sure way to provoke Moslem hostility.

In the towns the permanent market is usually built around an open square. The market is both a trading and a social center where goods are bought and exchanged, marriages and political deals arranged. Life throbs there as nowhere else in the North Africa countryside. Dancing girls, jugglers, magicians and pickpockets all contribute to the excitement. Your conduct here must be discreet at all times; and as the market is a clearing ground for rumors, and Axis agents may still be operating, you are advised never to discuss military subjects.

North African Social Life

THE SOCIAL LIFE of North Africa is very different from our own, not only because of its leisurely character but because Moslem men do not make companions of their women. A man's wife attends to the home, bears children, and may work in the fields, but she is a chattel.

It is not conventional for men and women to make dates. Should a respectable woman be found conversing with a man not of the family, scandal will result and sudden death is likely to overtake one or both parties. When a woman walks with a man—even though he be a member of the family—she keeps several paces behind him so that people will not notice them together. Ladies never attend parties with men and seldom eat or drink with them. Wedding and circumcision feasts are enjoyed by men and women in separate parts of the house.

When Moslem men want women's company at a party, they engage professional dancing girls. These professionals have a unique social position, not as low as the prostitute, but still somewhat degraded. They are said to be more interesting company than the Moslem wife because they get around a great deal and know all the answers. They dance for the men, not with them.

Men have dances of their own, but when a Moslem gentleman is seen dancing it usually is a sign he is a bit plastered.

Moslem houses are arranged to obtain the greatest possible privacy. Windows are small and high, and the rooms are grouped around a patio where the women work. The flat roof serves as a private terrace. Sometimes several families occupy the same dwelling. The various female occupants mingle freely in the courtyard but the males are restricted to their own family apartments. Upon coming to the main entrance at any time they warn the women. You will want to know how this is done, for if you need to go through a Moslem home it will be necessary for some member of the family to remove all the women beforehand. When you are about to enter a house call out to the women to cover their faces or get out of the way. You may use the word *taghattu*, which means, "Cover up."

Your Health

SANITARY conditions vary. In the European section of the bigger towns, Americans have to take no more precautions than at home. But in the rural parts sanitation is very poor. Do not eat food sold by native vendors in the streets or in small shops. Take great care in regard to drinking water. When

you are among Moslems, drink tea; they make sure to boil the water a long time.

Some General Rules

When you meet a Moslem he will want to shake hands. Do it gently! Many of them, especially the city Moslems, have fine hands which are easily hurt. A Moslem may even kiss your hand, or raise his fingers to his lips afterward. Do not laugh; it is his way of showing politeness. Above all, do not slap him on the back or push him in fun, even if you think you know him well. Remember that Moslems are very modest; avoid any exposure of the body in their presence.

North Africans have an excellent sense of humor. You will not find it difficult to joke with them, because they see the humor in situations easily. If they laugh at you, take it; don't get angry. Above all, *never strike them*. You would make an enemy of everyone who saw you. Moslems fight with knives and

they are probably a lot better at it than you are.

It is well to remember that a man may wear skirts and a beard and still be a man. When you see grown men walking hand in hand, ignore it. They are not "queer."

Speak Arabic, even a few words, if you can. No matter how badly you do it, the people like it.

Be polite; Moslems appreciate courtesy. Don't drink liquor in their presence and do not offer them food containing pork, or that has been cooked in pork fat.

We need the friendship of these people. We need their willing coöperation in maintaining ourselves in their country and we may require their active help in the fight against the common enemy. To be deserving of it, we must treat them with respect and with dignity. Not to do so may make the difference between success and failure in the great undertakings now facing you and your fellow Americans.



The Rising Tide of Darkness

IT WAS NEVER a pilot who started the idea that night falls. A pilot knows that it does not. It oozes up out of the ground, fills the hollows and low places with purple pools of shadow that spread and rise to the tops of the trees and the houses. Long before the sky has darkened, the world below is swimming in night. And then finally darkness begins washing up over the sky from the east, climbing over the zenith, closing down at last over the final gleams of the sunset. Here and there stars begin to prick through, larger and more liquid than ever seen from the ground, and the moon, big and white, outlines the earth. Below the plane, lights map the towns, race along the roads, accenting but not relieving the blackness, for darkness clings to the ground. Whatever light there is clings to the sky to the last. — Alma Heflin, *Adventure Was the Compass* (Little, Brown)

Canny Canines

Items culled from American Kennel Gazette



WOMAN in Richmond, Virginia, leaves her cat, Felix, at a neighbor's when she goes to work each morning. Her cocker spaniel Patsy stays around the yard at home. One day in the beginning of this arrangement, the neighbor opened the door in the evening and let Felix out to walk back home. Whereupon a large terrier who lived nearby went into action. The cat was saved only by the prompt appearance of Patsy, the cocker, who drove off the marauder. Another day, Felix was homeward bound when two rowdy cats attacked him. Again Patsy heard the rumpus and dashed to the rescue.

Every day since, when the clock strikes five, Patsy of her own accord leaves the house, rounds up Felix and conveys him safely home.

— John Woodward in *Atlanta Journal*



THE OWNERS of a certain Doberman have found out how he manages to get his muzzle off every time he goes out. The Dobe has a German shepherd friend who takes hold of the muzzle and pulls. The Dobe also pulls. Presto — the muzzle is off, and the boys can play. — *Cincinnati Times-Star*



H. LIVERMORE, Blytheville, Arkansas, reports the following: As I was standing on the sidewalk talking with a friend, I noticed a dog trying to butt into our conversation. He was whining

and trying to say something. I asked my friend what was the matter with the dog, and he said, "He wants a nickel."

I told him I had been panhandled by all kinds of people but never by a dog.

"What does he want it for, a cup of coffee? Won't a penny suit him?"

"No," my friend said, "he won't take a penny, so you had better give him a nickel. He won't let us alone until he gets it."

I gave the dog a nickel, and he started down the street with it in his mouth, but then waited for me to follow, which I did. Shortly he stopped in front of the grocery. I opened the door for him and he walked back to the meat counter. The butcher looked up and said, "Oh-ho, here's Billy, my customer."

He wrapped up two wieners and handed the package to the dog, who dropped the nickel on the floor.

We walked out, I not having said a word to anybody. When we got back to my friend, the dog dropped the package in front of me to unwrap for him, and in about two gulps the wieners went down the hatch.

— Eldon Roark in *Memphis Press-Scimitar*



MAJOR, a German shepherd, isn't under Civil Service but for four years now he's been one of the Post Office Department's most faithful carriers. Twice daily he trots down to the railroad tracks at Oglesby, Georgia, and retrieves the sacks deposited as the mail trains roar through. Even Mrs. C. W. Carithers, postmistress who trained him from a

pup, doesn't know what makes him ignore a dozen other trains that pass, but is always on hand waiting when the right ones go by. — *Atlanta Journal*



PRINCE, a cocker spaniel living with a family in which there is a blind woman, always rises from the floor and steps back out of the way when she comes into the room. He has never been trained to do this nor has he ever caused her to stumble and thus learned a lesson. If other people come in, he pays no attention to them. Prince thought the whole matter

out for himself and, like many other dogs, is just naturally understanding and considerate. — Newark, N. J., *Call*



AT A KENNEL in Ohio there is a collie that helps with the chores. Promptly at four o'clock he makes the rounds, collecting feed pans and bringing them to the house for filling. He also turns on the spigots which allow water to run into fixed water pans in the kennel runs. After a few minutes he turns them off without being reminded. — R. R. Taynton in *Washington Star*

The Marines Have the Situation in Hand

THE NIGHT the marines landed in the Solomons, a marine sergeant in a San Francisco café was praising his corps to the skies. An army captain finally interrupted. "Don't forget," he said, "that when a marine goes into battle there are ten soldiers on one side of him and ten sailors on the other."

The marine raised himself to his full six feet one and came to attention.

"Sir," he retorted, "that's the proper proportion."

— *Yank*

FOUR MARINES were playing bridge in a hut on Wake Island. Suddenly another leatherneck burst into the room and shouted: "The Japs are landing a force of about 200 men down on the beach."

The four marines looked at one another wearily. Finally, one said: "I'll go. I'm dummy this hand."

— *The Safe Driver*

A DELEGATION of society women approached one of the heads of the Marine Corps. "We have made investigations," said their chairman, "and we were distressed to find that, although many honors have been paid to the Unknown Soldier and to the Unknown Sailor, nothing has been done about the Unknown Marine. This committee wishes to rectify that deplorable situation, and we'd like to enlist your help."

The general jumped to his feet, his face red with anger. "Ladies," he banged his fist on the desk, "there *is* no unknown marine!"

— *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books)

I Am an Army Hostess

Condensed from *Life Story Magazine*

Alma de Coen

Hostess at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts

TWO YEARS AGO, at the tag end of a drizzling, bitter day, the first draftees waded through Cape Cod mud to give us the once-over. We had journeyed from Boston to Camp Edwards—the first hostesses the army ever had.

The boys, it seemed, were expecting glamour girls.

The camp commander escorted us to the mess hall and made a little speech. The men applauded politely but without enthusiasm. And while we stood about awkwardly a corporal, approaching, touched his cap.

"Lady," he said—and disappointment was big on his face—"Lady, are you-all what they call hostesses?"

I groped for words and slung them, chattering, through my teeth. "What did you expect?" I demanded. "Betty Grable and a brace of Powers models?"

The corporal shouted.

"Hey, fellows—they talk!" he cried. "They walk and they talk! We must tell our mothers. They're real live hostesses!"

Since the night the corporal accepted us, I've been mother-confessor, big sister and pal. I've comforted the homesick and advised the lovelorn. I've listened to stories

about mothers and best girls and little brothers. I've shopped for everything from guitar strings to nylon stockings. I've bought engagement rings and honeymoon tickets, cookbooks and layettes. I've made coffee for cold lads coming off guard duty. One couple left their baby for me to mind. Our job as hostesses, I discovered, is to take over when the top sergeant gets through.

As the widow of an officer I was familiar with army life. When I read that the army was to appoint six hostesses in the First Service Command, I applied—and hoped for the best. Hostesses' salaries range from \$1800 to \$2300, and my daughters and I were weary of genteel poverty. Interviewed by a board of officers, six of us were chosen from 20 applicants winnowed from thousands.

The first thing we did at Edwards was to compile a system by which we could quickly locate any man in camp, learn where he is and when he is off duty. This means a great deal when a mother telephones in the middle of the night to say that she can't sleep a wink, that it's six weeks since she heard from Willie, and won't we please put him on the

phone. It also helps when a soldier's sweetheart arrives unheralded and has forgotten what company Johnnie's in.

We were delighted when our Guest House and Service Club were ready. Guest Houses are especially for the use of mothers and sweethearts of privates, corporals and sergeants. The rooms have two beds that rent for 75 cents each per night. Reservations should be made in advance.

In the Service Club, where civilians meet their soldiers, there is a newsstand, with soft drinks, candy and cigarettes, a cafeteria, a dance hall, a writing room and a library. Our library has 6000 books, the latest magazines, and newspapers from all over the country. At night the place is so crowded that soldiers sit on the floor and lean against the bookstacks. Librarian Josephine Kasheta says that technical books, especially on radio and mathematics, are more popular than fiction. Emily Post circulates considerably, and Josephine answers questions that might stump John Kieran. Can a top sergeant have a military wedding? And does the best man wear white gloves?

Outside the library, in a quiet corner, sits Mrs. Roswell Burgess, an elderly Cape Codder with a little sewing bag and a big heart. One day Mrs. Burgess saw a private dashing along the village street with his coat over his arm. He had been made a corporal and had been to three tail-

ors to get his new stripes sewed on. They were busy, and the soldier's girl was arriving for the week-end.

"Give me that coat," said Mrs. Burgess, "and tell your buddies I'll tack on their stripes as soon as they get promoted. Tell them I'll sew on their buttons and darn their socks. Soldier, I'll sew my fingers to the bone for them!"

Now Mrs. Burgess comes to the Club four days a week, to sew from 11 in the morning until 10 at night, and she is the most popular person there.

The boys love to have us hostesses dress up, and I think this is endearing. At dances, they like the girls to wear long dresses. They hate slacks and mannish things. And they'd rather have girls look pretty and cute than slick and smart.

When we ask the boys what they want most there are always three answers: More dances, more swing and *more girls*.

We usually have four dances a week — three with orchestra or military band and one with a juke box.

Once a boy from Arkansas registered a peeve. "We-all don' roun' dance in Arkansaw," he said. "We-all don' laik to roun' dance."

So the next night we had a square dance, with the orchestra in fatigue uniforms and with kerchiefs around their necks. Now we have square dances once a week.

The girls who come to dance with the boys arrive on buses from nearby towns, accompanied by chaperones.

There's nothing formal about our parties. If a girl isn't cut in on every minute or two she's practically a wallflower. MP's see that the jiving doesn't go overboard. The girls are forbidden to leave the hall and are supposed not to make dates. But this is silly, so we don't try to enforce the no-date rule — and in two years we have never had a bit of girl-trouble.

After one of our dances, one of the Junior Service Volunteers handed me a slip with the names of six soldiers on it.

"My mother wants you to find out if they are married," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they all want to date me, and Mother says we'd better check."

Romance at the Club is on the up and up, and we say it with weddings. A sergeant one day asked if he and his sweetheart could be married in the Club. His girl would bring the fixin's, he said, and all we need do was keep an eye on things.

The bride, a tiny little thing and a born organizer, arrived with her four bridesmaids and a car filled with white crepe paper. We have 13 chapels at Camp Edwards now, but we didn't have any then. The sergeant and his buddies rigged up an altar, and the bride festooned miles of ribbon and dozens of wedding bells all over the place. The cafeteria furnished ice cream; four of the sergeant's friends played the wedding march. It was a lovely wedding.

The other day I had a letter from

the bride. Her husband, she wrote, is in Australia, she has a baby, and she hopes we are still using her wedding decorations. We are.

Probably these war marriages won't work as well as ordinary marriages, but they certainly will work a lot better than no marriages. It is my opinion that soldiers don't want to marry. And girls do. As one soldier put it to me: "I may come back all shot up, and I'm not going to wish a mess like that on my girl."

A few new arrivals get dreadfully homesick and come to us for comfort. One boy who went home to Georgia on a furlough came back with a box of Georgia clay. Next day the top sergeant caught him digging his bare toes in the stuff.

"It's home soil," said the soldier, "and I love it."

But the Georgia boy is feeling better now. During a dance the other night he noticed an orchid handkerchief in my pocket and asked if he could borrow it. Before the evening was over he came to say he couldn't return it. "I swapped it for a kiss," he explained blandly.

"That's ducky, soldier," I said. "I'll bring you a dozen tomorrow."

To our Service Club have come tens of thousands of lonely soldiers — come and gone, to Ireland, Alaska, Iceland, Africa, Australia, India, to every red hell upon this troubled earth. But before they go we try to give them the companionship they miss so keenly when first away from home.

Drama in Everyday Life

By A. J. Cronin

I HAVE KNOWN Henry Adams for years, and I must tell you, straight away, that he is a very ordinary man. He is about 45, going bald at crown and temple, with rimless glasses magnifying his rather inquisitive blue eyes. Henry is an accountant in a New York firm of electrical contractors and lives in a middle-class suburb, which I shall call Elmville, with his wife, two daughters of 15 and 13, and his little son, aged six.

His home, purchased by somewhat painful installments, is no great shakes, but he is rather proud of it — especially the half-acre back-yard garden where he works in old clothes on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Aided by his small son, Sammy — pressed into service with rake and wheelbarrow at the strictly nonunion rate of a nickel an hour — Henry came pretty near winning a prize at the Elmville Garden Show. On those fall afternoons a couple of years ago, when I used to stroll over to visit Henry, I would observe these incorrigible confederates, the spare little

man and the sturdy little boy, bent together over the herbaceous border, or standing work-proud in the twilight, burning a heap of dry leaves. Sammy, you see, was struck on his dad, and Henry was rather fond of Sammy.

Apart from horticulture, Henry has uninspiring tastes. He likes a good movie and an occasional ball game. On wet evenings when the kids are in bed he settles down to a cigar and a detective story by the open fire and it is hard to move him — though when his wife wants to get him to a church social she usually succeeds.

I suppose unkind persons would call Mrs. Adams the boss, though this, when it comes to things that matter, is not the case. She is an energetic, still pretty woman with a warm smile and soft hair with a wave in it. Her fondness for uplift societies are readily forgiven when you eat her blueberry pie or notice the smartness of the school dresses which her quick fingers have machined for her two big daughters, Betty and Louise.

I have spoken of uplift movements, to which Elmville is reasonably addicted. Well, when the war spread its devastating horror across Europe, the

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town joined in the movement to do something for the children of the stricken lands. Naturally Mrs. Adams was in the forefront of it; she suggested to Henry that they take a refugee child into their home for the duration. Henry didn't much care about the idea at first, but he came to see the humanity of it and agreed readily enough in the end.

After the formalities had been completed, word came that a Silesian boy had been allocated to the Adamses. I went with Henry to New York to pick up the youngster. Paul was the kid's name; his family name was so full of knots like "pietro" and "stanal" that no one attempted it after the first entanglement.

I shall never forget the first sight of that nine-year-old product of terror and starvation. Sitting on a high stool, he seemed like a shrimp on a fork, pale as ice cream, with pipestem legs and arms, a bony, close-cropped skull, and big dark eyes, frightened yet unfathomable. He didn't speak English, and when you spoke to him he had a way of averting his head and letting those slanting eyes slip over the top of your hat. This, then, was my introduction to strange little Paul Piotrostanalski, or whatever his name was.

Well, we got him out to Elmville where a royal welcome awaited him. Louise, Betty and Sammy met us at the door, bounding with excitement, and Mrs. Adams came hurrying from the kitchen. A big fire blazed in the living room, the table was lit with

candles, the house full of warmth and the smell of roast turkey. As we sat down to supper everyone was so eager to make the strange child feel at home that I must confess I felt my eyes moist — for I am that stupid kind of sentimentalist. Paul thawed somewhat as the meal went on. Eating with great speed he kept watching Sammy across the table with strange intensity. He took no notice of the two girls, pretty kids, who were "mothering him" with all their might; he simply glued his attention on Sammy. Finally he broke into a shrill, incredible little cackle, reached over and took Sammy's hand in his. It was a funny, touching gesture, which made us all laugh and seemed to be the high light of this happy evening.

By all the conventions, my story should end upon this pleasing note of promise. But truth does not work to any formula. As the weeks slipped past, a painful disillusionment began slowly to supplant that first tender impression of the Adams' young guest. Nothing you could put your finger on, perhaps. Yet there it was . . . whether due to privation or the war horrors he had witnessed, Paul was not quite — well, not quite normal. He was a queer, detached little creature, with confused ideas of obedience, perfectly untroubled by the slightest moral sense. Small change left about the house disappeared into his pockets. As he acquired the language, which he did with the quickness of a monkey, he proved himself

an astounding manipulator of the truth. At school he would entertain audiences with fantastic accounts of his exploits, relating, pale and tense, how he had subjugated lions and killed bad men with his own hands. Other, less amusing, falsehoods came back to the family in unpleasant ways.

When reasoned with for some misdemeanor, Paul would turn quite blank, staring away into space with evasive eyes. It was impossible to be severe with him, for the mere mention of correction caused him to wake up at night in fits of screaming which left him, and the entire household, exhausted. In all but one respect he was devoid of gratitude. Passive in his attitude toward Betty and Louise, he blandly tolerated Henry and avoided Mrs. Adams — who was sometimes sharp with him. Toward Sammy he displayed the most abject devotion; in fact, he followed him around in a fashion that was really embarrassing. He had loved the smaller boy at first sight, and could scarcely bear to be away from him.

This was the situation when America got into the war. Henry had harder work and longer hours, his salary didn't go so far, a sense of strain seemed to fall upon the Adams home. However, they got through the winter without mishap and with the coming of spring everyone began to feel brighter.

Then, one hot day in June, Paul went down with a sore throat. He was put to bed and no one thought

much about it. But next morning he was worse and Mrs. Adams called in the family doctor. When he came down, after an absurdly long time upstairs, his serious words changed the complexion of the case. The boy, disregarding all injunctions, had gone swimming in a nearby creek, a place strictly forbidden to all children. Now he had a septic infection, probably streptococcal, was dangerously ill and would certainly be worse.

For a week there was misery in the Adams home. Everyone moved on tiptoe while Paul, isolated in his attic bedroom, tossed and muttered in a raging delirium. The doctor held out little hope — it was a virulent germ, the patient's resistance was nil. Yet, by the strange inconsistency of fate, he survived. At the end of a desperate ten days he was out of danger, feebly begging to see his beloved Sammy. This was impossible, because of the danger of contagion, but notes and fruit were sent up by the children, the house came to life again, and everyone was happy and relieved.

On Saturday, two mornings later, when Henry Adams went in to call Sammy for breakfast, he almost dropped from the shock of what he saw. In bed with the sleeping Sammy, his arm thrown around his little friend's neck, breathing close to him, was Paul. He had crept in without disturbing the other boy, content to be beside him, humble as ever, in his love. He sent his sliding gaze past Henry Adams and smiled. As for Sammy, he sickened the same after-

noon, never seemed to have a chance, though everything was done for him — and died of the infection four days later. . . .

I was away at the time. The letter I sent Henry, though full of heart-felt sympathy, must have sounded trite and empty to the anguished father. I knew how deep had been this silent man's affection for his son: Sammy had been the mainspring of his life. This was the thought which spurred me to bitter indignation as I wrote bidding him free himself of his intolerable incubus — this brat for whom he had done everything, who had made him this tragic recompense. There were homes for defective children, suitable orphanages where everything would be done for the unhappy Paul. For heaven's sake, I said, get rid of him.

The fall had gone and winter was in the air when I returned from California and hastened out to visit Henry Adams. As I came round the bend of the suburban road and approached the stricken house, I drew up with a queer pang, between amazement and disbelief. There, working in his garden, covering his herbaceous border, now bleak and flowerless, against the coming frost, was Henry, thinner,

rather pinched with the cold, in the same old clothes. And helping him with rake and wheelbarrow . . . a little boy. For an instant my heart turned over within me, I thought that I had seen a ghost — then I saw that it was Paul.

I went slowly toward them: "Well," I said after an exchange of greetings, "you still have him?"

"Yes." Henry paused, avoiding my gaze. "He's improved quite a bit lately . . . he's quieter and brighter . . . some gland tablets they're giving him."

There was a long silence while we both watched the boy carrying fresh salt hay from the wheelbarrow. As he drew near he flushed under my hostile stare: the most human sign I had yet discovered in him. But it was not enough to turn the edge of my indignation. Overcome by a sense of bitter injustice, I exclaimed: "All I can say . . . he's lucky, this Paul Piotrostanalski — whatever his wretched name is!"

"You'll have no more trouble with the name." Henry put his arm round the boy's shoulder, turned and gave me his quiet, half-ashamed smile. "He's Paul Adams now. You see, we've adopted him."

There is only one rule for being a good talker: learn how to listen.

— Christopher Morley

Must There Be More Pacific Wars?

Condensed from "Basis for Peace in the Far East"

Nathaniel Peffer

UNLESS the right kind of peace is made at the end of this war in the Far East, the Orient will become, as Europe has been, the theater of recurrent war, with American boys plighted to death in faraway battles, generation on generation, time without end.

The immediate cause of this war was the insistence of the United States that Japan abandon its attempt to conquer China, and Japan's refusal. America's long-established policy was to uphold China's integrity against all other nations and demand equal opportunity for trade in China. Japan set out to make China a colony closed to all but the Japanese. Japan saw us arrayed squarely against her, and struck first — at Pearl Harbor.

The basic cause of the war, therefore, was that it could not be determined by peaceful means whether China should be independent or a

NATHANIEL PEPPER draws upon the experiences of a long and varied residence in China, Japan and other parts of the Far East. He is a former Fellow of the Guggenheim Foundation for Research in China, and he was in China when the Japanese attacked in 1937. He is now associate professor of International Relations at Columbia University. His articles have appeared frequently in the magazines, and his books on the Far East include *China* and *Must We Fight in Asia?*

*Japan has been recurrently hit out
she has been a part of the peace treaty
that will come out of it and*

colony. Other wars will have to be fought until that question is settled. The primary object of the peace must be to settle it.

First, as a necessary preliminary, Japan must be not only defeated but utterly crushed. It must be driven from the Asiatic continent and from all the islands it has seized. Moreover, it is necessary to carry the war to Japan, to leave ruins on Japanese soil, to destroy the principal Japanese cities and break down the industrial mechanism. It can be done from the air, and it should be done.

This may have the ring of wartime emotionalism, but it contains an essential political truth. For reasons peculiar to Japan and for the sake of a future without bloodshed Japan must be taught a terrible lesson. To Japan, war is the loftiest activity in nature. Defeat does not teach the tragedy of war itself or the consequences of aggression; it signifies only the end of an episode that went wrong.

Japan, lying in an area of weaker nations, has been able to do all the fighting on other people's soil. It is

other countrysides that are scarred; others' villages that are devastated, with men, women and children slaughtered alike; it is others who must live out their lives among ruins. For Japan the safe and satisfying adventure closes with martial celebrations and emotional satisfaction. Only if much of their own country is devastated can the Japanese learn that war is a terrible business, that aggression cannot always be undertaken with impunity and that others are not the only victims.

But once Japan is removed as a military menace, and forced to disgorge all the areas she has seized in China and elsewhere, it will then be necessary to take such measures as will enable the nation to live and prosper. This is the second requirement for Far Eastern peace. Japan must be left no legitimate reason to cherish dreams of revenge. Certain concessions must be made to assure Japan reasonable conditions of livelihood.

No nation as large and virile as Japan will long be kept at peace if its elemental needs are not satisfied. Despite its poverty of natural resources, Japan has a peculiarly favorable situation. It lies at the door of a continent which has ample raw materials and which constitutes the only large undeveloped market left in the world. In normal economic competition Japan can buy raw materials and sell manufactured goods cheaper than its competitors of the Western world, since its transporta-

tion costs are lower. Indeed, Japan's trade was growing rapidly and steadily until 1937. Had Japan not then embarked on a reckless career of conquest, it would in all likelihood have been sounder today than any other great modern country.

The third provision for a lasting peace is that China must become completely independent. All foreign concessions and settlements, such as those in Shanghai and Hankow, must be retroceded. Foreign warships must be withdrawn from Chinese waters. Other powers must deal with China as an equal, and not view China as an area for possible exploitation or colonization.

The fourth provision flows from the third. China, having recovered independence, must be made able to safeguard it. The key to peace in the Far East is a China so strong that it will never again be a tempting prize of conquest.

To become strong enough to stand alone, China will need help. It faces a terrific task in rehabilitating war-torn sections. It also will need machinery and certain raw materials on long-term credit, so that it can get started on industrialization. It will need technicians and engineers.

In helping China, America will help itself. Chinese orders for raw material and machinery will help take up the slack in American production resulting from the cessation of war orders and thus cushion the shock of readjustment to a peace economy. And in the ultimate indus-

trialization of China lies the best prospect for the West's return to normal productive equilibrium.

China's lack of industry restricted purchasing power so that most of its 400,000,000 people could buy only a narrow range of cheap commodities. At that, China had made notable strides in the years before the war, and was importing \$800,000,000 worth of goods a year. It can be confidently predicted that, if given the assistance required, the curve of China's postwar foreign trade will rise as steeply and swiftly as Japan's did after that country's industrialization. For China has far more natural resources and a much larger population. Besides, the Chinese are at least as skillful as the Japanese, and more adaptable.

The fifth and last provision is that there must be a fundamental change in the position of those parts of southeastern Asia that have hitherto been colonies of Western empires. However decisive the victory of the United Nations, southeastern Asia will never again be politically what it has been. Japan and the United Nations are no longer the only parties to the struggle for possession. In each of the territories in question there is a third party — the native population — and it can be taken for granted that the third parties will not remain passive. They see through Japanese propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics," and know it really means Asia in subjection to Japan; but in its inverse interpretation, as signify-

ing Asia *not for Occidentals*, the propaganda is devastatingly effective. The Western empires have already lost most of their prestige by failing in the first duty of empire: protection.

Except for the Philippines and Thailand, immediate independence is not practicable. The native populations in most of the colonies know little about self-government; in some, like Malaya, there is almost no political consciousness or economic capacity. But the Western powers must give unmistakable evidence of intent to grant a greater degree of self-government. The natives must be given greater participation in government. Natives must be trained to take administrative posts, even the higher ones. Imperialism is on the wane. Emancipation can come peacefully and gradually, if the empires are farsighted, or it can come after a series of revolts. But come it will.

The peace outlined here clearly means undoing the past, uprooting the whole imperialistic system of the last 100 years. But in compensation therefor there will be the returns that lie in the free economic development of the Far East, of China in particular. Still more, there will be the recompense that lies in extricating the Far East from the war system and absolving ourselves from the periodic sacrifice of blood and treasure that will be exacted by that system if it becomes as deeply rooted in the Far East as it is in Europe. For that salvation, no price is too high.



☛ The untutored inventor who made Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* come true

Simon Lake *Submarine Genius*

Condensed from
Scientific American

Harland Manchester

ABOUT 45 years ago a wild-eyed fisherman staggered into a Virginia country store shouting that the Devil was after him. While fishing on the Rappahannock River he had seen what appeared to be a buoy, floating *upstream*; then with a clap of thunder and a smell of brimstone, a bearded, red-capped Lucifer rose from the waves.

While the theological experts around the cracker barrel debated the revelation, the door opened and in came Simon Lake, intent on stocking the larder of his newest submarine, the *Argonaut I*. Hearing the story, he returned to his boat and quickly submerged. Some of those rivermen are good shots.

It didn't surprise Simon Lake to be mistaken for the Devil; he had

combatted superstitions and prejudices before. People in his home town in New Jersey smiled and made circles at their heads when he passed. U. S. naval experts cited facts to prove to him that the underwater trips he was making daily could not be done. Lake not only went on doing the impossible, but even claimed that his crackpot craft would be a major weapon in future wars, that it could blockade coastlines and sink shipping, that it could even knock out a battleship!

As a red-headed 14-year-old of Pleasantville, N. J., with a hearty dislike for school, Simon Lake read Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. He immediately began to plan a boat that would realize Verne's dream, and ever since that day in 1880 he has been designing submarines and devices to improve them.

All the Lakes were inventors. Grandfather Lake invented a seed-planting machine, Father Lake a window-shade roller, Cousin Vincent a typewriter, Cousin Isaac Risley a printing

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device, and Cousin Ira a telephone. Uncle Ezra, a minister, built a flying machine and tried, without success, to fly it. If Simon had planned a rocket ship to fly to the moon, the Lake family would have listened with respect.

When the town tried to build a road across the marshes to Atlantic City, then virgin terrain, the horses got mired to their bellies. Uncle Jesse Lake turned an old-fashioned horse treadmill upsidedown, mounted an engine on it, and thus created an endless-tread tractor to do the job.

Taking a fancy to Simon, Uncle Jesse brought him into his foundry and taught him to use tools. Simon's father wanted him to go to technical school, but since there was no teacher who could tell him about submarines, Simon was not interested.

Bushnell, Fulton, Holland and others had built underwater boats of sorts, but they were unreliable affairs that killed many of their crews, and Lake was convinced that they were wrong in principle. Most of them dived headfirst; this often piled the crew up in the prow; sometimes the boat stuck its nose in the bottom and remained there. Lake planned a submersible which, by means of projecting vanes fore and aft, would retain an even keel while submerging and submerged. This principle is now used on all submarines.

In those days science could throw little light on the things Lake needed to know. For instance, how much air does a man need? Lake asked uni-

versity professors, but none knew. So he built an airtight wooden box and cooped himself up, watch in hand, to find out how long he could stand it. He found that he needed 15 cubic feet of air per hour, and he has used that figure ever since.

Jules Verne's fictional *Nautilus* had a compartment through which divers could emerge to investigate the ocean bed, and Lake decided that his submarine should have one. The problem was to open the door under water, yet keep the water out. One evening he noticed an old powder horn which had a small measuring compartment near the tip; when this space was full of powder, an inner valve closed, and the outer one could be opened to pour the correct charge into the musket barrel.

Lake saw the answer to his problem in a flash — an "air lock," a small, airtight room with one door opening into the interior of the boat and another opening into the sea. He would enter it, release compressed air until the pressure was high enough to keep the water out, then open the sea door. Crews could collect oysters and crabs, or don diving suits to salvage wrecks. To him, this sea-bed exit was an important feature, because he intended his boat for commercial use, not as an engine of destruction.

For 12 years Simon Lake spent evenings and odd moments in planning his submarine, while he earned an ample living by working in the family foundry and from remunera-

tive inventions — for example, his safety device for windlasses on oyster boats, which prevented the crank handle from spinning backward and injuring the operator.

In 1892 the navy advertised for bids on a submarine. Here, Lake thought, was a chance that the *Argonaut*, his “paper” submersible, would be built.

In high spirits he took his plans to Washington. But they let him cool his heels for two days, then curtly dismissed him. On his second trip, the Naval Board of Construction approved his plans, but the decision concerning types of vessels to be built lay with Congress. Lake's rivals had money, influence and political know-how. He lost out — and Congress spent \$200,000 to build a “diving type” submarine that proved unsatisfactory.

Lake searched Wall Street for a backer. A crank had just tried to kill Russell Sage, however, and when the stranger from New Jersey talked about a boat that would operate on the bottom of the sea the men of money turned pale, and called their secretaries. Simon went home empty-handed.

In the fall of '94 his aunt, Annie Champion, offered to pay the cost of building a small submarine. Lake and his cousin, Bart Champion, spent a happy winter constructing, out of “spit and string,” the 14-foot *Argonaut*, Jr., its stubby hull made of two layers of pitch pine with canvas between. She had tanks which could be

flooded with water so that she would sink. There was a wooden wheel in front for steering along the bottom, and two rear drive wheels were operated by a hand crank. Lake's cherished air lock was built into her stern, and an old soda-fountain tank held the compressed air. Air for ventilation came through a pipe from a buoy that floated on the surface. As a final touch there was a small gasoline stove for cooking fish speared through the trap door.

The launching in 1895 was an event comparable to the Wright brothers' first flight, yet the world gave no heed when the two men trundled the crude ark to the Shrewsbury River and wagered their lives on Lake's calculations. Everything worked according to plan. After screwing down the hatch, they flooded the tanks and sank to the bottom, then cranked the machine across the river bed and back.

That summer they poked around the bed of New York Bay for sea food, and Lake, in a home-made diving suit, explored the bottom. The town fathers, disbelieving that Lake gathered oysters underwater, signed their names on a weighted shingle and threw it in the river. The submarine pioneers retrieved it.

Although the little *Argonaut*, Jr., was a practical submarine, the press viewed it with amusement and Washington remained officially incognizant. But a few informed people came to Lake's aid with funds for building an all-metal, gasoline-pow-

cred boat, launched in 1897. This was America's first successful full-sized submarine. It went through trial runs with flying colors, rode out the roughest storms, and attracted attention all over the world.

During the Spanish-American War, Lake took the *Argonaut* to Newport News and easily located the harbor mines. He told a naval authority what he had done and showed how easily a submarine could put mines out of action and cut telegraph cables. He was told that what he claimed he had done was impossible, and that if he did it again he would be thrown in jail. Vowing that he would never more go to Washington unless he was summoned there, the inventor put his boat to work salvaging sunken cargoes.

Lake decided that a submarine must be able to see above the surface while submerged, and in 1900 asked optical firms to make a tube with lenses which would serve the purpose. When they said it was impossible, he experimented with lenses himself until he achieved success.

In 1901 Lake was called to Washington. High naval officers told him that there was no appropriation for the submarine they asked him to build, but promised to do their best to obtain one. Lake raised money from his stockholders and began construction of the 65-foot *Protector*, designed for coast defense. Work was stopped when a rival firm sued him for libel and attached his plant, but he hacked his way out of the diffi-

culty and finished the boat. William Howard Taft, Secretary of War, sent three army officers to see the boat in action. The *Protector* passed grueling tests, submerging for ten hours, navigating under ice, and simulating the laying of mines. In spite of the investigating board's enthusiastic report, however, the appropriation bill was killed in Congress.

Russia and Japan, then at war, were both interested. Lake, a patriotic man, did not wish to sell the weapon to a foreign power, but it was the only alternative to financial ruin. He chose Russia, and the *Protector* was quietly shipped abroad. Her inventor followed, and spent seven years building submarines for Russia and shaping history in a manner that he could not have foreseen. Admiral von Tirpitz, after talking with Lake, conceived a plan for offensive submarine warfare. Krupp, the German arms firm, offered him a fat contract. Then, discovering that Lake's patents were not protected in Germany, Krupp's tore up the contract and Lake's patents were legally stolen to build Germany's U-boat fleet.

By this time Lake's fame was international. Believing that his own country would now recognize his ability, he constructed at Newport News an improved submarine. But the answer was still "No." Lake then promised the navy the fastest and most powerful submarine in the world, to be built with his own money; if it didn't make good on all his claims

the government could have it for nothing.

The 161-foot *Seal*, launched in 1911, made world records. The ice of officialdom was broken at last, and Lake was given contracts for five more boats. With the first World War he came into his own, building 40 submarines for the country which had so long rejected him.

Now, at 76, Simon Lake is hard at work on an experimental war project. And he is as full of ideas as ever for peacetime use of submarines. He will not consider his lifework complete until he has proved the value of commercial submarines to the world. Recently he proposed a fleet of 7500-ton cargo submarines to solve the shipping shortage. He says they could be built as cheaply as tankers, would

cost less to operate, and could elude raiders by submerging.

In his early days Lake used the *Argonaut* to recover coal and other cargoes from sunken vessels, and later built equipment to recover gold from the sunken *Lutine* in the English Channel, a project which was shelved in favor of building the *Seal*. He predicts that much of the sea's vast store of lost wealth will eventually be redeemed by underwater wrecking boats, and that rich deposits of gold, platinum and radium will be mined by submarine. He also has a plan for obtaining ocean-bed petroleum by submarine.

Of course there are experts who will call these things impossible. But Simon Lake has never understood that word.

"In Which We Serve"

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

EACH READER, for his own sake, is hereby advised to let nothing short of bubonic plague prevent his seeing the movie which so skillfully, so honestly and so proudly presents the life and death of a British destroyer. *In Which We Serve* is the most moving picture of them all. To see it is an experience at once humbling and heartening. One does come away from it cheered up about such precarious enterprises as the war, the English-speaking peoples and the human race.

This has been accomplished in the one medium which knows no frontier by a man who could add to a hard-earned professional competence a dash of genius. The resources of the British navy, as never before for such a purpose, were placed at his disposal; the resources of Noel Coward, as never before for any purpose, were placed at the disposal of the British navy, its men at sea and their folks at home.

Before next Christmas the resulting work of collaboration will have been seen wherever the writs of Hitler and Hirohito do not run. Territory available for its showing will increase in 1943.

TALL TALES THE SERVICE MEN SPIN



A FEW YEARS ago I was in a field artillery regiment stationed in Oklahoma. While we were at practice one day a pair of mosquitoes — one of the smaller varieties down there — flew off with a team of horses which pulled one of our field guns, and disappeared over a hill. When we got to the top of the hill we found that the pests had eaten the horses and were pitching horseshoes to see which one would get the harness.

— Donald F. Tagge, A.S.,
U. S. Naval Training Station,
Great Lakes, Ill.

A DETACHMENT of Signal Corps troops entrained at Camp Crowder, Missouri, for Los Angeles. After 10 days the Los Angeles officials wired that the detachment had not arrived.

Investigation revealed that the missing troop train had been last seen heading west out of Phoenix, Arizona, but the Yuma station agent vowed he had seen no such train.

Uncle Sam, by now greatly concerned, organized a searching party of cowboys. They finally found the train sitting high and dry on the desert, 100 miles from the Southern Pacific track. It had got derailed onto a mirage!

The men were still in high spirits and apparently had been getting plenty of food and drink. When asked where they got their grub, a soldier pointed to a lake and a thicket full of luscious prickly pears. A cowboy said, "Hell, feller, them pears and that water hole are part of the mirage." Every soldier in the outfit fainted dead away from hunger and thirst.

Don't ask me how they got the train

back on the track. That's a military secret.

— Pvt. Paul I. Patterson, Los Angeles, Calif

We have a lot of Georgia boys here at the Norfolk Navy Base, and one day I asked one of them why so many of his fellow hillbillies had enlisted in the navy. Well, he drawled, there just wa'n't anything left to live for in the section where they lived.

"How come?" I asked him.

It seems that a Yankee seed salesman who had been through that part of Georgia last spring sold all the farmers a new type of seed corn. The first real hot day in July it all sprouted up about three feet by noontime, and by one o'clock had grown full ears. And about two o'clock, when the sun got hottest, the corn all began to explode. You could hear it for miles, for it made the damndest racket since Sherman was there. That Yankee had sold them all *popcorn*.

Everyone thought that the Japs were attacking, and every boy rushed to the navy recruiting stations and joined up. The hillbilly said that his pa wrote him later that during this commotion all the mules got so excited that when the popcorn began to rain down on them they thought that they were in a blizzard, and immediately froze to death.

Now, he concluded, with no mules to plant more corn, and no corn to grind into mash for corn whisky, and no corn meal to eat with the sowbelly, who the hell wants to live in Georgia?

— Roland L. Pearman, A.S., Richmond, Virginia

¶ The first account of how, by little less than a miracle, we kept the Japs out of Alaska

Report on the Aleutians

By

William Clemmens

LITTLE SHORT of a miracle kept the Japs out of Alaska last June. They were not aiming at the Aleutian Islands; they were heading straight for the North American mainland.

"And but for the grace of God," as one staff officer of Alaska's Defense Command soberly put it, "they'd have come right through. By now they'd be running Alaska from the governor's house in Juneau."

Instead, they pulled up, turned and fled westward. Those three dreary little islands — Attu, Agattu and Kiska, far out in the Aleutian chain — were all Japan gained by her all-out pincer attack aimed at our own Pacific Coast.

One prong of that pincer ran afoul at Midway. Here's what happened to the other on that historic second day of June. Under cover of the region's low-lying clouds and enveloping fogs, the Jap's main invasion force was moving down the deserted chain of islands. Behind them they had already dropped a landing party on Attu, seized its little radio station and imprisoned its 96 native Aleuts and one white man. Closer in they had left a holding force on uninhabited Agattu.

Between them and the mainland was Dutch Harbor, the only semblance of a fortified port we had in that whole 1000-mile chain. All that lay between the Japs and their goal was a force equivalent to a couple of regiments of weather-weary, poorly equipped men, a handful of guns and a few planes.

As the powerful Japanese task force plowed through the heavy seas well offshore, it turned its aerial spearhead at our navy's little base. There was spirited but weak resistance. All the enemy's calculations apparently were right.

Then the incredible happened. From *behind* them, out of nowhere, they were attacked by American army land-based fighting planes. Stunned and confused, the Japs pulled up. Land-based fighters coming from *behind* them, *west* of Dutch Harbor? Wherever such planes had a runway, there also must be a fortified base. The invading armada fled back to Kiska, out of range of American planes.

By that slim margin we saved Alaska. Its loss would have been fatal. The Japs might be pasting our Pacific Coast with block-busters today if it hadn't been for a gray-

thatched, florid-faced, tough army general named Simon Bolivar Buckner, head of the Alaska Defense Command. While the Japs, gambling on their strategic gains at Pearl Harbor, were laying grandiose plans for a transpacific assault, he too was doing some longheaded scheming. He knew that the Aleutians were certain to be the enemy's main avenue of invasion. The Japs knew that we used Aleutian waters only for fishing purposes. As the result of General Buckner's planning, a new fishing company appeared on the commercial lists of Alaska. Later a battered old fishing boat put ashore on one of the lonely little islands west of Dutch Harbor. The island hadn't much of a port but it did have a strip of moderately level ground tucked in between the barren hills.

Other parties of "fishermen" — the technicians to build a landing strip and establish servicing facilities for fighting planes — came ashore, while nondescript fishing boats, piled high with crates, brought bulldozers, trucks, lumber, fuel, food and arms to the site. The secret flying field was so carefully blended into the protective coloration that when the Japs came winging in from the west they flew right over without seeing it.

It was this firecracker of U. S. preparation that sent the Japanese scurrying back to Attu, Agattu and Kiska.

We have kept them there by another piece of base-building wizardry. Sneaking through the fog, the army

surveyed a site in the Andreanofs, almost under the shadow of Kiska. One gray day in July one of the most remarkable military expeditions of the war got under way. Short of shipping, pressed for time, the army gathered together a respectable freighter or two, a few converted transports, side-paddle river boats, fishing craft, barges, even an old sailing schooner. Holds were packed high with crates and gear. Every square foot of deck space was crowded with men. Around them the navy threw a protecting curtain of ships and planes. All hands prayed for bad weather, after having cursed it for months.

Low, black skies kept the Japs grounded for the six days it took the motley fleet to reach its objective and put men and machinery ashore through mountainous tides and icy surf. By the tenth day their back-breaking toil had leveled off a landing strip, and the vanguard of a fighting air fleet came spiraling through a jagged hole in the clouds. Another 96 hours and the first big bombers were landing.

From then on, no Jap has been safe in the Aleutians. First they had to give up Attu. Then Agattu became untenable and they concentrated all their defensive power on Kiska. Against incredible odds, fighting through a hell of nature's hazards that have proved far more deadly than Jap shellfire, our army and navy have harried the invaders whenever a plane was able to find a rift in the

fog or a warship could reach a firing berth offshore. We've dumped more than a million pounds of explosives on them, more than the Nazis spewed on Coventry. We've blasted their installations ashore. We've sunk their supply ships at sea. We've blown their bombers out of the skies.

But the Japs are still there. And we're not going to get them out tomorrow.

Aleutian weather is the worst in the world. Wet, chill fog is ever present. Violent, sudden storms are commonplace. Seas are so rough that destroyers actually have shipped water down their stacks. There is ever-lurking danger of vicious rip tides, uncharted rocks — and erratic magnetic variations that drive compasses crazy.

Finally, consider the williwaw — Alaska's fiendish, unpredictable wind. In a twinkling it can expand from a mild breeze into a hurricane. It can reverse itself on a runway in the seconds it takes a pilot to set his wheels on the ground at the critical point of his landing. It breaks up planes, tosses ships, upsets buildings and shatters nerves. It has done more than anything else to upset minutely plotted attacks.

Before war came, the navy was struggling to build a "citadel" at Dutch Harbor with less than \$3,000,000 which Congress had grudgingly allowed for a \$20,000,000 task. Beyond Dutch Harbor, which is 1000 miles from the western end of the Aleutians, we scarcely had our bear-

ings, let alone plans. As late as 1941 the Naval Institute Proceedings warned that "no charts exist of the great majority of Aleutian indentations and many of those that do exist cannot be trusted."

This same territory is an open book to the Japanese. Their "fishermen" have plumbed every cranny of that island chain which leads out to within 700 miles of Japanese territory. They know the vicious rip tides, the unmarked rocks, the faulty passes which haunt our naval forces.

Navy life in the Aleutians is rugged, but the lot of the airplane pilot is even tougher. Because of almost perpetual fog, peaks of high mountains seldom are visible and airmen must assume that any cloud can be full of rocks. Because of erratic changes, no weather report is good for more than 30 minutes. And ice? Flying Fortresses en route to Kiska have picked up a ton of it in less than a minute.

The lives of courageous young pilots and the shattered wrecks of precious American aircraft are tragic testimony to our failure to prepare. We have had to find out, in four months, what the Japs have learned about that region in 40 years. But we have learned fast. Come hell and high water, our navy is on the job 24 hours a day.

Our airmen, too, have learned. Pilots of the prewar theoretical school will shudder to hear that in our first mass bombing of Kiska the mean flying altitude was only 75

feet. Under those conditions, commanding officers do not favor pursuit pilots going out alone. Bombers with a navigator aboard "convoy" the single-seater fighters out to the battlefield. Once over the range they turn the fighters loose on their missions, then like mother hens gather them together again and lead them home safely. This technique has brought the accident curve down sharply.

If the weather has worn thin the patience of the army and the navy, Kiska's seeming invincibility has aggravated them even more. Tucked in their made-to-order barabaras (the sod-covered huts of the native Aleuts), so cleverly blended into the drab mud-colored Kiska hills as to be almost invisible, the Japs have dug themselves in deep. They hold one of the only two landlocked Aleutian harbors. They're as close to their own Paramushiro base at the tip of the Japanese Kuriles as Dutch Harbor is to the Alaskan mainland. They have an impressive array of artillery that lights up like a Christmas tree whenever we come within range. They manage to keep well stocked with ammunition, and have plenty of fuel and stores.

They have been successful — and may be expected to continue successful to a degree — in sneaking ship-borne men and supplies into Kiska under cover of fog. But they must have a break in the weather to use them. And with that break, they are smothered with army bombers

flying hard at the heels of the navy's patrol planes and the naval watch at sea.

The main Japanese force has been whittled down to a skeleton. They have practically no aircraft left. The "reinvansion" of Agattu, recently reported in the press, was actually nothing of the sort. Our aircraft caught a group of float-equipped Jap relief planes on the water when they stopped for fuel on a ferrying flight up from some point in the nearby Kuriles.

The first contingents of our troops dropped into the desolate Aleutian wilderness of fog and frustration were poorly equipped and without enough food. But now planes and ships and guns and more men have been arriving, along with machinery, food, clothing, news — even movies. The men are beginning to take a pride in their new home. There is not a tree or a shrub within a thousand miles. Returning to an advance base after having their bullet-spattered plane patched up at a repair base in the interior, a bomber crew brought in a three-foot evergreen. Planted with fitting ceremony, and guarded by a sentry, it bears the legend: "National Forest."

The spirit is there. But, as a command officer said, "we're not going to be able to bomb the Japs out of Kiska. We're going to have to go in there and get 'em — dig 'em out like you pry jiggers out of your skin. It's going to cost plenty."

Meanwhile, we know where they

are quartered, where their supplies are cached, where their aircraft are berthed. We keep a careful chart of every new gun that fires at one of our planes. Every hour of every day, when the objective can be seen, we bomb and blast and photograph everything that shows itself above the surface.

The best the Japs can do with Kiska is to use it for refueling sea

raiders and submarines for the North Pacific, and to keep sizable naval and aerial task forces of the United States tied up in the Aleutians. Nor will Kiska make Japan an effective air base from which to loose great fleets of bombing aircraft to spearhead an invasion of the United States. They need more than a runway to mount an aerial armada. Besides, the Japs have the williwaws, too.



Snapping the Quip

❁ KAY FRANCIS, at a party, encountered Orry Kelly, the dress designer, and said, "I was so surprised to read that you are going into the Camouflage Division!"

"Why should you be surprised?" he replied. "I've been camouflaging *you* for years!"

— Sidney Skolsky

❁ DEEMS TAYLOR, a guest on *Information, Please* one evening, fumbled a question badly. When the next one was asked, he begged: "Let me have it. I want to save my face."

Clifton Fadiman peered at him closely and then answered mildly: "I'm sure I don't know why."

— Boston *Globe*

❁ TALLULAH BANKHEAD and Peggy Joyce were chatting at the Stork Club. "I met the most marvelous man," said Tallulah. "He'd be wonderful for you."

"Is he my type?" queried Peggy.

"Sure," quickly responded Tallulah, "he's alive and breathing."

— Irving Hoffman

My Quicksilver Uncle

Condensed from "Book of Uncles"

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

UNCLES are a race apart, created to save children from growing up to be as dull as their parents. They can afford to be natural, where a father can't. Uncles can stuff nieces and nephews with candy and ice cream till their eyes bug out and their buttons pop, for uncles don't have to sit up nights with them. They can teach children to skip school and go to the fair. They don't have to sign the report cards next month.

They are the only creatures in the world, save milch cows and hound dogs, that have leisure. Parents don't have time for their children; they're too busy earning bread and butter or shoes. But uncles have time to sit down and tell stories while fathers

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN cannot remember when he did not write, and from the beginning his mastery over words won him public recognition — including a Rhodes Scholarship and, in 1936, the Pulitzer Prize for his volume of lyrics, *Strange Holiness*. Now Professor of English at Bowdoin, he lives "within a stone's throw of the first school I attended, in the same block with the house in which I was born." This feeling of deep-rootedness is perceptible in all his writings. Mr. Coffin's portrait of his father, his "Unforgettable Character," was published in *The Reader's Digest* in February 1942.



sweat. Children don't respect uncles — but they love them.

Uncle Tim, who was my father's youngest brother, was always where life was the thickest, fastest and made the most noise. He was a scapegrace, a teller of tales, the life of every party, a dancer, a fiddler, the pepper and spice and the glory of the family.

My father brought him up after their father died. He tried to tame Uncle Tim to civilization, matrimony and business, but he might as well have tried to slip a halter on the northwest wind, or to hold a drop of quicksilver on a jackknife blade. Quicksilver is alive and changes its plans; it is here, there, everywhere, without warning, and it is gone suddenly into the grass where no one can ever find it again. Uncle Tim was like that.

The stars were against Uncle Tim's holding a job. When my father got him a job in a gristmill, the mill burned to the ground from the cigar Tim always slept with. Father got him a place in the sawmill, but Tim crowded the saw with too big an oak log, and the saw split into a thousand pieces. Tim beat the fragments

into the quiet woods and never returned to square accounts with his boss. He was the perpetual small brother, forever getting into hot water and having to be got out of it, but making his older brothers laugh, too.

Uncle Tim could dance anything from an Irish breakdown to a Saracenic sword dance. He was double-pointed in his fingers and toes; he could move his shoes faster than sharp eyes could follow. A jig was in his joints and music in his marrow.

He could sing a clear tenor like a wood thrush educated to grand opera, and suddenly shift to a bass like a bullfrog in courting season. He had, too, the gift of whistling two notes at once. He bent in his chin, sparkled and rolled his eyes, did something mysterious with his throat muscles, and out came harmonious high and low notes side by side.

Uncle Tim could play any musical instrument. If there were reeds and tubes, his breath found its way around in them. When he got his mouth on a bass horn, he could make a tame horn player stare at the incredible arpeggios that came out of the brass morning-glory. What he could do with a kitchen cup and a harmonica was something no organ player ever dreamed of. When he clamped his long black mustache, alive as a blacksnake, over the honeycomb of a harmonica's edge and played sad, it was like the surf on the last reef of a lost ocean.

He knew songs by the hundreds

and made new ones as he went along. Some of his songs were not for shears and they made mustached men blush like a field of hawkweed, but Uncle Tim sang them with the innocent eyes of a boy of ten. He sang also of unrepentant prisoners on their way to the gallows; of girls like anemones, so pure they wilted and died if a man looked their way. His men were all buttocks and beer, his women all tears and true-love knots. And he sang hymn tunes as though they had never seen the inside of a church.

He was the town champion in everything that had legs or fists in it. His long legs could scissor over a five-foot fence with no start. He could throw a man twice his size. He could box an Irish rail-layer to a standstill, then beat an eel of a youth in a hundred-yard dash. He was forever taking off his shoes and shirt to show small boys how to turn seven cartwheels in a row, or do the giant swing.

My Uncle Tim's major calling in life was pranks. He tied a brick to Mr. Snodgrass's cow's tail so that Mr. Snodgrass could milk in peace without getting slapped on the cheek every few minutes, but when the cow swung her tail Mr. Snodgrass fell on the floor and lay in an artificial peace for quite a while.

Tim took the planks off the Widow Nye's dry well, so that when Peter Jordan came to walk out with her, as he had for 20 years, they fell in. They stayed down there all night,

and folks talked so, they had to marry the very next day and set up housekeeping above ground.

And it was Uncle Tim who thought up putting bourbon in the raspberry shrub at the Free-Will Baptist picnic. Crowds gathered thicker and thicker at the bowl. The word spread clear to town, and all denominations became Free-Willers for the day. Everybody voted it the best Free-Will Baptist picnic in half a century. It took half the night to collect the Baptists and temporary Baptists and herd them back, singing, to everyday living.

Uncle Tim kept his brothers' and sisters' children bright-eyed and in high animal spirits. He was an artist with a jackknife, and shocked his sisters and sisters-in-law with the jointed pine-wood dolls he made for his nieces. For he was a realist in his ideas of feminine beauty unclothed. The girls weren't allowed to play with the dolls, which were put away on a high shelf, and the small girls had to grow up into beautiful curves by accident rather than by imitation.

Uncle Tim taught his nephews how to get the best apples from the highest tree with the sternest farmer warding them, how to snake the biggest trout from under the deepest log, how to keep their temper in a fight. He kept people busy straightening out their households after he had paid a call. Their houses would be full of small imitative editions of him, getting their breeches dusted for having soaped the backstairs so

that the hired man came down in a hurry.

The first time Uncle Tim ran away was to the Civil War. As far as I can make out from family tradition, it *was* a civil war, until Uncle Tim got in it; then it turned robust, with no holds barred. No general craved having him in his army long. He got into so many side wars along the Potomac that his regiment never could be straightened out long enough to take part in regular battles.

Uncle Tim tried matrimony once. But he was not cut out for a house husband. Maybe if his first-born son had lived, he might have been harnessed to providing the strain of quicksilver men the world so needs. But when the boy he loved died of diphtheria, he gave up family life. He parted with his wife after singing her to sleep with his guitar. He stole out quiet in the night and left the guitar — his best one — for her to remember him by. He did not leave his wallet. There was nothing in it. It was flat as a spring flounder.

ONE BRIGHT October day, Uncle Tim must have felt fall in his bones. Maybe he saw ahead long, quiet evenings beside his brothers' stoves, they expecting him to dance the hornpipe for them and he with no hornpipe left in his legs. He slipped out of their lives when nobody was noticing that he had sobered for an instant. He slipped out with a last prank. Father had sent him to Falmouth with a load of mackerel. He

sold the mackerel — but he also sold the sloop. With the dollars he never could keep from burning holes in his pockets, he headed into the blue unknown.

A pall fell upon his brothers. They discovered they were aging men. Their houses ached at night with the silence. The ghosts of Uncle Tim's songs hung in the sound the Maine wind made round their houses.

My father, delegated by the brothers to bring Uncle Tim back, put his work aside and followed Uncle Tim's footsteps for nearly a year. Father found a print of his brother's feet once or twice. In a saloon on the Bowery someone from Down East had sung one night like a seraph, making hard men weep. That could be Tim. In a drab Philadelphia waterfront house, a board bill had been paid by stories that made the gray place a shining one. That sounded like Tim. In a lonely Kentucky shack, a family had sat spell-bound for three days before such dancing as the nimble mountaineers had never laid eyes on. That might be Tim. The track led south. That would be like Tim: he would have headed toward warmth as he felt his bones growing cool.

But the trail grew colder and colder. My father came back to his business a decade older.

One terrible day, a newspaper described a Maine man who had died in a shabby New Orleans house of smallpox. My father telegraphed and wrote a dozen times. Finally a photo-

graph was secured. It was not Tim. My father grew a decade younger.

A year later there was a man with no name, but a clothier's mark in his coat, who was found dead in a shady Baltimore house. The clothier was from our town — the coat like one Tim had borrowed from my father.

Father went to Baltimore with no light in his eyes. The dead man was a handsome scapegoat but not Tim. Father came home with light back in his eyes.

The years crowded in fast. My father's hair grew whiter, and so did his brothers'. With no Tim to keep them companions they dropped away from one another. So at last most of them dropped into the earth. But the ones remaining remembered Tim's music, dancing and singing. Their sons remembered some of the songs, like *Wait for the Wagon* and *The Old Blue Briches My Grandpappy Wore*. But none could sing Tim's way.

For my father, remembering Tim was like my remembering the jack-knife I lost overboard one bleak November day. I saw it slanting down dimmer and dimmer into the dark water where no light ever comes. With it went a bright piece of my heart. It was Tim my father spoke of last, the night he died.

Quicksilver never stays. It runs off your jackknife into the grass. You can look for it among the grass-blades till your eyes hurt. It has gone back to the sun where it was born and where it belongs.

¶ Heroes of the navy yards perform .
prodigious feats of ship repair

They Get Damaged Warships Back to Sea

Condensed from Scientific American

David O. Woodbury

BATTERED WARSHIPS, limping home from the battlegrounds of the seven seas, have reappeared from American navy yards more formidable than ever — actually stronger in armament, and up to the minute in battle-tested equipment. Before Pearl Harbor a sunken hulk like the bombed destroyer *Shaw* would have been left at the bottom of the bay. But a new spirit of “can do” hoisted the *Shaw* out of her grave, fastened a false bow on her, and sent her 2000 miles to a West Coast navy yard. Within three months she was back in the fighting line, a deadlier ship than when first built.

Credit for performing such miracles of rejuvenation goes to a group of young engineers, surgeons in steel, who have developed methods of their own, not out of books or conventional practice but out of their own heads. A few months ago they were landlubbers with little knowledge of ships and a merciful ignorance of official red tape. They were drawn from industry, business, laboratories, sometimes from college graduating classes. Today they wear the uniforms of Naval Reserve officers of

minor rank, and are the world's foremost experts in sending broken ships back to sea.

Officially this gang of young bloods is known by the prosaic title of Navy Yard Hull Superintendents. They turn out seven-week jobs in three weeks, and five-day repairs in a single night.

How they work is typified by a young lieutenant who may be called McCantry, on repair duty in an Atlantic Coast yard. A battered warship was on her way in from sea, her “availability” for overhaul only eight days. The Boss Hull Superintendent summoned McCantry. “Turn the yard loose on her,” he ordered. “I’ll inform your wife you won’t be home.”

Mac grinned; this was a challenge such as he loved to meet. He began rounding up his forces. Within ten minutes bosses and estimators were on their way down the harbor on a tug. Half an hour later they had scrambled aboard the tired warship. During the trip back to the yard they inspected the damage and laid their plans. There was plenty to do. New A-A guns, new cranes for the boats, new magazines and fire con-

trol; hull plates removed and straightened, mast reset. Fuel tanks cleaned and relined, radio equipment replaced, crew's quarters remodeled, windlasses, anchor gear and steering equipment overhauled. Ventilating system, boat cradles pulled down and refitted. And at the bottom of the list was this: Complete overhaul and repair of potato-peeling machine.

A month's work by prewar standards. Snatching pad and pencil, McCantry began to break down the list and pass the sheets to various yard bosses amid a cross fire of discussion and orders. There was no time for formal blueprints or routine procedure. Every foreman must carry his part of the work in his head or scratched on the back of an old envelope.

In the hour and a half required to dry-dock the ship, a thousand men, drawn from every department, swarmed aboard with their tools. Power lines were going up, portable machines were swinging aboard from overhead cranes; stagings were being lowered over the ship's sides.

Already familiar with the ship's layout, McCantry began circulating methodically, showing riveters and welders, carpenters and linoleum layers how to work without interfering with their neighbors. For 66 hours he remained aboard without sleep, carrying a sandwich in his hand and a bottle of pop in his pocket. Only by the third night was he so sure of success that he could snatch a few hours' sleep.

It was McCantry's hunger for punishment and his calm assumption that every man under him could take it that put this job through. At the end of six days and nights, with all hands working 16-hour shifts, the ship was completely repaired — even to the potato-peeling machine. On the seventh day it was ready for sea, better than new.

McCantry and his companions cut their cyeteeth on the Allied warships that limped into our yards in 1940 and '41, survivors of attacks by torpedo, naval gun and aerial bomb. Some were almost total wrecks. Moreover, they were built in a different style from our own. Thousands of small fittings — valves, bolts, pipes and machines — could not be replaced out of American stock. Many a repair part had to be made specially for the job.

This kind of work taught the young technicians to improvise. When standard steel plates were not wide enough, they patched smaller ones together by welding. When American electric lamps didn't fit foreign sockets, they ripped out whole wiring systems and put in new ones. With the huge resources of the yards at their disposal, and no other limit than their own ingenuity and endurance, the Hull Superintendents soon left standard practice behind.

A typical case of heavy repair confronted a sandy-haired young ensign named Mullins, less than two years out of engineering school. He had to

get a ship into dry dock without permitting her ragged bottom plates to smash up the dock flooring. Jumping into a diving suit, Mullins, who had never before been down, joined a couple of professional divers with underwater cutting torches. The three of them spent all day and part of the night cutting loose jagged pieces of steel, constantly in danger of having their life lines cut by the knife-sharp edges all around them. As a result, repairs beat every previous record set by the yard. Mullins' example in that first risky operation put every workman on his mettle.

Admiral Yarnell, of China fame, is credited with the idea of digging out these commandos of the shipyards. He made a tour of technical colleges and large corporations and interviewed hundreds of men from 25 to 30 who had shown outstanding ability along engineering lines. He told them there was a big job to do in the yards; that he could offer them little money and no fame but they would have an unbeatable opportunity to serve their country by doing the work they knew best. They joined the Reserve in droves.

McCantry, for example, was a welding specialist for a large manufacturing outfit. Mullins worked for a farm machinery concern. Baker, a cement plant engineer, sailed with a gang of mechanics to Pearl Harbor just in time for the Jap onslaught. It was he who organized repair of the *Shaw*. Others like him are responsible for getting the rest of the ships damaged

on December 7 back at sea in record time.

Lieutenant Telford's high-water mark was a vessel with a smashed mast and a lot of topside damage, that had to be sent to sea in three days. The new mast was ready 12 hours before sailing time, and Telford decided to set it himself. So, about midnight, he climbed aboard the spar and rode into the sky at the end of a wire-rope sling suspended from a crane. For three hours he jockeyed the mast up and down, easing it into place in the ship by signaling the crane operator with a flashlight.

All through the night Telford swung in the air, singing. By dawn he was pretty well frozen, but pride sent him below to try to insert a piece of thin paper between mast butt and seat when the job of lowering was done. No mast had ever fitted before on the first try, but this one did. Telford had made the measurements for it himself and was not in error by a thousandth of an inch.

The spirit that sent the pioneers across the plains and drove back the frontiers of science in the laboratories is sustaining these youngsters through their long night vigils and daily grinds. The navy has let loose their native American love for invention, unhampered by routine and red tape. These hull superintendents don't get medals or newspaper headlines, but they get something else — the certain knowledge that without them many a ship would never again meet the enemy.

Soldier's Mail

Condensed from The Rotarian

Stanley High

THIRTY THOUSAND letters to American soldiers overseas were "lost" when a plane crashed off Newfoundland last October. Two weeks later, divers recovered the 40 mailbags from 40 feet of water. At the Army Post Office in New York City army mail clerks took over. Each of the 30,000 envelopes was separately dried. Within a month all but 20 pounds of the 1000 pounds of letters had been readdressed, re-enveloped when necessary, and dispatched again overseas.

When the U. S. Expeditionary Force set out for Africa, members of the Army Postal Service were on the transports. En route they sorted mail received just prior to sailing. Ashore, they set up mobile post offices, advanced with the troops, and were passing out mail to soldiers who had been less than 24 hours in Africa.

Last December, Christmas mail was still being posted here, too late for regular delivery to troops overseas. General Marshall and Secretary Stimson are great believers in the value of mail, so the Army Air Transport Command turned over more than a dozen big planes and 31,000,000 belated Christmas letters, some of them posted only ten days before December 25, reached the troops in time.

Letters from home are regarded by army and navy as munitions of war and every effort is made to see that our men, wherever they are, get them.

Thus, on every continent and on islands from Iceland to Guadalcanal, the postal services of the army and navy are delivering the mail to our fighting men, against unbelievable odds of geography, war and acts of God. For mail from home, as boost and bolster for morale, is a military necessity.

These overseas post offices are set up in trucks, tents, boats, hotels, schools and even churches. The APO on Guadalcanal is in a wooden building which the Japs put up. Trucks from each combat unit pick up mail there, and platoon sergeants have carried letters directly to men in the foxholes. In Greenland and Alaska some mail is dropped from planes. Many bags of mail a week go by air to the Aleutians. In Australia, chartered commercial planes give daily service over a 3000-mile route.

When mail from home arrives overseas, the postal clerks don't stop sorting until all of it is ready for distribution. When, for example, 7000 bags of mail arrived at New Caledonia on December 15, the post office went on

a 24-hour shift until the last letter had been sorted.

An officer of the Army Postal Service reports that "in the middle of battle, with stuff dropping all around them, men will put the mail call ahead of the mess call." "If I had to choose," a navy skipper told me, "between taking aboard fresh food or mail, I'd take mail every time. The boys seem to manage when food is scarce, but being short-rationed on mail really gets them down."

Army Postal Service estimates that the average soldier writes four letters a week and receives seven. Not all of this mail comes from families or friends. To buck up Private Tommy Smith, a whole county may have been organized to write him letters. A radio program offers prizes to children who get persons to write to soldiers. Of 150 letters recently received by a unit in Iceland, 83 such mass-production messages went to one soldier, and Fort Devens, Mass., received 1400 letters addressed to a soldier no one at Devens or in the War Department had ever heard of. Such organized letter-writing is a headache — the soldiers don't care for letters from strangers, and the War Department urges that people write only to soldiers they know.

A cable can be sent to or by a soldier in the Atlantic or Pacific areas for 60 cents, if one of 136 form messages is used. These cover almost every contingency: "Love and Kisses," "Are You All Right? Worried about You," "Son Born," and so on. Last

November the Army Post Office in New York sent through 40,000 such cables.

About ten percent of army-navy mail is improperly addressed. Last October the New York Port of Embarkation Post Office handled 379,800 such letters and 7280 misaddressed parcels. The full time of 100 men is required to run down and correct these mistakes. Ninety-five percent of them finally reach their intended destination — but not as promptly as if they were properly addressed. Inclusion of the Army Post Office (APO) number is especially important, for if it is omitted, the letter or parcel must be held up until the alphabetical personnel files are thumbed through and the number is found and added.

Every large port post office has a staff of men to rewrap inadequately packaged tokens of love from home — a pathetic welter of battered cakes, melted chocolates, socks, framed photographs and scores of other things.

Under a recent regulation, no more packages may be sent to troops overseas unless you present to your post office a soldier's request for the article and his commanding officer's approval. Too many people were sending things that were either provided by the army or could be bought more cheaply at a post exchange. For example, 20 percent of the packages to soldiers contained cigarettes, which troops overseas can buy for five or six cents a pack.

Home-town newspapers take much

badly needed cargo space; and reports, particularly from combat areas, indicate that they are only sketchily read. Hence, newspapers and magazines may be sent to soldiers and sailors only by the publishers.

The safest, speediest letter service to men overseas is V-mail. It was launched last June and about 1,000,000 V-letters are delivered every week. Where V-mail facilities exist, it is now the only mail service by air to and from men overseas.

Instead of forwarding the letter itself, the APO has it photographed on 16-millimeter microfilm, one 90-foot roll of which will contain miniature reproductions of 1700 V-letters and weighs only five and one half ounces. To transport 1700 ordinary one-page letters would require 34 times as much cargo space.

After crossing the ocean and arriving at a V-mail station, a photographic enlargement of each letter is made and sealed in an envelope for delivery to the person addressed. If microfilms are lost in transit, the post office sends duplicates. To use V-mail, simply ask for a form at your local post office or stationer, write your message on it, address carefully, stamp it and mail it as you would any other letter.

Last October the USO in San

If You Are Sending Mail to a Man Overseas:

USE his complete address.

Send no packages unless the soldier has requested the article and sends you his commanding officer's written approval.

See that parcels do not exceed the prescribed size limit; wrap securely; use strong twine, heavy paper, a good container — not glass.

Send news clippings — entire newspapers are forbidden except on subscription, direct from the publisher.

Use V-mail; it goes by air, gets there faster, more safely, saves cargo space.

Don't put enclosures in V-mail letters; they can't be forwarded by microfilm.

Write often — and make it cheerful.

Francisco received a packet of several hundred letters without envelopes, written to home folks by marines on Guadalcanal. Stationery had run out, so the boys had used mud-spattered Chinese rice paper or scraps of wrapping paper. A marine chaplain on Guadalcanal had sent the bundle to the USO with the request that the letters be addressed and mailed — which they promptly were.

"The mail," said a navy postal officer, "is a valuable munition of war, and we treat it as such."

So, when you write a cheerful letter to your soldier, you're really "passing the ammunition."

The Legal Five and Dime

Condensed from *The Christian Science Monitor*

Joseph M. Weresch

MR. AND MRS. John Smith and thousands of other Philadelphians of modest income are buying legal advice over the counter, at plainly marked prices, just the way they buy butter and eggs. Launched as an experiment, the Neighborhood Law Office Plan is now firmly established. Since November 1, 1939, it has served 3500 clients. There are now nine offices. The 27 attorneys participating have their own practices, but put in a number of hours each day in a Neighborhood Office. It is not charity; even at bargain rates, the three busiest offices cleared \$5000 apiece last year, to be divided among three partners in each.

Bargain rates they are. A schedule of fees is posted on the wall of each office. Here are some of the prices: half-hour consultation, \$1; drawing will disposing of property worth \$200 or less, \$2, above \$200, \$5; drawing lease, \$2; preparing income-tax return, \$1.50; settling family difficulty, \$2; landlord-tenant dispute, \$10.

The offices are in small store fronts, or one flight up in small office buildings, or in the front room of a converted house. No imposing array of expensive law books greets the client; the furnishings are a few tables and chairs, a typewriter and a file cabinet.

The organizing committee made it a rule to pick locations in the same block with a 5-and-10-cent store or a movie theater, knowing this meant a high traffic count. Newspapers promptly dubbed the venture the "five and dime law offices."

That was back in 1939, when Robert D. Abrahams got the backing of the local chapter of the National Lawyers' Guild to make his experiment. He had argued that there was a great need of legal service for people of small incomes, yet distinctly not of the kind the Legal Aid Society serves. The service he proposed would be good both for clients and young lawyers, he argued. Low fees, stated in advance, would bring in people who had never before used a lawyer. Young attorneys would get experience, make wide acquaintance and serve their communities.

And he strongly emphasized the opportunity to practice "preventive law," which, he insists, is still in its infancy. People are urged to come in before they sign leases, buy on installment, purchase real estate or sign contracts.

The Neighborhood Law Offices were a success from the day the first six opened with 36 attorneys. Abrahams' theories worked out completely. Among the clients, one in five is a

housewife, one in five a skilled worker. One office specializes in solving farmers' problems. Small storekeepers, teachers, civil service employees also use the service. Eighty-two percent of these clients never had consulted a lawyer before. Not two percent of matters handled get into court.

Family difficulties of various kinds — involving property, children, marital quarrels — top the list of cases handled. But almost as numerous are wage disputes, workmen's compensation, insolvency, repossessions, commercial gypperies, money lenders' sharp practices.

One criticism is that the low prices tend to lower the level of fees for all lawyers. Abrahams believes that since four out of five clients never had been to a law office they probably would not have visited other attorneys if this service had not been available.

The whole service is kept on a human, neighborly basis. "It is the dignity of the client, not that of the

lawyer, which counts," says one of the maxims drawn up by the advisory committee. Another notes that "the lawyer should not be remote from his client either in geography or understanding." A third: "The lawyer who makes a mystery of his fees makes a critic of his client."

A steady stream of lawyers from other cities come to Philadelphia to look over the Neighborhood Law Offices. Already similar low-cost plans have been put in operation in Chicago, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

The ultimate accolade is a report of a committee of the American Bar Association, praising the Philadelphia setup and commenting:

"There is a latent and untapped need for low-cost legal service. If the people know that they can find a law office in their own neighborhood where they can obtain advice about their problems for a modest fee, the resulting good will toward the bar will be almost inestimable."



One War at a Time

AT A certain U. S. military camp the officers who examine candidates for officers' training hit upon a wonderful question for testing the poise and mental equilibrium of Southerners who appear before them. Each candidate is asked what he would do if his state seceded from the Union.

When they sprang it on a Georgia man, his eyes lit with a holy fire, but he quickly got himself in hand. "We got to finish this war first, suh," he said.

— *The New Yorker*

The Business End of Our Global War

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Millard C. Faught

IT is good military strategy to get there "fustest with the most-est" men. And in modern mechanized war it helps, too, if the enemy gets there "lastest with the leastest" materials.

High strategy in this kind of warfare is centered in our Board of Economic Warfare. It directs the use of the mighty economic power of the United States throughout the world to insure defeat of the Axis. It operates on three fronts — export, import, economic warfare analysis. It uses control of all commercial shipments to foreign countries to keep needed goods moving to friendly nations while preventing goods from reaching unfriendly hands.

In less than a year, it has directed the importation of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of strategic materials urgently needed by United States war industries. Strategies for the campaigns of military as well as economic warfare are blueprinted on the basis of exhaustive, day-to-day analyses of the economic position of all nations, developed by expert analysts. BEW's fight to win the economic war for the United Nations is waged on global battlefields against bitter Axis opposition. It's a bare-fisted scrap, tough, relentless — and (grimly) fascinating.

The Board of Economic Warfare engages in a catch-as-catch-can battle with Axis agents for strategic materials.

The Board is made up of the Vice-President, seven cabinet members, the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, the Lend-Lease Administrator, and the chairman of the War Production Board. Field general is the militant Texan, Milo Perkins, who has a staff of 3000, not including allies in the Departments of State, Justice and Commerce, the Tariff Commission and elsewhere.

Actually, in this battle-of-wits-with-no-holds-barred almost anyone can help. "When you pool the collective information of 132,000,000 intelligent, alert people you'd be surprised how much we know about our enemies," one BEW sleuth observed.

As a case in point, a United States exporting company recently reported a sudden increase in rush orders from South America for a certain type of needle. Quick comparing of notes with the British Ministry of Economic Warfare and with our own intelligence services cracked the case. The RAF had dropped a block buster on the only

factory in Nazi Europe making that kind of needle, and Hitler was trying, in a desperate hurry, to get American needles to sew up his *ersatz* tents, parachutes and, figuratively, his pants. The needles, of course, were promptly embargoed.

Without an individual export license granted by BEW absolutely no strategic materials or articles can be exported. The board reviews between 6000 and 8000 applications daily, acting on every one within a few hours. One day's sifting produced an order from His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, for one clothbound book. Cost \$1.35. That shipment was licensed, but a king's request for some bathtubs was turned down.

"Innocent" and "trivial" applications receive the same attention as do the biggest. A request to export a dozen machetes to Manaos, Brazil, may mean that until they arrive, for use by native *seringueiros*, a whole elaborately equipped rubber expedition is being held up.

Innocuous-looking requests sometimes put Uncle Hawshaw on the trail of Axis agents. More than 11,000 foreign individuals and firms are on the U. S. blacklist, and they will try any ruse to obtain goods. There was the South American "barber" who was importing steel plate, and the dentist whose practice apparently called for the use of several cases of high-speed ammunition.

These are small fry compared to the "Kidd" Brothers of the Low

Islands off Central America. The brothers, reputedly the descendants of British pirates, are "smugglers by heredity, training, and taste," according to authentic sources in their community. One brother has a monopoly on the mahogany industry in a Central American country; another dominates the boat-building industry. And the economy of the entire area seems to operate on Kidd oil — as perhaps do Axis submarines. The brothers and several cousins have been in and out of jail several times since the war began, but after each arrest the evidence seems to disintegrate.

By every test the Kidds belong on the blacklist. But Kidd mahogany and Kidd shipyards are necessary to us. So by a cat-and-mouse type of working compromise, vital supplies are sometimes allowed to proceed to the Kidds but at the same time accurate tabs are kept on every boat built and every cargo carried by them. Also, the services rendered in favor of the United Nations by the brothers far outweigh in importance the supplies received from the United States.

Economic warfare is a dealer's-choice, table-stakes sort of game, in which the ends often justify bizarre means. A few months after Pearl Harbor an application came in from a foreign firm of doubtful character asking licenses for export of a strange assortment of seamen's stores and ship parts to a neutral but strategic island in the Pacific. BEW stalled

while it checked up. It developed that two large fishing trawlers operating from the island had two crews each — one nondescript crew for appearances in port and a Japanese crew for sea duty. With the goods ordered from the United States, the trawlers could be made into torpedo boats.

To prove that it can appreciate a good trick when it sees one, and still go the trickster one better, BEW first arranged to have the Jap crews sent home, then it released the goods. The merchant had to go through with the deal. Final score — two well-equipped boats now bring regular cargoes of valuable war commodities from the island to the United States.

BEW also takes time to deal with rogues whose practices may hurt our trade relations. Several times a month a letter will come in from some foreign firm of good standing, stating that it has received notice of having been granted an export license it hasn't even asked for. This is usually all the tip-off BEW needs to put the finger on some American fly-by-nighter trying thus to obtain scarce goods for sale at exorbitant prices here at home.

Another favorite ruse is to get actual orders from foreign firms, obtain an export license at the price ceiling, then substitute a phony bill of lading charging the unwary foreign buyer twice the U. S. price ceiling for the goods. The State Department has a keen interest in see-

ing such chisclers caught because their traffic is damaging our commercial reputation, so zealously guarded under the Good Neighbor policy.

BEW has found and either requisitioned or diverted through sales for our own war use more than \$32,000,000 worth of materials, much of which was owned by enemy agents or by neutrals unable to export the goods. Tips from patriotic warehousemen and commercial firms, and study of storage receipts and other documents, have enabled BEW to find 5000 tons of raw rubber, 915 tons of toluol, 126 military aircraft, 3,000,000 burlap bags and even 8300 pounds of coffee.

One of the important hauls of foreign-owned goods was a large group of fighter and bomber planes intended for shipment to Thailand. These were requisitioned before that country was occupied by the Japanese.

Besides these various methods of keeping the Axis from getting war goods from us, BEW plays the dog-in-the-manger game of preventing the enemy from getting useful war materials from anyone else. The trick is to get such goods first, whether we need them or not. Usually we do.

Spain produces hides, wool, tungsten, tin and other strategic materials that Hitler needs badly. But for months his agents have been pacing the floors in their Madrid hotel rooms cursing the Yankee horse-traders who have been outbidding them. Not with gold, which is worthless for

this kind of dealing, but with oil for Spanish fishing boats, and with food — the Number One weapon of modern war. During the past year BEW has been able to buy \$32,000,000 worth of war goods within Europe.

Last winter BEW noted unusual activity in the international fur business — about the time so many Nazis were being frostbitten in Russia. We embargoed the export of furs from the United States and then bought up abroad all the rabbitskins and other pelts destined for “neutral” European markets.

We are underwriting the surplus of Peru's long-staple cotton. Before the war, Japan was Peru's best customer for this commodity. Nothing pleases our economic strategists more than to think up a new bottleneck for the *ersatz* Axis economics to squeeze through.

All told, orders have been issued for more than a billion dollars' worth of strategic materials from abroad. Hundreds of tons of quartz crystals, mica, tantalite, rubber, platinum and industrial diamonds have been brought back from all over the world in the “flying boxcars” of the air transport services.

By contrast the Germans must resort to small-time smuggling to obtain even needles. They will go to any length to get platinum for the ignition systems of their airplane motors.

One night a Baltimore jeweler received a call from New York, asking if he would sell \$2000 worth of platinum. The voice offered to send \$1000 by wire and pay the balance in two days, when the platinum would be called for. The jeweler agreed but quickly tipped off the FBI. When the customer arrived to pick up his platinum, one G-man was clerking in the jewelry store, two more were in the back room, and another happened to park outside just in time to haul Hitler's agent off to the brig. The man was a “Greek sailor” on a neutral ship, and he was doing quite a business in platinum for Germany via his dirty sea bags and bunk mattress.

The Nazis and Japs have built up an impressive reputation as fifth columnists and saboteurs. But when it comes to the fine art of economic warfare Uncle Hawkshaw usually gets there fustest and comes back with the mostest.

Our Men in the Armed Services Want Good Books

Send all you can to your local collection center for the

1943 VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN

"See You in Manila!"

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Franc Shor

SERGEANT Eustacio Corpuz of the Philippine army swore as the tiny *S.S. Mactan* tossed through the Pacific. His wounded legs were encased in a plaster cast, but he half rose from his cot and shook a clenched fist toward his receding homeland.

"I'll be back," he vowed. "I'll be back with thousands of Filipinos. And when we're through there won't be a live Jap on our islands."

Today, a year later, Sergeant Eustacio Corpuz of the army of the United States, with other Filipinos who escaped the Japs, is helping train one of our most amazing military outfits, the Filipino Infantry.

Selective Service classified Filipinos as aliens. Filipinos all over the United States exploded with indignation; 50 of them telegraphed formal protest. They wanted to fight.

Accordingly, last summer a Filipino regiment was organized under the command of Colonel Robert H. Offley, a West Pointer who grew up in the Philippines and speaks Tagalog. When he arrived in California, he found that the First Filipino Infantry consisted of three officers and eight men. In half a year the command grew to 7000 men — two regiments — and eager volunteers still swarm into Fort Ord.

"Their enthusiasm and discipline

Uncle Sam's new regiments of Filipinos have no abstract ideas about this war; to them it is a personal grudge fight.

are far superior to any I have seen in my army career," says Colonel Offley. "The minute you put one of these boys in uniform he wants a rifle. The minute he gets a rifle he wants on a boat. He can't understand why we don't ship him out right away, so he can start shooting Japs."

They have adequate incentive. "My daughter is in Manila," said one soldier when it was explained to him that, being over 38, he could apply for discharge. "I do not like to think about what is happening to her. And both my sons died fighting in the Philippine army."

"My mother is starving in a concentration camp," says a lieutenant. Ninety percent of the personnel have close relatives living under the heel of the Japs. To these pint-size soldiers this war is a personal grudge fight.

This leads to phenomena that make old army men blink. For instance, it is common practice in most outfits to make Sunday duty a penalty for little mistakes. When

the Filipinos discovered how they could get seven days' training instead of six, they all began to show up for inspection with a muddy shoe or a button unfastened. So Sunday drill as a form of punishment had to be abolished.

In most army units the soft jobs in the offices are "gravy." Filipinos who can do office work won't reveal the fact. "We assign a man to a typewriter," says a regimental adjutant, "and he brings his rifle with him. When he isn't typing he's taking the rifle apart or studying his Soldier's Handbook."

An officer passing a Filipino barracks after taps was puzzled by a steady rapping inside. He investigated. Two soldiers were practicing Morse code by knocking on the floor. "Better wait until tomorrow," he suggested. "You're probably keeping the whole platoon awake." The sergeant spoke up. "It's all right, sir. The rest of us listen. We practice like this an hour or two each night."

Soldiers in training are given a ten-minute rest period in every hour, which they usually devote to smoking and casual conversation. The Pinoys, as the Filipinos call themselves, turn it into a question period, bombarding their instructors with rapid-fire queries, giving commands to one another and correcting each other's mistakes. They buy textbooks on all phases of military training and hold informal seminars in their barracks.

Lift the lid of the average soldier's

locker and you'll find his "pin-up girl" — a picture of Ginny Sims or Dorothy Lamour. There's no glamour in the average Filipino "pin-up"; usually it's a rule he wants to burn into his mind, like "Always zigzag through tall grass; a straight path is easily spotted by the enemy." The picture he tacks up is one of General MacArthur.

There have been only two Filipinos in the guardhouse since the outfit was formed — and they were in for speeding while off the post. The job of Prison Officer has been abolished.

Still, there are problems. Many of these small men can hardly reach the trigger of a Springfield, and this affects their marksmanship. Now most units have Garands, with a shorter stock. Some officers, however, recommend that all Filipinos be armed with the new carbine — accurate as a rifle up to 300 yards and much easier for the Pinoys to handle. "That's range enough for the jungle fighting these boys are best fitted for."

The troops themselves have expressed just one grievance; they don't think they have enough bolos — the two-foot knife which the army issues sparingly. Curved slightly and razor sharp, it is used mostly for cutting through underbrush. But as a weapon the Pinoy would gladly trade his bayonet for it.

The greatest stumbling block was language. Many of the men have difficulty understanding English.

They especially can't understand sergeantese. "The Filipino soldier," says Colonel Offley, "hates to admit that he doesn't understand, for that would reflect on the officer. As a result, he says that he understands when he doesn't." But now 40 per cent of their commissioned officers are Pinoys, so that lately it has become possible to give class instruction in native dialects. Commands, however, are always in English.

The highly sensitive Pinoys must never be "bawled out" in old army fashion. The dressing down which might spur an ordinary soldier to greater endeavor would probably bring tears to the eyes of a Filipino private. When a Pinoy makes a mistake, the officer points it out gently. That is all that is necessary.

When the Filipino Infantry started its heavy training, officers were worried. "We weren't sure the men would be able to take it," says Colonel Offley. "Many of them are in their 40's — the average is 34."

But the Filipinos, wiry and agile, proved to be the physical equal of most men ten years younger. "Part of it," Colonel Offley explains, "is due to the fact that most of them have worked hard all their lives. But the real reason is their eagerness."

On all long marches army trucks follow to pick up men who are unable to stand the grind. Only once has a Filipino fallen out. He was a man who had given his age as 45. His company commander noticed he

SERGEANT Adriano Kimayong sparks his work with Igorot war psychology, such as substituting for calisthenics the routines of the bayonet, to the accompaniment of Ifugao war chants. Thus he reminds his men that this military business is only the old game of head-hunting made scientific. . . .

We all had a laugh on the cooks, who either didn't know or had forgotten that Colonel Offley has a school in Tagalog for the officers. Captain Lennon is the "inspecting-est" man alive and when he took his papers to the kitchen, got a chair and a table and spent the day there, the cooks expressed themselves in dialect about the character of a man who would make such a nuisance of himself. Captain Lennon let them go on awhile, then agreed with them in their own language!

— Pfc. Manuel Buaken, Co. 1, 1st Filipino Inf., U.S.A., in *The American Legion Magazine*

was tiring and finally ordered him to fall out. The soldier reluctantly climbed into the truck. Five minutes later he died of a heart attack. Investigation revealed that he was 62 years old.

The Filipino Infantry regiments are living examples of democracy at work. Many Pinoy officers whose parents lived in virtual peonage in the Philippines share quarters with the sons of Manila's oldest and proudest families. There is not a suspicion of class distinction.

Lorenzo Sevilla, son of a prominent Manila family, dropped his banking classes at New York University to enlist in the Pinoys. Vincent Singian, with a Ph.D. and a career in foreign service, became a private. Marcos Rocas, son of the Manila publishing family, left the staff of the Philippine Commissioner in Washington and won a lieutenantancy.

From the army itself came veteran soldiers — all Filipinos. Master Sergeant Isodoro Dacquel, with 20 years of service, arrived with Technical Sergeant Francisco Morales, in his 30th year of service, who would prefer to finish his hitch in Tokyo. Half a dozen Filipino graduates of West Point transferred to the new regiment.

The army is proud of these troops — but the Quartermaster Corps is convinced that Filipinos were born for the purpose of driving supply sergeants mad. One man wears a size 2½ shoe; size 3½ is common. Nearly all must have their blouses and slacks tailored to order, because of their size. And the Filipino soldier wants his clothes to fit well, for he is proud of his appearance.

Many Pinoys take even their denims to civilian tailors to be fitted. And they have their fatigues cleaned and pressed instead of washed. "The laundry makes 'em look like bags," said a dapper little sergeant. "Even when I'm working I want to look like a soldier."

From standard army food the

Pinoy mess sergeants have become expert at improvising native dishes such as spiced pork or casserole shrimp. Since rice is a mainstay of the Filipino diet, the mess sergeants spend a good deal of time trading potatoes and spaghetti for it. The Filipinos boast that theirs is the best mess in the army. It's possible they're right. The former personal chefs of Henry Ford, Leopold Stokowski, General George Marshall and Mac West are among the men now turning out meals for the Pinoys.

The First Filipino Infantry on Christmas Day asked Colonel Osfley for a speech.

"I haven't anything to say for myself," he replied, "but here is a Christmas greeting for all of you, from Captain Jesús Villamor."

Captain Villamor is the Filipino hero of this war. Awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery in the skies over the Philippines, he is now fighting with MacArthur in the southwest Pacific. The mention of his name brought a cheer.

The Colonel held the card high over his head, and the men in the front row read it aloud. The four words of the greeting swept back across the rows of bareheaded troops — gained momentum as it traveled — ended in a triumphal shout:

"See you in Manila!"

That's the slogan of the Filipino Infantry regiments now. Men sign their letters with it, greet their friends with it. It is their hope and their pledge.

On Being A REAL PERSON

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, pastor of the Riverside Church in New York City, is internationally known as a preacher, as a professor at Union Theological Seminary, and as the author of *The Meaning of Faith, As I See Religion, Living Under Tension* and other books. He has received a dozen honorary degrees from universities here and abroad, and his books have been translated into numerous foreign languages.

During the past 20 years more and more people have come to Dr. Fosdick for advice about their personal difficulties. To deal with unusual problems adequately, he studied the techniques of psychiatrists and psychologists, and in many cases asked their help. Thus he has been enabled to provide counsel concerning both mental and spiritual attitudes. "Nothing in my ministry," he writes in the introduction to this book, "gives me more satisfaction now than the memory of some of the results."

The publication date of "On Being a Real Person" is March 3. This 80,000-word book, priced at \$2.50, has already had an unusually large advance sale. Local bookstores and the publishers are accepting orders for it. Copyright 1943, Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.

ON BEING A REAL PERSON

It's Up to You

THE central business of every human being is to be a real person. We possess by nature the factors out of which personality can be made, and to organize them into effective personal life is every man's primary responsibility.

Without exaggeration it can be said that frustrated, unhappy people, who cannot match themselves with life, constitute the greatest single tragedy in the world. In mansion and hovel, among the uneducated and in university faculties, under every kind of circumstance people entrusted with building their own personalities are making a mess of it, thereby plunging into an earthly hell.

Three elements enter into the building of personality: heredity, environment and personal response. We are not responsible for our heredity; much of our environment we cannot control; but the power to face life with an individual rejoinder — *that* we are responsible for. When acceptance of this responsibility involves self-condemnation, however, an alibi almost invariably rushes to the rescue. All of us resemble the lawyer in the New Testament story, concerning whom we read: "But he,

desiring to justify himself, said . . ."

A college president says that after long dealing with students he is unsure whether the degree B.A. stands for Bachelor of Arts or Builder of Alibis.

On the lowest level this desire to escape blame expresses itself in emphasis upon luck. Fortunate people "get the breaks," men say; personal failure is due not so much to mistake as to mischance. That luck represents a real factor in human experience is evident, and he who does not expect ill fortune as one of the ingredients of life is trying to live in fairyland. But nothing finer has appeared on earth than unlucky people who are real persons. The determining element in their experience is not so much what happens to them as the way they take it.

Glenn Cunningham, who has run the fastest mile on record, was crippled in boyhood in a schoolhouse fire. The doctors said that only a miracle could enable him to walk again — he was out of luck. He began walking by following a plow across the fields, leaning on it for support; and then went on to tireless experimentation to see what he could do with his legs, until he broke all records for the mile run.

Pilgrim's Progress came from a prison, as did *Don Quixote*, Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* and some of the best of O. Henry's stories.

Bad luck is a poor alibi if only because good luck by itself never yet guaranteed real personality. Life is not so simple that good fortune suffices for it.

Many escape a sense of personal responsibility by lapsing into a mood of emotional fatalism. This is, curiously, one of the most comfortable moods in which a man can live. If he is an automaton, he is not responsible for anything.

On its highest level man's desire to escape responsibility expresses itself in ascribing all personal qualities to heredity and environment. This is a popular theory today. From intelligence quotients within to crippling environments without, it offers defenses for every kind of deficiency, so that no botched life need look far to find an excuse.

But consider the individual of superior inheritance and favorable circumstance. Must he necessarily be an admirable personality? Is *that* fate, willy-nilly, forced upon him? Certainly it does not seem so. The disastrous misuse of fine heredity and environment is too familiar a phenomenon to be doubted.

Handling difficulty, making the best of bad messes, is one of life's major businesses. Very often the reason victory is not won lies inside the individual. The recognition of this

fact, however, by the individual concerned is difficult. At times we all resemble the Maine farmer laboriously driving his horses on a dusty road. "How much longer does this hill last?" he asked a man by the roadside. "Hill!" was the answer. "Hill nothing! Your hind wheels are off!"

The world is a coarse-grained place, and other people are often unfair, selfish, cruel. Yet, after all, we know the difference between a man who always has an alibi and the man who *in just as distressing a situation* habitually looks inward to his own attitudes and resources — no excuses, no passing of the buck. In any circumstance he regards himself as his major problem, certain that if he handles himself well that is bound to make some difference. Anyone can recognize the forthright healthy-mindedness of the youth who wrote home to his father after an unsuccessful football game, "Our opponents found a big hole in our line, and that hole was me."

When we succeed, when by dint of decision and effort we achieve a desired end, we are sure we had a share in *that*. We cannot slough off responsibility when we fail. We cannot eat our cake and have it too.

The beginning of worth-while living is thus to confront ourselves — unique beings, each of us entrusted with the makings of personality. Yet multitudes of people wrestle with every conceivable factor involved in the human situation before they face their primary problem — themselves.

Our commonest human tragedy is correctly represented in a recent cartoon: A physician faces his patient with anxious solemnity, saying, "This is a very serious case; I'm afraid you're *allergic to yourself*."

Our Many Selves

THE common phrase, "building a personality," is a misnomer. Personality is not so much like a structure as like a river — it continuously flows, and to be a person is to be engaged in a perpetual process of becoming.

The tests of successful personal living, therefore, are not neatly identical when applied to two persons in different situations or to the same person at different ages. Concerning one criterion, however, there is common agreement. A real person achieves a high degree of unity with-in himself. The often conflicting elements of personal experience, such as impulses, desires, emotions, must be coördinated.

Each of us deals continually with the underlying problem of a disorganized life. The ruffled man badly flurried because he has mislaid a pair of glasses, the hurried person trying to do something with too great haste and becoming flustered, the frightened person fallen into a panic, the choleric individual surprised by a burst of temper into loss of self-control — such examples from ordinary life remind us how insecure is our personal integration.

No virtue is more universally ac-

cepted as a test of good character than trustworthiness. Obviously, however, dependability is possible only in so far as the whole personality achieves a stanch unity that can be counted on.

Many of us frequently act "out of character." The general pattern of our lives may involve honesty, truthfulness and similar qualities — but not always. This is evident even with regard to a virtue like courtesy. How common is the person whose courtesy is unreliable! We all know him — polite today, morose and uncivil tomorrow; obliging and well bred in business, crabbed and sulky at home; affable with one's so-called "equals," gruff and snobbish with one's servants.

In a man with character, the responses to life are, in their quality, established and well organized; one can count on them. His various emotions, desires and ideas are no mere disparate will-o'-the-wisps. He has become a whole person, with a unifying pattern of thought and feeling that gives coherence to everything he does.

A "well-integrated" life does not mean a placid life, with all conflicts resolved. Many great souls have been inwardly tortured. Florence Nightingale had a desperate time finding herself, and wrote in her diary, "In my 31st year I see nothing desirable but death." Dwight L. Moody said, "I've had more trouble with D. L. Moody than with any other man I know."

In all strong characters, when one listens behind the scenes, one hears echoes of strife and contention. Nevertheless, far from being at loose ends within themselves, such persons have organized their lives around some supreme values and achieved a powerful concentration of purpose and drive.

The process by which real personality is thus attained is inward and spiritual. No environmental changes by themselves can so *push* a personality together as to bring this satisfying wholeness within. Even so fortunate an environment as a loyal and loving family cannot dispense a man from confronting himself. Thus Novalis said: "Only so far as a man is happily married to himself, is he fit for married life." As for material prosperity, that often disorganizes life rather than unifies it. Indeed, nervous prostration is a specialty of the prosperous. Wealth, by increasing the number of possible choices, is often far more disrupting than satisfying.

A MODERN novelist describing one of his characters says, "He was not so much a human being as a civil war." Every human being sometime faces a situation where on the one side is his actual self, with his abilities and circumstances, and on the other are ideal pictures of himself and his achievements; and between the two is a gulf too wide to be bridged. Here inward civil war begins.

To hold high ideals and ambitions

is man's glory, and nowhere more so than in the development of personality. This faculty, however, can function so abnormally that it tears life to pieces.

No well-integrated life is possible, therefore, without an initial act of self-acceptance, as though to say: I, John Smith, hereby accept myself, with my inherited endowments and handicaps and with the elements in my environment that I cannot control, and, so accepting myself as my stint, I will now see what I can do with *this* John Smith. So Emerson put it: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion."

Alec Templeton entertains millions over the radio with his music and amuses them with his whimsicalities. He is stone blind. The first natural response to such crippling disadvantage is an imagination thronged with pictures of the unattainable, and from the contrast between them and the actualities commonly spring resentment, self-pity, inertia. The human story, however, has nothing nobler to present than handicapped men and women who, accepting themselves, have illustrated what Dr. Alfred Adler called "the human being's power to turn a minus into a plus."

Tension between our existent and our desired selves often arises from high moral ideals, and nowhere is it

more likely to be mishandled. Unselfishness and loyalty, for instance, are major virtues, but a daughter under the thrall of a possessive mother can so picture herself as in duty bound to be unselfish and loyal that, without doing her mother any real good, her life is blighted and her personality wrecked.

Ethical ideals in their application are relative to the individual. One man may have a calm, equable temperament that need never be ruffled; another may have to say, as Dr. Stephen Tyng did to one who rebuked him for asperity, "Young man, I control more temper every 15 minutes than you will in your whole lifetime."

WHEN self-acceptance is not achieved and the strain between the actual and the dreamed-of self becomes tense, the result is an unhappy and sometimes crushing sense of inferiority. One study of 275 college men and women revealed that over 90 percent suffered from gnawing, frustrated feelings of deficiency. They gave all sorts of reasons — physical incompetence, unpleasant appearance, lack of social charm, failure in love, low-grade intellectual ability, moral failure and guilt.

To be sure, the feeling of inferiority can never be taken at its face value as an indication of real lack. The runner-up in a championship tennis match may suffer wretchedly from a sense of inadequacy. How-

ever, the importance of the problem itself is made evident by the unhealthy ways in which it is commonly handled.

Some deal with it by the smoke-screen method. Feeling miserably inferior, and not wanting others to know it, the shy become aggressive, the embarrassed effusive, and the timid bluster and brag. One man, hitherto gentle and considerate in his family, suffered a humiliating failure. At once he began to grow harsh and domineering. Paradoxical though it is, when he felt superior he behaved humbly, as though he felt inferior; when he felt inferior he began to swagger as though he were superior.

Others, like the fox in Aesop's fable, call sour all grapes they cannot reach. The frail youth discounts athletics; the debauchee scoffs at the self-controlled as prudish; the failure at school scorns intellectuals as "high-brows." A major amount of cynicism springs from this source. Watch what people are cynical about, and one can often discover what they lack, and subconsciously deeply wish they had.

Still others find excuses based on an exaggerated acknowledgment of their inferiority. So one student who was struggling with failure said: "I have thought it over carefully and I have come to the conclusion that I am feeble-minded!" Far from being said with despair, this was announced with relief; it was a perfect excuse; it let him out from all responsibility.

Yet, factually it was absurd, and emotionally it was abnormal.

AMONG the constructive elements that make self-acceptance basic in becoming a real person is the principle of compensation. Deficiency can be a positive stimulus, as in the classic case of Demosthenes. Desiring to be an orator, he had to accept himself as a stammerer. He did not, however, conceal his humiliation with bluster and brag, nor decry eloquence as worthless trickery, nor resign himself to stammering as an excuse for doing nothing. He took a positive attitude toward his limitation, speaking against the noise of the waves with pebbles in his mouth until he could talk with confident clarity. To say that Demosthenes became a great orator *despite* his stammering is an understatement; the psychologist would add that he became a supremely effective orator *because* he stammered.

Some form of compensation is almost always possible. The homely girl may develop the more wit and charm because she is homely; the shy, embarrassed youth, with the temperament of a recluse, may be all the more useful in scientific research because of that.

Involved in such successful handling of recognized inferiority is the ability to pass from the defensive to the offensive attitude toward our limitations. John Smith accepts John Smith with his realistically seen limitations and difficulties, and posi-

tively starts out to discover what can be done with him.

Captain John Callender of the Massachusetts militia was guilty of cowardice at the Battle of Bunker Hill. George Washington had to order his court-martial. Callender re-enlisted in the army as a private, and at the Battle of Long Island exhibited such conspicuous courage that Washington publicly revoked the sentence and restored to him his captaincy. Behind such an experience lies a basic act of self-acceptance — open-eyed, without equivocation or excuse — along with a shift from a defensive to an offensive attitude, that makes John Callender an inspiring person to remember.

IN ACHIEVING self-acceptance a man may well begin by reducing to a minimum the things that mortify him. Many people are humiliated by situations that need not be humiliations at all. To have what Ko-Ko called "a caricature of a face," to lack desired ability, to be economically restricted — such things are limitations, but if they become humiliations it is because inwardly we make them so. One man developed an inferiority complex that haunted him all his life and ruined his career because he had curly hair of an unusual shade of red. Napoleon accepted himself — five feet two inches tall, and 43rd in his class at the *École Militaire*. He never liked himself that way. Considering his imperial ambitions, his diminutive stature was a

limitation, but had he made of it and of his scholastic mediocrity a humiliation, he probably never would have been Napoleon.

Life is a landscaping job. We are handed a site, ample or small, rugged or flat, whose general outlines and contours are largely determined for us. Both limitation and opportunity are involved in every site, and the most unforeseeable results ensue from the handling — some grand opportunities are muffled, and some utterly unpromising situations become notable. The basic elements in any personal site are bound to appear in the end no matter what is done with them, as a landscape still reveals its size and its major shapes and contours, whatever the landscape architect may do. These basic elements, however, are to be accepted, never as humiliations, commonly as limitations, but most of all as opportunities and even as incentives.

One of the ablest women in this country, now the wife of a university president, was brought up in poverty. She recalls an occasion when, as a girl, she complained of her hardships to her mother. "See here," said the mother, "I have given you life; that is about all I will ever be able to give you. Now you stop complaining and do something with it."

Our most intimate and inescapable entrustment lies in our capacity to be real persons. To fail at that is to fail altogether; to succeed is to succeed supremely. Says Noah in the play *Green Pastures*, "I ain' very

much, but I'se all I got." That is the place to start. Such self-acceptance is realistic, humble, self-respectful.

Getting Ourselves Off Our Hands

A CERTAIN "Charm" School, promising to bestow "personality" on its clients, prescribes in the first lesson that one stand before a large mirror and repeat one's own name in a voice "soft, gentle and low" in order to impress oneself with oneself. But obsession with oneself can be one of life's most disruptive forces. An integrated personality is impossible save as the individual finds outside himself valuable interests, in devotion to which he forgets himself. To be whole persons we must get ourselves off our hands.

Self-centeredness is natural in early childhood. Many, however, never outgrow it. At 50 years of age they still are living on a childish pattern. Moralists censure them as selfish, but beneath the ethical is a psychological problem — they are specimens of arrested development. A novelist says of one of her characters: "Edith was a little country bounded on the north, south, east and west by Edith." Edith suffers from a serious psychological affliction. Egocentricity is ruinous to real personality. At the very best, a person completely wrapped up in himself makes a small package.

Being a real person is arrived at not so much by plunging after it as by indirection. A man escapes from himself into some greater interest to which he devotes himself, and so for-

gets himself into consecutive, unified, significant living.

Practical suggestions as to ways and means of getting out of ourselves must start close at home with the body. Many miserably self-centered folk need not so much a psychiatrist to analyze them or a minister to discuss morals with them as common sense in handling the physical basis of a healthy life.

The modern man needs constantly to be reminded that he cannot slough off his biological inheritance. Our bodies were made to use in hard physical labor. Any man who has found his appropriate recreation or exercise where he can let himself go in the lusty use of his major muscles knows what a transformation of emotional tone and mental outlook such bodily expenditure can bring.

One of the most durable satisfactions in life is to lose oneself in one's work. This is why more people become neurotic from aimless leisure than from overwork, and why unemployment is one of the worst of tragedies, its psychological results quite as lamentable as its economic ills.

THE PROBLEM of finding external interests weighs more heavily on some temperaments than on others. The "extrovert" readily takes part in objective practical affairs, is emotionally spontaneous and outgoing, is relatively toughminded when he is disapproved by others. The "introvert" is sensitive to disapproval, is given to introspection and self-criti-

cism, and in general is more aware of the inner than of the outer world.

While everybody can recognize these two types, and each man can judge to which of them he himself is more closely akin, they do not constitute two mutually exclusive temperaments. Nor is the advantage altogether on either side. The balanced man is a synthesis of the two.

Abraham Lincoln had a tragic struggle with himself. In his early manhood he was not a unified and coherent person but a cave of Aeolus, full of storms, with the makings of neurotic rum in him. In 1841 he said, "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth." He could easily have been an extreme example of the morbid "introvert," but he was not. He solved his obsessing inner problems by outflanking them. The amazing development of his latter years into great personality came not so much by centering attention on himself as by forgetting himself. His devotion to a cause greater than himself transformed what he had learned in his long struggle with himself into understanding, sympathy, humor, wisdom. We cannot call him in the end either "introvert" or "extrovert." He combined them.

THE PERSONAL counselor constantly runs upon self-focused lives, miserably striving to find happiness through "self-expression."

Popularly, self-expression has meant: Let yourself go; knock the bungs from your emotional barrels and let them gurgle! As a protest against petty moralisms, this is easily explicable, and as a means of release to some individuals, tied hand and foot by senseless scrupulosities, it has had its value. The wise counselor wants self-expression too; but he wants it to be practiced in accord with the realistic psychological facts. Merely exploding emotions for the sake of the momentary self-centered thrill gets one nowhere, and in the end the constant repetition of such emotional self-relief disperses life and leaves it more aimless than it was before. Even in the sexual realm this is true. Says an eminent psychiatrist: "From the point of view of cure, the advice to go and 'express your instincts' is foolish. In actual experience I have never known a true neurosis cured by sexual libertinism."

Adequate self-expression is a much deeper matter than self-explosion. Its true exponent is not the libertine but the artist, the scientist, the fortunate mother absorbed in her family, the public-spirited businessman creatively doing something for his community, the teacher saying as Professor George H. Palmer did, "Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do." Such personalities, in eminent or humble places, really express themselves, and their common quality is not self-absorption but self-investment.

AT LEAST two practical consequences follow from such successful expansion of the self.

For one thing, it gives a person a saving sense of humor. In anyone afflicted with abnormal self-concern, a deficient sense of humor is an inevitable penalty. Only people who live objectively in other persons and in wide-flung interests, and who therefore can see themselves impartially, can possibly have the prayer answered:

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

The egocentric's petition is habitually otherwise:

O wad some Pow'r to others gie
To see myself as I see me.

Nast, the cartoonist, one evening in a social group drew caricatures of each of the company. The result was revealing — each one easily recognized the caricatures of the others but some could not recognize their own. This inability to see ourselves as we look to others is one of the surest signs of egocentric immaturity.

Aristophanes, in his drama *The Clouds*, caricatured Socrates, and when the play was produced all Athens roared with laughter. Socrates, so runs the story, went to see the play, and when the caricature came on he stood up so that the audience might the better enjoy the comic mask that was intended to burlesque him. He was mature. He had got himself off his hands.

An extended self also results in

power to bear trouble. In those who rise to the occasion and marshal their forces to deal with it, one factor commonly is present — *they are thinking about someone else besides themselves*. So one young American officer in the first World War wrote home: "You can truly think of me as being cheerful all the time. Why otherwise? I have 38 men with me. If I duck when a shell comes, all 38 duck, and if I smile, the smile goes down the line."

A person who has genuinely identified himself with other persons has done something of first-rate importance for himself without intending it. Hitherto he has lived, let us say, in a mind like a room surrounded by mirrors. Every way he turned he saw himself. Now, however, some of the mirrors change to windows. He can see through them to new interests.

Using All There Is in Us

ONE WAY or another we must do something with all the emotional drives native to our constitution. Such emotional urges as curiosity, pugnacity, fearfulness, self-regard, sexual desire are an essential part of us; we can either be ignobly enslaved by them or master them for the enrichment of our personality.

Curiosity is an emotional urge in all normal people, and its manifestations are protean. Peeping Toms, prying gossips, inquisitive bores, open-minded truth-seekers, daring explorers, research scientists are all illustrations of curiosity. Some uses of it produce

the most despicable persons, while others produce the most admirable, but there is no escaping it. From this fact, which holds true of all our native drives, a double lesson comes: first, *no basic emotional factor in human nature is to be despised*; and second, *each of them can be ennobled by its use*.

Pugnacity is one of the most deeply rooted emotional drives in human nature, and combativeness is necessary to the continuance and advance of human life. The fighting spirit expresses itself in hard work, in bravely facing personal handicaps, in the whole range of attack on entrenched social evils.

If, however, we give this indispensable emotional drive gangway, the results are shattering. A chronic hatred or even a cherished grudge tears to pieces the one who harbors it. A strong feeling of resentment is just as likely to cause disease as is a germ. If one is so unfortunate as to have an enemy, the worst thing one can do, not to the enemy but to oneself, is to let resentment dig in and hatred become chronic.

When Edward Everett Hale in his later years said, "I once had an enemy, a determined enemy, and I have been trying all day to remember his name," he gave evidence not only of right-mindedness but of healthy-mindedness. So, too, Lincoln, rebuked for an expression of magnanimity toward the South during the Civil War, and told bitterly that he should desire rather to destroy his

enemies, was not only morally but emotionally sound when he answered, "What, madam? Do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?"

FEAR is another indispensable element in the human make-up. Even in its simpler forms we cannot dispense with it; on the streets of a modern city a fearless man, if the phrase be taken literally, would probably be dead before nightfall. And fear can be a powerfully creative motive. In a profound sense schools spring from fear of ignorance, industry from fear of penury, medical science from fear of disease. But fear's abnormalities — hysteria, phobia, obsessive anxiety — tear personality to pieces.

Human life is full of secret fears, thrust into the attics and dark corners of personality. Fear of the dark, of cats, of closed places, of open places; fear of responsibility, of having children, of old age and death; guilty fears, often concerned with sins long passed; religious fears, associated with ideas of a spying and vindictive God and an eternal hell; and sometimes a vague fearfulness, filling life with anxious apprehension — such wretchedness curses innumerable lives.

The disruptive effect of such secret, chronic fearfulness is physically based. The adrenal glands furnish us in every frightening situation with "a swig of our own internal fight-tonic." A little of it is stimulating; too much of it is poison. Habitual anxiety and dread constitute a con-

tinuous false alarm, turning the invaluable adrenal secretion from an emergency stimulant into a chronic poison.

To get our fear out into the open and frankly face it is of primary importance. As infants we started with fear of two things only — falling and a loud noise. All other fears have been accumulated since. To find out where and how we picked them up, to trace their development until we can objectively survey them as though they were another's and not our own, is half the battle. Often they can then be laughed off the scene.

Sometimes, however, the fear we find ourselves confronting is justified. In that case we are commonly defeated by the fallacy that dangerous situations are necessarily undesirable, whereas the fact is that there is *stimulus* in hazardous occasions.

Love of danger is one of the strongest motives in man. When life does not by itself present men with enough hazard, they go out looking for it. They seek it in their more active sports, in risky researches and explorations, in missionary adventures, in championing unpopular causes. To stand up to a hazardous situation, to let it call out in us not our fearfulness but our love of battle, is a healthy, inspiring experience.

One of the sovereign cures for unhealthy fears is action. Dr. Henry C. Link gives this homely illustration from a mother: "As a young wife I was troubled with many fears, one of which was the fear of insanity.

After the birth of our first child, these fears still persisted. However, we soon had another child and ended up by having six. We never had much money and I had to do all my own work. Whenever I started to worry about myself, the baby would cry and I would have to run and look after him. Or the children would quarrel and I would have to straighten them out. Or I would suddenly remember that it was time to start dinner, or that I must run out and take in the wash before it rained, or that the ironing had to be done. My fears were continually interrupted by tasks into which I had to put my back. Gradually my fears disappeared, and now I look back on them with amusement."

This story furnishes one explanation for the prevalence of emotional ills among prosperous and leisurely people. They have time to sit around, feeding their imaginations. In war-time they can listen over the radio to every news broadcast and commentator until, unlike a healthy soldier who has a job to do that he can put his back into, they become morbidly distraught over dangers concerning which they do nothing practical. In ordinary peacetime such people are the prey of endless imaginary woes, so that it is commonly true that those worry most who have least to worry about.

The dual nature of fear, as both good and evil, is nowhere better illustrated than in a man who dreads so much falling short of his duty that

he dreads much less the cost of doing it. If one has anything positively to live for, from a child, or a worthwhile day's work, to a world delivered from the scourge of war, *that* is what matters.

Self-regard likewise is not to be despised or suppressed but educated and used.

When Charles Lamb said, "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident," he revealed how omnipresent is the wish for notice and attention that enhance self-esteem.

The cynic says that at the fountainhead of every so-called "unselfish" life are self-regarding motives. The cynic is right — but in his cynicism about it he is wrong. We all start as individual children, with self-regarding instincts. The test of us, however, lies in the objective aims and purposes which ultimately capture these forces in us and use them as driving power. A wise personal counselor, therefore, never tells anyone that he ought not to wish to feel important, but rather endeavors to direct that powerful wish into constructive channels.

From self-regard when it goes wrong spring vanity and avarice. Some people live habitually in the spirit with which Mascagni dedicated his opera *The Masks*: "To myself, with distinguished esteem and unalterable satisfaction." Yet we neither can nor should stop caring for ourselves. Our initial business in

life is to care for ourselves so much that *I* tackles *Me*, determined to make out of him something worth while.

PROBABLY it is in the realm of *sexual desire* that "sublimation"—redirection to a higher ethical level—is talked about most and understood least. Not all demands of the human organism can be sublimated. In satisfying physical hunger there is no substitute for food. When sex is thought of in its narrowest sense, it belongs in this class.

To the youth troubled by this elemental biological need, many sensible things can be said: that chastity is not debilitating and that sexual indulgence is not necessary to health; that interest in competing concerns is good therapy; that the general unrest accompanying unsatisfied sexual tension can often be relieved by vigorous action, fatiguing the whole body; that sexual desire is natural and right, to be accepted with gratitude and good humor as part of our constitutional equipment, and not sullied with morbid feelings of guilt at its presence; that nature, when left to itself, has its own ways of relieving the specific sex-tension.

Sex, however, is far more deep-seated and pervasive in personality than at first appears. All the relationships of the family—maternal, paternal and filial—are grounded in this larger meaning of sex, all fine affection and friendship between brothers and sisters, and men and

women, and all extensions of family attitudes to society at large, as in the love and care of children.

When one's life is thus thought of as a whole, sublimation of sex becomes meaningful. It is possible for one to choose a way of living that will channel one's devotions and creative energies into satisfying courses so that the personality *as a whole* finds contentment, even though specific sexual desires are left unfulfilled. So an unmarried woman, denied motherhood, can discover in nursing, teaching or social service an outlet for her maternal instincts that brings to her personality an integrating satisfaction.

That there must be some restraint on all our native drives is obvious. Picture a life in which all the native urges explode themselves together—self-regard, pugnacity, sexual desire, fear; obviously pandemonium would reign. The popular idea, therefore, that the restraint of basic emotional drives is in itself unhealthy is nonsense. The choice before us is not whether our native impulses shall be restrained and controlled but how that shall be done in the service of an integrated life.

THE MULTIPLE possibilities of use and misuse in handling our native drives root back in the essential quality of all emotional life, *sensitiveness*. One of the most important subjects of self-examination concerns the way we handle this primary quality. Let a man discover what he is

characteristically touchy about and he will gain valuable insight into his personal problem.

Many people are extremely touchy to criticism. Their *amour-propre* squirms under adverse judgment. Sensitiveness to the opinion of others, without which social life could not go on at all, has in them been perverted into a disease.

Such abnormal persons take appreciation for granted and regard criticism as an impertinence. The normal person comes nearer taking criticism for granted and regarding appreciation as velvet. Emerson once made a speech that a minister sitting on the platform deeply disliked. The minister, in delivering the closing prayer, prayed, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such nonsense as we have just listened to." When Emerson was asked afterward what he thought about it, he remarked, "The minister seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken gentleman." Such healthy-mindedness is a necessary factor in a well-integrated personality.

Mastering Depression

ONE OF the commonest causes of personal disorganization is despondency. Some despondency is physically caused, but the moody dejections most people suffer are not altogether beyond their control.

A first suggestion for dealing with this problem is: *Take depression for granted.* One who expects completely to escape low moods is asking the

impossible. To take low moods too seriously, instead of saying, 'This also will pass, is to confer on them an obsessive power they need not have.

A second suggestion is of daily importance: *We can identify ourselves not with our worse, but with our better, moods.* Deep within us all is that capacity. The ego, the central "I," can choose *this* and not *that* mood as representing the real self; it can identify itself with hopefulness rather than disheartenment, with good will rather than rancor.

All slaves of depression have this in common: They have acquired the habit of identifying their real selves with their low moods. Not only do they have cellars in their emotional houses, as everybody does, but they live there. While each of us has depressed hours, none of us needs to be a depressed person.

This leads to a third suggestion. *When depression comes, tackle yourself and do not merely blame circumstance.* Circumstances are often so tragic and crushing as to make dejection inevitable. Nevertheless, to deduce from the presence of misfortune the right to be a despondent person is a fatal error.

Life is an assimilative process in which we transmute into our own quality whatever comes into us. Walter de la Mare's lines have a wider application than at first appears:

It's a very odd thing —
As odd as can be,
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.

Depressed persons can make depression out of any circumstances whatsoever. This truth is especially pertinent in a tragic era when the world is upset by catastrophic events. Not to be depressed by present calamities would reveal an insensitive spirit. Nevertheless, many today blame their emotional disorganization on the sad estate of the world, whereas their real problem is within themselves. As D. H. Lawrence wrote concerning one of his characters, "Poor Richard Lovatt wearied himself to death struggling with the problem of himself, and calling it Australia."

The fourth suggestion goes beyond self-tackling and says: *Remember others*. Emotions are contagious. One depressed person can infect a whole household and become a pest even to comparative strangers. If, therefore, Ian Maclaren's admonition is justified, "Let us be kind to one another for most of us are fighting a hard battle," good cheer and courage are among the most important kindnesses that we can show.

The fifth suggestion calls for deep resources of character: *Remember that some tasks are so important that they must be gone through with whether we are depressed or not*. Strong personalities commonly solve the problem of their despondency not by eliminating but by sidetracking it. They have work to do, a purpose to fulfill, and to *that*, whether or not they feel dejected, the main trunk line of their lives belongs.

The Ultimate Strength

TO PULL a personality together takes inner reserves of power -- of power assimilated from beyond oneself.

As truly as a tree exists by means of chemical assimilation through roots and leaves, our own physical organisms sustain themselves by appropriated power. The entire cosmos furnishes the indispensable means by which we live at all. We are pensioners on universal energy, and our power is not fabricated in us but released through us.

This principle of released power does not stop at any supposed line separating man's physical from his spiritual experience. That our spirits are continuous with a larger spiritual life, and that in this realm also our power is not self-produced but assimilated, is the affirmation of all profound religious experience.

No more pathetic cases present themselves to the personal counselor than those whose only technique in handling their problems is to trust in the strength of their own volition. Soon or late they face problems to which such a technique is utterly inapplicable. When bereavement comes, for instance, bringing with it profound sorrow, to appeal to the will to arouse itself and solve the problem is an impertinence.

Such moments call for another technique altogether -- the hospitable receptivity of faith.

Many people ask, "How does one

get faith, if one does not have it? One cannot *will* to have faith." But faith is not something we *get*; it is something we *have*. Moreover, we have a surplus of it, associated with more curious objects than tongue can tell — faith in dictatorship or astrology or rabbits' feet, in one economic nostrum or another. That we have more faith than we know what to do with is shown by the way we give it to every odd and end that comes along.

Our trick of words — "belief" vs. "unbelief" — obscures this. No man can really become an unbeliever; he is psychologically shut up to the necessity of believing — in God, for example, or else in no God. When positive faiths die out, their place is always taken by negative faiths — in impossibilities rather than possibilities, in ideas that make us victims rather than masters of life; in philosophies that plunge us into Rabelais' dying mood: "Draw the curtain; the farce is played."

A friend once wrote to Turgenev: "It seems to me that to put oneself in the second place is the whole significance of life." Turgenev replied: "It seems to me that to discover what to put before oneself, in the first place, is the whole problem of life." Whatever one does put thus before oneself is always the object of one's faith; one believes in it and belongs to it; and whether it be Christ or Hitler, a chosen vocation or a personal friend, when such commitment of faith is heartily made, it pulls the trigger of human energy.

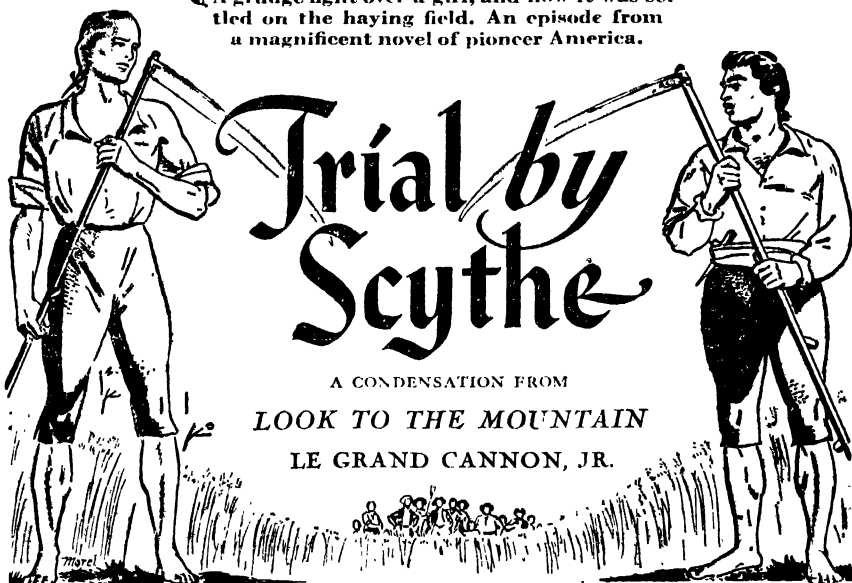
Confidence that it is worth while constructively to tackle oneself, and the determination so to do, depends on faith of some sort. Distracted and dejected people almost inevitably ask: "Why should we bother to try to create an integrated and useful personality? Of what importance are we anyway?" These miserable folk perceive nothing worth living for, and the only cure for their utilitarian attitude is a positive faith.

Even though one goes no further than Robert Louis Stevenson in saying, "I believe in an ultimate decency of things," such faith has incalculable value. If one can go beyond Stevenson's affirmation, religion presents the most stimulating faith in human experience. It has said to every individual: Whatever you may fail at, you need not fail at being a real person; the makings of great personal life include handicaps, deficiencies, troubles and even moral failures; the universe is not a haphazard affair of aimless atoms but is organized around spiritual purposes; and personality, far from being a chance inadvertence, is the fullest and completest way of being alive and the most adequate symbol we have of the nature of God.

Thus religion is a basis for hopeful adventure and a source of available power in trying to make the most of our natural endowments and become what we ought to be. And he who undertakes that task is on the main highroad of creation's meaning and is accepting the central trust of life.

BOOK SECTION — FICTION FEATURE

❏ A grudge fight over a girl, and how it was settled on the haying field. An episode from a magnificent novel of pioneer America.



IT was a hot August day in 1769. Kettleford, in New Hampshire Province, was haying. Every man in the town, a good many women, the oxen, and the boys were hard at it. When the sun shone in August the whole township forgot everything else — politics, fishing, linen and flax, wood-cutting, potatoes — and mowed hay.

No man was exempt from doing his part. The young schoolmaster, for example, had been swinging a borrowed scythe since the sun was an hour high. Down in a remote corner of the Governor's lot, Mr. Gavin Gowan, the Presbyterian minister, was somberly cutting a little hay for himself. Mr. Gowan's contract with Kettleford provided for hay, but Mr. Gowan had learned that a cow can't eat contracts.

Joe Felipe hadn't had a fire in his

forge since Saturday night, but he'd be done with his haying some time this forenoon. He had hayed Sunday. Joe was a Portygee, a squat bull of a man, dark-complected; he wore his black hair tied with a scarlet hair ribbon, and carried a knife like a sailor. He had taken over the smithy after Captain Karr died, and he'd turned out to be a fair smith when sober and a good one when drunk. But he wasn't as good as old Karr had been, and nobody made out to Joe that he was.

It was Whit Livingston who kept the talk going about what a smith Karr had been. This young Whit Livingston was the best hand to mow that there was in Kettleford. Aside from that, he was a joke. When Whit was 12 years old his father, Tom Livingston, had treated the boy to his first rum at Butler's tavern and it had stuck in his throat. It was a comical thing for the men stand-

Look to the Mountain is a recent selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ing round, old Tom being such a great drinking man himself, and they all laughed. Tom hadn't taken it kindly. He figured the boy was making game of him. So Tom stood his son up in the middle of the room and yanked the shirt off the boy's back. Then Tom laid it on him with the piece of rope that until then had held up the boy's pants.

Whit never did learn to drink rum. And it was a year or two after that before he'd go to the tavern when he was sent on an errand. He didn't seem to like to go about amongst people at all. He thought they were still laughing about what they remembered — and as often as not, probably, he was correct.

Old Captain Karr, though, had taken a liking to Whit. When Whit was 16 and ready for it, Karr made Whit a scythe blade. Whit cut him 21 cords of rock maple for it, and Karr claimed that he'd hit the blade a lick with his hammer for every blow Whit had struck with the axe. It might be he had. She was a beauty. That was the last thing he made before he died.

By the end of that summer, a few men were saying already that if Tom Livingston's boy was such a good hand to mow, it *must* be the blade! Why, alongside of Karr, this dog of a Portygee couldn't hammer out a blade to cut mullen. It was in that way that Whit kept the talk going. He didn't know that he did; he didn't hear it — but Joe Felipe heard it. He hated Whit Livingston.

Lately Whit had been to the tavern more often. He was 19 now, tall, with a quiet face, and slow-spoken. He went to the tavern because of Butler's daughter, Melissa.

For a long time Whit had been more afraid of meeting up with that girl than

of the devil; but the temptation to see her got to be like the temptation to bite on a sore tooth. Whit bit on it often. It wasn't pain that he felt, but still it was a feeling that had some pain in it.

This morning, Whit was moving in the sparse and dry grass that his father's fields always ran to. Besides Whit, there were three men: old Tom, Whit's half brother and his uncle Rob.

About midmorning old Tom went to get a gourd-full of rum from the keg and found that it was empty. He guessed he'd have to send Whit to the tavern to have the keg filled. It was four miles to Butler's, and while Whit was gone, they could all spell themselves.

CAPTAIN Eliphalet Butler, taverner, had been putting in a bad morning. His meadow was ready to cut — and he could get no man to work in it. He was staring resentfully out at the ripe grass when he saw a man come forth from the woods at the far end, carrying a load on his shoulder. Swiftly the figure came along the edge of the field — not running, not walking. Captain knew every gait in town: that was Whit Livingston . . . bringing a 10-gallon keg to be filled.

Captain's daughter came out of the springhouse to set one of her milk pans out in the sun. She looked toward the meadow — and her hands flew to her hair. Then she smoothed out her apron and came into the tavern.

When Whit knocked at the door, only Captain looked up.

Whit stood motionless in the doorway waiting for his eyes to get used to the dimness.

Melissa thought he was lovely.

In point of fact, he was clean, having

washed himself in the brook the other side of the meadow. His clothes were the same as most men's: a loose gray linen shirt and a pair of leather breeches. He was carrying the keg with two fingers hooked into the bung-hole.

"You ain't goin' t' lug that home *full*, are you?" Captain asked hopefully.

Whit nodded.

"Set it there under the cask, then. Melissa, you draw."

With the keg slowly filling, Melissa turned her head and looked up.

"Hayin'?"

Whit opened his mouth to answer, closed it, and nodded his head.

"You're about done down to your place, I expect," Captain remarked.

"Ain't hardly got started."

"Mowin' hadn't ought to take long. They tell me you're quite a hand."

"I got a good blade." It was always his answer.

"Whit," Captain demanded, "whyn't you take a day 'n come and cut mine for me?"

"Well —"

"I could rake," said Melissa.

Whit thought, just himself and Melissa? All day alone in a field? It was so much more than he'd hoped for, that now he drew back. "Got to get our'n in first," he told Captain.

Melissa banged shut the spigot. She stood up and faced Whit. "Go git it in, then," she said. "We'll git a man to cut our'n."

Whit could say nothing. He felt his face flush — and at that moment Joe Felipe ambled in.

"We were talkin' 'bout hay," Captain remarked.

Joe wondered what Whit could have said about hay to make Melissa look the way she did. The two or three times Joe

had tried for Melissa, he'd not succeeded in so much as making her angry. He hated Whit more than ever.

"Your'n in, Joe?" asked Captain.

"I finish this morning."

"You done well. Have some brandy."

"Treat?" Joe inquired.

"Treat," Captain assured him.

Melissa, with a flourish, set out the stone bottle. She gave Joe a smile, but Whit failed to see it; he was down on one knee, fumbling with the bung-starter.

"Joe," proposed Captain loudly, "you mow for me the rest of the day, 'n you c'n have that brandy to mow on — what's left in the bottle."

"I told Pa I'd rake," Melissa said coolly.

Joe's eyes went from one to the other — but he looked last at Whit. The boy was standing up now, waiting. . . .

Joe turned back to Captain. "Done."

Whit laid the bungstarter down on the counter. "That's a big meadow Captain; you'll want two hands."

Joe laughed aloud. "Too late, boy!" he said. "You go on home! I hear a'ready too much of your mowing."

"I got a good blade." Whit said it from habit.

"You and your Karr blade! God damn your blade!" bellowed Joe, and whipped out his knife. He held the point of it, quivering, just under Whit's nose. Whit stood his ground. He was scared, but stood quiet.

"I c'n cut me more hay wit' t'is here little knife 'n what you c'n cut wit' your Karr blade! You come 'n mow! I show you t' man who c'n mow: José Felipe!"

"That's fair," Whit agreed.

"And t' best one to mow, she rake for him tomorrow. Si?"

It was the girl's voice that came into the silence. She spoke low and even.

"That's fair."

THE WORD spread pretty fast, and one by one the men dropped their tools and set off for the tavern. A contest at mowing wasn't the same thing as a fire, but they'd been working hard haying and they had a mind now to make holiday. They all started in drinking and swearing and wagering. They bet about even. Whit was the best hand to mow, but he'd likely be tuckered after lugging that keg home.

Mr. Gowan, the minister, drew apart from the crowd. Unless this thing were done properly, there'd be nothing but argument, and a fight to wind up with. He must see to it that the contest was fair. And he'd have a word beforehand with Ensign Lord. Ensign was the only one you could count on staying sober. He was a good man to have around in case of trouble.

Whit made pretty good time back to the tavern. The scythe seemed a light thing to carry after the keg. He came out of the woods traveling at an earnest, shuffling lope, and bearing his scythe like a banner. When he saw the men gathered, he stopped. They gave him a cheer, with a good deal of laughter. Whit stood stock-still, facing it out. Then he turned to go home.

A man spoke close behind him and then laid hold on Whit's arm. It was Mr. Gowan. "Now, Whit," he said, "you stay and go through with it."

"Nol!" — and because it boiled up within him, Whit gave the reason: "All they're after is something to laugh at."

"That's correct," Gowan answered. "And you quit now, and they'll have it."

The boy had calmed down some. "I got an awful good blade, sir."

"Are you spent?"

"I'm a little mite blowed."

"That'll pass in a minute. We'll go down to the meadow." He turned round to the crowd. "How about it? — Joe ready?"

"He's ready!" they shouted.

As they all set off, followed by two men wheeling a keg of rum on a hand barrow, someone asked Whit if he'd had his dinner. Whit said, "No, come to think of it."

AT THE EDGE of the meadow Mr. Gowan called for silence.

"Joe," he announced, "claims he's the best hand. Until Whit proves to the contrary, Joe's statement is good. Joe will lead in."

A cheer went up from Joe's backers. "Speed's not the only thing," Mr. Gowan continued. "They have to mow clean. I shall be judge of that. Joe, you all whetted?"

Joe said proudly, "By God, she's a razor! Skin a mouse wit' her!"

"Whit?"

The boy had been caressing his blade with an oilstone. He nodded.

"Now, then, Joe, you'll strike in right here. Mow down the edge to the south end of the field. Then you walk across the field, and mow back along the other side, understand?"

"Sure!" said Joe.

"When you get back to here, you'll move into the field a swath, and do the same thing again."

"Sure, sure! You don't need t' tell me. I mowed before, mister."

"Whoever is leading," Mr. Gowan explained, "can mow as wide or as narrow as he's got a mind to. It's up to the

other to match his swath. I'll be judge of that, too. You can both whet as it pleases you, or stop for anything else. If there's aught in your minds that I've not provided for, speak of it now."

The crowd murmured approval.

"First man to finish," Mr. Gowan said simply — "in the middle of the field and opposite here — is the best hand to mow." He stepped to one side.

Joe spat on his hands and lightly hefted his scythe.

"Strike in!" Gowan ordered.

Joe's eyes narrowed and his face changed. He was serious. He bent to his right and struck in. He was built right to mow, Joe was, shortlegged, close to the ground — and those terrible arms on him! He was cutting a wide swath, too — half a yard wider than most men. Two steps and his third swing. Two steps more. . . .

At the fifth stroke, Mr. Gowan said, "Whit —"

Whit bent and struck in. When he lengthened his swing to match Joe's wide swath, Whit found it awkward. He began to lose ground. Joe reached the turn ten strokes ahead of him.

Joe kept on gaining as he mowed back toward the men grouped around the keg. When he was near they began cheering him.

It was the first sound of approval that poor Joe had heard since he'd come to Kettleford. He stopped to whet in the shade, had a swallow of rum, moved back across Whit's swath, and was all set to strike in again before Whit was come up to them. Joe stood up straight, resting easy, and called out to Whit, "Come on, boy! Get to mowin'!"

They liked that and laughed loudly.

Whit just kept on mowing. As he moved in across the beginning of Joe's

second swath, he saw that his own swath was full wide enough. And as clean as Joe's, too. He struck in again without whetting . . . and before very long, he had to repeat several strokes and was forced to whet. As he mowed, Melissa kept coming into his mind. He kept hearing her voice: "That's fair." It made him mow furiously, with no thought to saving his strength.

They made a dozen full crossings that way and Joe led now by half the length of the meadow.

"Two to one Whit'll fall flat on his face 'fore another five crossings," a man said.

"Done," he was answered. "Me, now, I figure he'll fall over backward."

They repeated that all up and down the line.

To Mr. Gowan, stalking and watching, Whit's swath now seemed wider. He carefully paced them off — Whit's swath showed a foot wider.

"You're mowing too wide, Whit," he said, coming up behind him. The boy didn't hear. Mr. Gowan tried him again, but the boy kept on mowing. Mr. Gowan took him by the two arms at the elbows.

"You listen to me, Whit. I'm Mr. Gowan."

Whit nodded.

"You're mowing too wide. Do you hear me? Cut down your swing some."

Whit nodded again. He tried to pull free, to go on with his mowing.

"Hold still," Mr. Gowan said. "Listen to me! When you get down to the end there, you go douse your head in the brook. Will you do that?"

Whit croaked out something.

Mr. Gowan released him.

At the end of the row, Whit hung his scythe over the first limb in front of

his face, and blundered his way into the woods to the stream. He lay down on his belly, and plunged his head into the water like a horse with a fever. Both his arms, too, right up to the shoulders. The shock went all through him. He sozzled his face in the water and then he drank some. When he raised up onto his knees, he felt like a new man. But when he looked up, the strength all went out of him. Melissa was standing there. She had been watching from the cover of the woods.

"You done mowin'?" she asked.

Whit got to his feet, and gave a hitch to his breeches. "No —" he said, "I ain't started yet."

"Then you better get started — 'stead of playin' here goin' swimmin'."

Whit said, "Yes, ma'am," — and for the first time in his life smiled at her.

JOE now had pretty near the length of the field on him.

Whit took down his scythe.

"Mowing too wide," Mr. Gowan had said. Well, that was easy fixed, certainly! He touched up the edge with a stroke or two, hefted his scythe, and struck in. *This felt like mowing!* Inside of ten strokes, he was humming, keeping time with his mowing. He hoped Melissa was watching. He was a good hand to mow, he knew that; it wasn't all in his blade.

When Whit and Joe were come near to each other — Whit going one way and Joe going the other — Joe said, "Where you been, for God's sake, boy? You been sleepin'?"

"Dreamin', maybe," said Whit. "Joe, you're swingin' too slow. I'm a-comin' up on you."

"You got a way to go yet, boy!" Joe answered truthfully. All the same, soon

as Whit had his back to him, Joe began to swing faster.

As Whit passed the crowd, they yelled out: "What you got hid in the woods over there, Whit? Keg o' skim milk?" "You're mowin' good, Whit. You c'n catch him. He ain't got more'n half a mile on you."

But one voice called out to him, "You're doin' good, boy. You keep a-goin'."

Down at the end of the field, Whit stopped and whetted. He had gained enough now so that they could all see it. Joe didn't offer a word to him this time.

"Faster yet, Joe," said Whit, "I'm a-comin' up on you!" It didn't sound in his ears like his own voice at all.

Joe tried to mow faster. He began to miss some, and that brought Mr. Gowan down on him. "Mow clean, Joe," said Mr. Gowan.

On the next turn it was plain to see that the Portygee's lead had been cut to half what it had been. Those who had bet on Joe began to fall silent. One man said, "The boy don't act none like a man that's missed his dinner."

Whit himself was clear in his own mind as to how things were going. If he could keep going this way, he would certainly catch Joe. But what scared Whit was this very clearness. He'd felt it before, and he knew too well what it came from. It came from not eating. If he'd been traveling in the woods now, he'd have stopped for a spell and had him a bite to eat. Next thing he'd be getting lightheaded.

Whit had come up close enough now so that when he raised his eyes he could see the red bow on Joe's pigtail waving and bobbing not far in front of him. The space between him and Joe, though, seemed to have got pretty solid.

Now and again, he seemed to feel himself falling . . . but each time he'd recover. He didn't mind the pain in his arms and the way his back hurt him, but he felt that his body had quit on him. It seemed to have gone dead. The space between him and Joe still was solid. He hacked away at it. . . .

The scarlet bow had grown bigger. It was close at hand, now, off to one side. Whit thought, "I've got to go past him. . . ." He began to.

Joe, out of the tail of his eye, saw him. Joe heard the shouts, too. "Mow, you black Portygee, damn you! Mow, can't you?" His backers didn't like to lose.

Joe saw that Whit was pulling away from him.

He saw Whit's legs moving away, two steps . . . and two steps. . . .

"God damn you, Joe, you're no good!" a man shouted.

That bit into Joe. He stepped toward the legs — four steps — and swung his scythe at them.

Gowan jumped him. He'd been right behind Joe and in one leap he struck down Joe's right arm. The tip of Joe's scythe was raised up, so that it sliced across the back of Whit's legs above the knee, cutting the leather clean as a razor would and fetching Whit, too, but not deep enough for a tendon.

Behind Mr. Gowan was Ensign Lord. And when Joe turned and reached for his knife, Ensign hit him. Joe seemed to fall, slowly, at first, in a puzzled way. He landed loosely, his head rolled — and he stayed there.

The men had forgotten Whit for the moment, watching the scuffle.

And then a voice crowed like a rooster. "And Whit — Whit's still a-mowin'!"

They looked round then. Whit was still mowing. He was finishing out his

swath — with the blood running slowly down the backs of his legs to his heels. Whit, they guessed, didn't know that — they couldn't tell, even, if he knew he was mowing.

Then they saw the girl standing there at the finish — waiting — standing stock-still. She was standing at the place she had known Whit would come to.

It was a strange thing to see. No one spoke. Whit made his last swing, grounded the heel of his scythe, and with both hands clasped round the snath, stood there and leaned on it. His head was bowed forward and his knees ready to buckle. He swayed with his breathing.

Then he looked up. He must have known she was there — or at any rate been expecting her. She didn't start either. She was waiting — gently, somehow — for him to say something. A breeze ruffled her hair.

"I guess," Whit said to her, "that'll — take care of the mowin'."

"Yes, Whit."

"I'll be over — tomorrow t'rake it."

"Yes," she told him, no one hearing her only Whit.

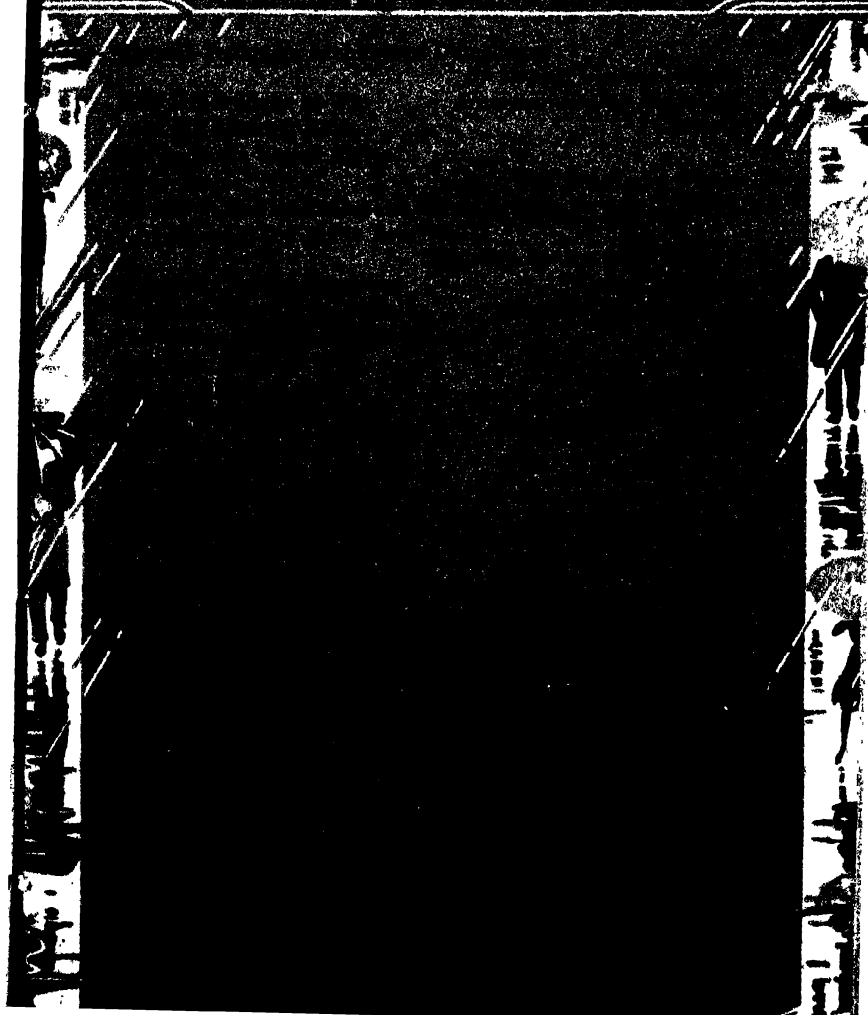
Whit put his scythe to his shoulder and looked round for the place he must head for — saw it — and set off for home. No one called after him.

"That ain't a deep cut," a man said. "The blood didn't squirt out any."

"Well, where he's walked, t'wouldn't take no Injun to track him."

Mr. Gowan followed Whit through the woods until there weren't any more bloodstains. He decided Whit was all right. "Yes," he chuckled, "Whit will be back for that raking tomorrow. The boy won more than a mowing match today."

The



The “Best” of the Year

FOLLOWING are the ten "best" nonfiction books of 1942, according to the Book-of-the-Month Club's poll of 201 newspaper and magazine book reviewers. Condensations from seven (denoted by asterisks) were published in *The Reader's Digest*:

*THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, by W. L. White. . . *Harcourt, Brace*, \$2

*CROSS CRICK, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Scribner, \$2.50

*FLIGHT TO ARRAS, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.75

***VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER**, by Alexander P. de Seversky

Simon & Schuster, \$2.50

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, by Elliot Paul. Random House, \$2.75

*Mission to Moscow, by Joseph E. Davies *Simon & Schuster, \$3*

*SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE, by Marion Hargrove . . . *Holt*, \$2

***PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIV'D IN**, by Esther Forbes

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75

THE RAFT, by Robert Trumbull Holt, \$2.50

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN, by Howard K. Smith . . . *Knopf*, \$2.75



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The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

VOLUME 42, NO. 257



Thomas Jefferson ARCHITECT OF DEMOCRACY

By

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Audubon's America," "Singing
in the Wilderness," etc.

THIS NATION will pause, even in world crisis, to honor on April 13 the 200th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, one of our trio of greatest Presidents of the past. At the foot of the Blue Ridge, near Charlottesville, Virginia, was born the man who set the real American standard of living when, at only 33, he penned the Declaration of Independence. "I have sworn upon the altar of God," he said, "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

Unlike Washington, he was never in battle; he was a civilian hero. Though he could not free the slaves, he tried to, and as nearly succeeded as was possible without destroying the new nation by a civil war. Jeffer-

son shouldered his way to a place with Lincoln and Washington on the strength of moral greatness and manifold genius. For he, the apostle of the common man, was one of the most uncommon who ever lived.

His mother, a Randolph, brought the child blue blood; his pioneer father imparted a sturdy, democratic strain. Entering the College of William and Mary at 17, without a father and practically on his own, the tall, hazel-eyed boy with the sandy-red hair went hard at his books. He specialized in English law, which, uniquely then, regarded all men as equal before Justice. His notebooks are a digest of profound reading on government, law, ethics and philosophy. So that when his neighbors in Albemarle County elected the 26-year-old, newly admitted lawyer to

the colonial legislature of Virginia, he was already one of the most deeply read and original thinkers in the land.

And already the people of America were rising to fulfill his ideal of them. In Williamsburg revolution seethed, until in 1774 the royal governor dismissed the rebellious legislature; Jefferson and other members, retiring to a tavern, proceeded without a governor. With Patrick Henry, George Mason, "Lighthorse Harry" Lee (father of Robert E.) and George Washington, Jefferson sent a call to the other colonies to meet in a Continental Congress. As a delegate to it, and head of the committee to draw up a declaration of independence, he could now announce to the world that democratic philosophy which still guides us.

True that others, like Franklin, George Mason and James Wilson, suggested some ideas for the great document. But the noblest and the newest are Jefferson's own. In an earlier statement Congress had claimed our rights to "life, liberty and *property*." Young Jefferson, himself a man of property, struck out the last word and, in the Declaration, substituted what was possible to even the poorest — "the pursuit of happiness." For he believed in happiness and he believed in the people, and he saw that "it is the people's sweat that is to earn all the expenses of the war, and their blood which is to flow."

Refusing a third term in the Con-

tinental Congress, Jefferson modestly went back to the state legislature of Virginia where, he said, he could "do the most good." While the Revolution was fought out on bloody fields, this rugged statesman worked to win the peace. Revising old feudal and bluenose laws to fit the new freedom, he conceived and executed revolutionary changes which became models. He abolished the decree by which the eldest son inherited all, although himself an eldest son; he established a system of free public education and — for the first time in the history of Christendom — separated church and state, thereby securing religious freedom on this continent. "It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience," he warned, "to resist its invasion in others."

During the Revolution, Virginia twice made him its Governor. And once he missed, by five minutes, capture at the hands of Tarleton's raiders. But "Monticello," his home near Charlottesville, was spared by the British because of his humane and courteous treatment of war prisoners.

The war over, Jefferson refused a third term as governor, and in 1783 entered the Congress of the United States. Each session he put in place new and precious building blocks of government. For pounds and shillings he substituted our present system of dollars and cents. He formulated the plan of government for territories not yet states. He, a Virginian, got Virginia to cede to the

federal government all her claims to the present Middle West east of the Mississippi. He succeeded in abolishing slavery at least north of the Ohio, and so probably tipped the balance that would one day save the Union in the Civil War.

Now President Washington sent him to France as ambassador; there he saw the Bastille fall. Next it was as Secretary of State that Washington wanted him. Under Adams he was Vice-President, and in 1801 he became the third President of the United States, the first to be inaugurated in Washington. When he went, alone and unguarded, on foot from Conrad's boardinghouse to the Capitol to take the oath of office, the world saw that a new kind of ruler had appeared in it.

Under Jefferson we paid off a great proportion of the national debt, and yet reduced taxes. On tax policy, "pay as you go" were his very words. The people had the leader they wanted, and they swept him back to a second term on a landslide. In return, he doubled for them the size of the United States. For 15 million dollars he bought from Napoleon everything between the Mississippi and the Rockies. His enemies screamed at the useless extravagance of the Louisiana Purchase. What he had bought was one of the richest parts of the earth — at less than three cents an acre. And he knew what to do with it; he sent Lewis and Clark to carry the flag to the very mouth' of the Columbia

and so thwart the claims of Canada, Mexico and Russia to our Pacific Northwest.

He looked south of our continent too, and saw with rejoicing the beginning of Bolívar's great work of liberation from Spanish oppression. He looked into the future and foreshadowed the good-neighbor policy. He learned to speak Spanish fluently and thought all North Americans should. "I hope to see," he wrote, "a cordial fraternization among all the American nations . . . and their coalescing in an American system of policy. . . . I should rejoice to see the fleets of Brazil and the United States riding together as brethren of the same family, pursuing the same objects."

In 1809 Jefferson once more refused a third term of office, and retired forever from politics to his country estate of Monticello. There for 17 years he exercised his diverse gifts as architect, farmer, inventor, naturalist and philosopher. You may still see in the beautiful old mansion the ingenious gadgets he rigged up, the weather vane with the dial in the hall, the dumb-waiters and tunnels and private staircases, the machine which could write letters in duplicate, and the indoors-and-outdoors clock with cannon-ball counterweights, one for each day in the week. At Monticello he was happy, despite tragic losses; his beloved wife, Martha Skelton, and four of his six children had died in their flower. But Monticello remained to him as

a lifelong passion. An ardent gardener and a scientific farmer, he was ahead of his time in soil conservation and contour plowing; indeed, he invented an excellent plow, and introduced such foreign plants as cork oaks, olives and upland rice, distributing them to experimenters all over the country.

The mansion itself, designed in detail by its master, was 35 years a-building. Jefferson was a born architect; through this most civic and logical of the arts he visibly expressed that power to build which took political form too. Monticello's domes and pillars and symmetrically balanced wings fathered the style called "southern plantation." The architect had early shown his gift when he assisted L'Enfant in designing the federal city; his hand appears in the dome and columns of our national capitol, and the mode thus set was copied in our state capitol and later taken up in Paris and London.

But his pet and pride was the University of Virginia, which he planned down to a brick. Not only did he plot its beautiful buildings and grounds (a model for campuses ever after) but he created the university itself. Breaking with the old classics-and-theology theory of higher education, he laid emphasis on modern languages, liberal arts, the sciences, and a nonsectarian administration. Pedagogues of the day were startled when he founded a chair of agriculture and provided

an astronomical observatory; students were delighted when he instituted the honor system.

His belief in the students was of a piece with his main political faith: that if you give the American people the facts they will act wisely. So he urged the establishment of free circulating libraries for every county in the land; the Library of Congress itself is built upon a nucleus of a personal collection of 13,000 volumes from Monticello. Of all books, he knew best and loved best the greatest one. Indeed, he created a sort of Reader's Digest version of it, known today as the "Jefferson Bible." This is simply the essence of the New Testament, arranged and condensed under the title *The Life and Morals of Jesus*. Thomas Jefferson quietly announced his own religion thus: "I am a Christian in the only sense Christ wished anyone to be — sincerely attached to His doctrine in preference to all others." Out of that simple Christianity was conceived the democracy that he blueprinted.

Yet "Long Tom," as the people affectionately called him, was a fellow livable and lovable. He revered women, adored children, delighted in flowers. He had a boy's curiosity and ingenuity; he had a frontier mind that looked always to the West, the direction of our future. Personally simple in habit, he was lavishly hospitable. Under bitter attack from the party of his political enemies, the Federalists, he

never lost his smiling and tranquil dignity. He disliked party labels. It was Abraham Lincoln, the first Republican President, who said, "The principles of Jefferson are the axioms of a free society." And wise as Jefferson was in the ways of the world, he could yet say honestly, "The glow of one warm thought is worth more to me than money."

It has been said that it would take ten experts to evaluate Thomas Jefferson, to measure the breadth of his mind and the height of his spirit, and to appreciate the many kinds of man he was: Jefferson the architect, Jefferson the philosopher, Jefferson the lawmaker, the inventor, the farmer, the writer, the Bible student and moralist, the naturalist, the diplomat, and Jefferson the leader of what has been called "the second American revolution," the battle of those who believed in the people against those who feared them. But while we are listing experts to appraise our third President, we would need to call up a musician, a mathematician, a linguist, a humorist, a gardener, a lover — and still we haven't turned all the flashing facets of his genius.

History chose the Fourth of July,

1826 — the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence — for the day when Thomas Jefferson entered into immortality. Behind him he left these words: "I shall not die without a hope that light and liberty are on a steady advance. Even should the cloud of barbarism and despotism again obscure the science and liberties of Europe, this country remains to preserve and restore light and liberty to them. . . . The flames kindled on the Fourth of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume them and all who work them."

Tall, kindly, quizzical, a little stooped, he walks among us still, in that simple dress of his, with that friendly but noble bearing. And words that he said when the United States was young are truer now than when he spoke them: "During the greatest of all wars . . . our country will require the union of all its friends to resist its enemies within and without. . . . The only contest between divided friends should be who will dare farthest into the ranks of the common enemy."

*M*RS. Franklin D. Roosevelt tells of having had dinner with the Churchills the night after the Prime Minister sought to electrify his family with the statement, "The Allies are now landing in Africa!"

"I knew about it weeks ago," said his daughter Sarah. "I handled the intelligence between the RAF and the American Air Force."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me?" Mr. Churchill demanded.

"Why, father, I didn't know how much you knew!" — AP

Make "the Fortress Europe" impregnable, says the new Jodi plan, and win the war with U-boats

How Hitler Plans to Win

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Wythe Williams and William van Narvig

ADOLF HITLER still confidently expects to win his war. The Nazi Party is sure of eventual victory, providing that it can keep a firm grip on the German people. The German military, now following the plan of Colonel General Alfred Jodl, believe they can last out a long war if the Nazi Party supplies the facilities it has undertaken to deliver. And the German people, though grumbling, still accept the promises of their political and military leaders. These definite conclusions result from a study of

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WYTHE WILLIAMS spent 26 years in Europe as a correspondent for American newspapers and magazines. Berlin, Paris, London and Geneva became as familiar to him as New York. In his book *Dusk of Empire*, published in 1936, he forecast in detail the coming of the present war. As a radio news commentator during the past several years he has made use of a great deal of information provided by his European sources.

William van Narvig, a Russian officer in the last war, went to Germany in 1939 to investigate the Nazi war machine. He managed to establish reliable contacts with anti-Nazis in the German army, from whom he continues to receive reports.

Mr. Williams and Mr. van Narvig have collaborated on a book, *Secret Sources*, which will be published by Alliance Book Corporation in April. It describes their methods of getting information out of enemy-held territory.

factual reports from reliable anti-Nazi sources within the Reich and subject territories.

To Americans such confidence may seem incredible. We have mobilized seemingly irresistible industrial strength. Statistics show United Nations' manpower resources to be far greater than those of the Axis. We know that our superior sea and air forces have formed a steel ring around what the Nazis now call "the Fortress Europe." In the face of all these odds the Germans, from Hitler down to the last soldier, should have sense enough to know that they can't win. But this is definitely not the case.

The only important modification in the original Nazi war pattern is that Hitler and the German people are no longer confident of a *quick* victory. Today the Supreme Command aims at emerging on top after a grim war of attrition which may run into years. All its current plans are predicated on this conception.

This change-over from blitz to attrition strategy was dictated by the miscarriage in Russia of the German campaign plans. Colonel General Franz Halder, Chief of the General Staff, was the first to put forward the new proposal which

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(The American Legion Magazine, April, '43)

“has now become the keystone of Nazi warfare.

A collapse of the Soviet government after it had weathered the first storm, Halder argued, could no longer be expected. Resumption of offensive warfare in 1942 along the entire front would sap German strength beyond the danger point. Germany was in for a long war: if she expected to emerge victorious, her first consideration was to hold the Fortress Europe at all costs. She must build an agricultural and industrial “Arsenal of the East” — the key to eventual German victory. Unless this plan was carried out, Halder predicted disaster.

Hitler accepted the new plan, with the provision that the Nazi Party control the eastern food supply so as to insure its grip on both the army and the people.

Accordingly, the territories designated as the Arsenal of the East were placed under Nazi civil control. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and White Russia were lumped into the colony of Ostland. To the south, the colony of Ukraine was called into being. To the east, a protective cordon of territory under direct military administration, including the permanent East Wall fortifications, was laid out.

The organization of the two new colonies was only the first step in carrying out the Halder plan. The second was to persuade, or compel, conquered and satellite nations to participate fully in the defense of the Fortress Europe. Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Croatia and Slovakia were assigned their respective quotas of cannon-fodder. The same

nations, plus France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark and Bulgaria, had to deliver additional manpower for production.

The third step was to bully Marshal Pétain into reinstating Pierre Laval so as to give the Nazis complete control over France and a springboard for eventually bringing Spain and Portugal into the Fortress Europe.

Under this totalitarian blueprint of exploitation, Ostland was to deliver food, hemp, industrial alcohol, fodder, barley for coffee substitutes, lumber and increased submarine construction. The Ukraine was to yield vast quantities of sugar, cereals, dairy products, agricultural machinery and rolling stock. Poland was to be converted into a gigantic munitions factory.

Meanwhile, General Halder executed his 1942 military campaign. Virtually its sole objective was to secure the Ukraine against Russian attack, the Ostland being considered relatively safe. Hence the push to the Volga and the Caucasus. In conformity with their manpower-conservation policy, the Nazis employed an increasing number of Italian and Rumanian contingents whose casualties on the southern front amounted to 75 percent of the total.

But on September 1 last, General Halder was suddenly removed as Chief of the General Staff. Colonel General Jodl, now the Reich's dominant military figure, took over. Throughout the summer — at the urging of Hitler, who wanted to get rid of Halder — Jodl had been busy working out a strategic plan of his

own. In doing this he accepted the principle of a war of attrition as evolved by Halder, but added to it a number of features predicated not so much on European as on world strategic considerations. Reduced to simple language, the nine points of the Jodl plan, now in effect, are:

1. Hold the Fortress Europe and its approaches, including the Tunisian bridgehead.

2. Convert Europe into a single military and economic unit.

3. Concentrate all sea warfare on the submarine weapon. Increase the construction of new U-boats to at least 250 a year, or five times the expected maximum losses. Since a U-boat sinks an average of 100,000 tons of shipping during its lifetime, this will compel the Allies to build 25,000,000 tons of shipping annually if they are to keep pace.

4. Conduct all future actions against Russia from a negative point of view — that is, destroy rather than absorb Russian means of existence so as to create an ever-increasing strain on Anglo-American replacement capacity.

5. Shift the center of Reich war industry to the East and immunize facilities needed in the West by constructing concrete underground workshops. Forget about urban residential districts — their bombing will speed the eastward stream of the working population.

6. Increase alien participation in whatever fighting in Russia will be deemed necessary, thus conserving German manpower.

7. Husband the *Luftwaffe's* offensive power, especially in flying personnel, so as to store it up for the day when the Allies undertake their big attempt against the Fortress Europe from the West. Do not be goaded into purely retaliatory air offensives.

8. Maintain and increase the quietly functioning information channels from the United States. Do not antagonize the American people unnecessarily with industrial sabotage or token bombings. It is more profitable to sink the finished American products in the thousands of miles of vulnerable sea lanes than it is to hamper their production at home.

9. Concentrate propaganda to America on this sinking wastage, pounding home facts and figures. Then the American people will



wake up to the fact that the products of their toil are thrown to an insatiable Moloch and that they are becoming a nation of paupers. This trend will increase if the Anglo-American attempt against the Fortress Europe is made and repulsed with bloody losses. The way will then be open for an understanding.

Such, in substance and actual citation, is the Jodl plan. General Jodl has told the Nazis in unmistakable language that its success is entirely contingent upon their organization of the Arsenal of the East and the outcome of the greater U-boat campaign.

The Nazis have undertaken to deliver. U-boats are being launched at a rate of almost one a day. Fresh crews are in constant training. Vast new underground garages, virtually indestructible by bombing, are being blasted out of rock or built of concrete walls 10 feet thick.

The U-boat itself has been given more efficiency, cruising range, armament and maneuverability. It is now of such exceptionally sturdy construction that it can submerge to 600 feet, beyond the limit of ordinary depth charges. Diesel engines of a new design eliminate heavy electric motors and storage batteries, thus providing greater maneuverability as well as additional space for torpedoes. Smaller tubes permit standardization of torpedo manufacture for aircraft, torpedo boats and submarines. Retractable deck guns can open fire almost at the split second of coming to the surface, with the fire power of a corvette.

These new U-boats no longer

hunt singly or in small packs, but frequently in flotillas of 12 or more. The originator of this hunting tactic, Admiral Karl Dönitz, has recently been made Grand Admiral of the German navy.

The Nazis are also feverishly active in building their Arsenal of the East. They have thrown their full organizational effort into Ostland and the Ukraine, sending in an agricultural population of more than 800,000, recruited in central and western Europe. They are drawing on Russian prisoners of war and on the native population. Four out of every five women under 50 years of age in occupied Russia have been harnessed for hard physical labor. Children 12 years old and up — sometimes even younger — must put in a full day's work.

Thus we see the Fortress Europe, as envisioned in the Jodl plan, protected in the West by a formidable triple chain of fortifications from the North Cape of Norway to the Spanish border, now being augmented by similar ramparts along the French and Italian Mediterranean coasts to Greece; defended in the East by a belt of hedgehog defenses on the Russian front maintained by the *Wehrmacht* with a prodigious sprinkling of satellite soldiery and pushed forward gradually year after year; in the center, the huge sweatshop of a continent at war; and, to feed and maintain that sweatshop, an Arsenal of the East based on ruthless exploitation of the soil and its children.

Plainly the key to German staying power lies in the East. As the Russian winter offensive demon-

strated, this key is still anything but safe. It is for this reason that Russian successes have given the Nazis an acute case of the jitters — more so than the American and British operations in North Africa. It is also for this reason that the *Wehrmacht* is now gathering every ounce of its still formidable striking power

for an all-out effort at crushing Russia this coming summer.

For, if the Russians should penetrate the Arsenal of the East and seriously impair its output, Hitler well knows, and planner Jodl agrees, that over the entire Nazi show the final curtain is bound to fall.

Sketches in Black and White

A SMALL Negro schoolboy gave his teachers no end of trouble. When discipline failed, the teachers finally called his mother in. Each teacher told her complaint.

One said he stole money, to which the mother replied, "Jes' like his pa."

Another said he lied. "Jes' like his pa."

Another said he swore. The Negro woman sighed. "Jes' like his pa. Ah sho is glad Ah nebbah did marry dat man!"

— Contributed by Gyda Magelssen

THE OLD Negro laundress came one day with a tale of woe. "Cheer up, Mandy," said her mistress consolingly. "There's no use worrying."

"How come dere's no use in worryin'?" she demanded.

"When de good Lawd send me tribulation He 'spect me to tribulate, ain't He?"

— *Public Speaker's Treasure Chest*, edited by Herbert V. Prochnow (Harper)

JACKSON, our Negro handyman, told fabulous stories of his "adventures" in colorful superlatives. When he felt good he felt "hoppier den a frog's hind legs," and when he was mad he was "madder den a bee what's stung hisself by mistake." Once in telling us of a graveyard adventure, he cast around for the proper metaphor to impress us with his fright.

"You know how sca'ed Ah was?" he demanded. "Ah was so sca'ed dat nex' mornin' when de sun come up blame if Ah hadn't gone an' —"

"You, Jackson!" Sarah, the cook, snorted. "I suppose you gonna say you was so scared you turned *white*!"

Jackson drew himself up with dignity. "Of co'se Ah hadn' turned white," he said. "But mah shadow had." — Contributed by Robert Arthur



Queens Die Proudly

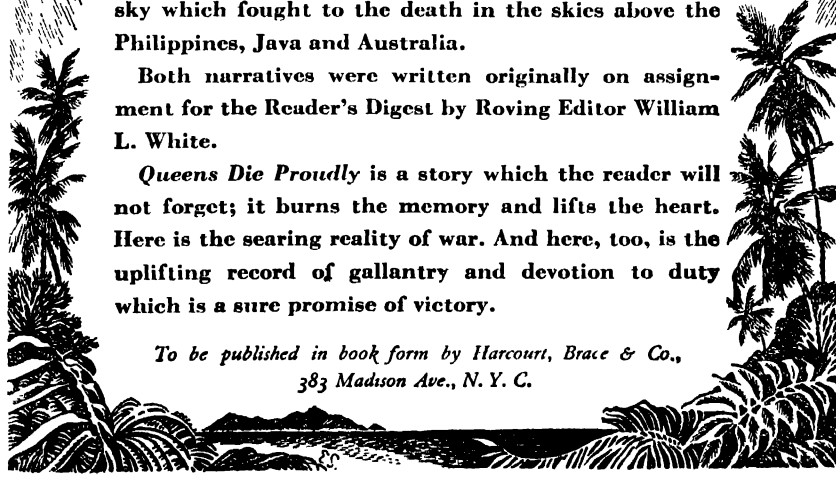
William L. White

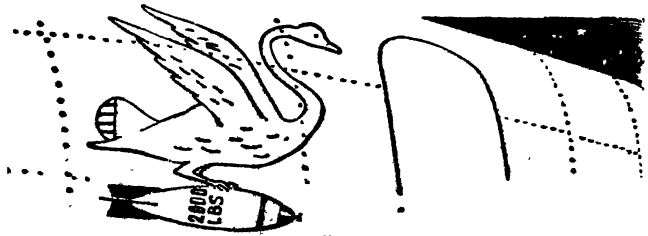
They Were Expendable, the epic of a Motor Torpedo Boat squadron in the Philippines, was perhaps the most sensationally successful war book of 1942. *Queens Die Proudly* seems destined to win equal acclaim. For this is the story of the Flying Fortresses, those queens of the sky which fought to the death in the skies above the Philippines, Java and Australia.

Both narratives were written originally on assignment for the Reader's Digest by Roving Editor William L. White.

Queens Die Proudly is a story which the reader will not forget; it burns the memory and lifts the heart. Here is the searing reality of war. And here, too, is the uplifting record of gallantry and devotion to duty which is a sure promise of victory.

To be published in book form by Harcourt, Brace & Co.,
383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.





"THE SWOOSE" IT FLIES?

THE GRIZZLED old Flying Fortress stood on the runway of an American airfield, presently to depart for another continent and another war zone. Those scratches on her running gear were made by sand grains of Wake Island when she was on her way to the Far East before the war. That little dent on her wing was made by a spent bomb fragment the day the war began, when the Japanese destroyed all but a very few of our Far Eastern Air Force planes on Clark Field in the Philippines. She was one of those few. Her battle paint was later blistered by the sun high over Java, and in the Australian desert. Now, her guns removed, she is an old war horse turned out to

pasture, the private plane of Lieutenant General

George H. Brett.

On her side is a jaunty emblem daubed there by the hand of some boy, unknown now and probably dead — the outline of a misshapen bird, "The Swoose — Half Swan and Half Goose" — taken from a Walt Disney jingle, and beneath it the skeptical legend: "It Flies?"

It did; for countless miles through cloud-canyons, over oceans and islands of the war zone. Now, in the shade of her wing sit six who have a story to tell. The pilot is Frank Kurtz, former American Olympic high diver, who a year ago was a lieutenant in the 19th Bombardment Group, and who now holds the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Silver Star, and is a lieutenant colonel at the age of thirty-one.

The others are Margo, his pretty, blonde, blue-eyed wife, and Captain Harry Schrieber, his navigator; Sergeant Charlie Reeves, his bombardier; Sergeant Rowland Boone, his gunner; and Sergeant "Red" Varner, who, as crew chief of The Swoose, lords it over the ground crews who swarm over her to check her engines when she hits the ground.

Frank, the pilot, paces up and

WILLIAM L. WHITE, co-publisher of the *Emporia Gazette* with his father, William Allen White, is also one of America's great war reporters. He went to Europe in 1939 as a war correspondent for 40 newspapers and the Columbia Broadcasting System, and his vivid accounts of what he saw won him both a broadcasting award and a place in several anthologies. Among the memorable stories he wrote during 1941 were two which appeared first in *The Reader's Digest*: *London Fire, 1940* (March, 1941) and *Journey for Margaret* (November, 1941). Last year came his inspiring saga of the PT boats, *They Were Expendable*, written first for *The Reader's Digest* (September, 1942), and later expanded into the phenomenally successful book.

down. It isn't easy for him to talk.

"I hardly know where the story begins," he says. "Maybe with The Swoose. Yet she wasn't my plane at first. I think it begins with Old 99, my very first plane, and with Tex, my first co-pilot and the rest of my first crew, that I saw lying there on Clark Field — eight in a line. That's what I found after the Jap bombers left, when I jumped on my bike and rode down the runway through the smoke of the other burning Fortresses, to see what had happened to Old 99.

"Only if I begin here, maybe nobody would understand what his plane and his crew mean to a pilot; that it's like his home and his family. The plane isn't something that belongs to the government. It's Old 99, the beautiful *new* Flying Fortress that belongs to all of you. It's more than your home — it's, well, a kind of sweetheart. All of you picked her up off the assembly line at the Boeing plant where she was born — a beautiful smooth, shining naked thing. Then all of you took her up over the clouds and wrapped that blue star-spangled gown of the skies around her, which is the way every Fortress ought to be dressed, because they're the queens of the high skies.

"And you're so damn proud of her, all of you. Everybody admits a Fortress is the best ship in the business, so there isn't anything any of you won't do — pilots and grease-balls of the ground crew alike — to keep her polished and adjusted and

ticking like the high-precision watch she was when you got her.

"Well, there was a rise in the runway on Clark Field and as I pedaled up it, my heart suddenly gave a big pound because there ahead was Old 99's vertical stabilizer — the big curve of her tail rising high like a game salmon's tail fin — gleaming above the runway. So I pumped the bike a few times more, being thankful it was a good American bike instead of the junky Jap copies that are so cheap in Manila, only my God then . . . just then . . .

"I don't know whether I got off the bike, or fell off. All I can remember is walking over the field, slowly, toward her; afraid to come too close, too fast. All that is left whole is that tall silver tail still up in the air!

"Her poor old ribs black, twisted now; and with the aluminum skin melted off them so her carcass is naked, and you can see right through into the pilot's compartment, where Tex and I sat. Her four motors tumbled forward onto the ground — everything about Old 99 still there, only melted and bent, and her back sagging and broken — like you would take a delicate silver flying fish between your fists and break its back and drop it on the ground to die.

"Everything there, only something else, too. And I couldn't make out what it was. Yet I must have guessed. Because I began to feel sick at my heart and my stomach when I saw that curious, half-burned bundle, lying under the crumpled wing, and as

I got closer I couldn't even deny to myself what it was. One of my crew. Lying under there. And right beside him another. But only after I had walked around the tail could I see the eight in a line.

"There they were, lying so very still on this beautiful quiet day, my eight boys of Old 99's crew in a senseless, irregular line toward the woods, to which they had been running for shelter when they all had been killed at once, and left sprawling as they died.

"I remember standing there by the tail and counting: one, two, three, and so on up to eight — my boys, and each one I knew. I could see it but not realize it even though I knew them so well — knew which ones would have their wives' and girls' crumpled pictures in their pockets. I remember going along the line from one to the other, talking to each the way I always would, and patting him on the shoulder, because for me they weren't dead yet. And crying. I'm not ashamed of that.

"Talking to each, from good old Sergeant Burgess who was nearest the plane, on down the line to dear old Tex, my co-pilot at the very end with all his clothes torn off by the blast. I recognized his shoulders. They were a fighter's big broad shoulders — Tex had been boxing champion of Texas A & M. It was like that other crash back in the States where two of them burned up, but I identified Kenny by his legs — remember, Margo, I told the flight surgeon they were

quarter-miler's legs, and it could only be Kenny? Darling, is this bothering you?"

"If it did, dear, I wouldn't have married you," said the pilot's wife.

"Good-natured, devil-may-care Tex — on hot days he would fly Old 99 naked except for a pair of shorts, sitting beside me sweating like a mule and cussing the tropical sun — I loved the guy like a brother.

"So maybe for me it begins when I got to where Tex was lying, and sat down by him to talk it over, lifting his curly head with one hand and patting his hairy back with the other. It was still soft and warm. It wasn't a body yet. It was Tex himself at the end of that sprawling line. I told him I didn't know why this had happened any more than he did. But regardless of that, he must understand this wasn't the end. We weren't licked; it was only the beginning, and from now on we would get to work, all of us, and win. I told him that whatever plane they gave me later, Old 99 would be flying right in the formation, and on night missions I would always see Old 99's wing lights beside me, and know that she was protecting me with her crossfire, knocking down Zeros that tried to climb onto my tail. Yes, maybe that's where the story begins."

"But, honey," said Margo, "it begins months and months before that — at least for wives of men in the air corps. Even before the war, there were all those training accidents; they couldn't be helped, I

know — they were trying so hard to train enough pilots to fly four-motored ships for the war they knew was coming.

"An inexperienced boy who gets lost in fog and crashes into a mountain is just as much a hero to his wife as a pilot shot down on a mission. Since the war, death comes jingling with medals and tied up in pretty campaign ribbons. But we who knew the air corps before the war got our training in facing death when it wasn't so prettily packaged.

"I remember, at March Field, when they had to tell poor little Dorothy Ward her husband had been killed. I heard they went to her house and she answered the door looking very pretty — but flustered because she had her hair up in curlers, all ready for the Saturday night dance, and why were these people coming to call at noon? One of the boys started to tell her but couldn't even get through it, and started crying himself.

"But the Saturday night dance had to go on as usual. Naturally a few of Dorothy's closest friends stayed with her, but it's part of the air corps that everybody carries on in spite of how they feel, the girls in

evening dresses trying to look their prettiest to please their husbands and keep them from brooding.

"You know, when your husband takes off on a mission, that these are the bravest, strongest boys in the world, quickest in body and mind. You drive him to the airport, and kiss him goodbye — right in front of everybody — nobody's ashamed of those airport kisses. If sometimes we lose our husbands we don't often lose them in the divorce courts. And the dangerous work they're doing now is making those dizzy cloud-canyons safe for the rest of the world in the years to come. Watching your husband dwindle into the distance you know you would not take anything in the world for the man you have, and the air corps that you are a part of. You're ashamed of any moments of weakness, and the other girls are welcome to stodgy men who leave regularly at eight and always get back at five. Yes, that's how I felt when Frank was ordered to take his Fortress to the Philippines, and I had to stay behind."

"That was in October," said Frank. "And presently, after stopping at Pearl Harbor and Wake, we were

(Continued on page 113)

The Japs strike Clark Field. . . . A crippled American force hits back. . . . Colin Kelly, Shorty Wheless, Buzz Wagner. . . . Christmas in the Australian desert. . . . A story of blazing action, of how the Fortresses fight, and of life and death with the men who serve the "queens of the sky."

Feed the Starving Now

Condensed from Collier's

Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

Food is being sent through the Allied blockade to the starving Greeks. We can rejoice that this heroic people is being saved from annihilation. The operation, under neutral supervision, is certified by our government not to benefit the Axis. Americans can rejoice in the wisdom that led to this total reversal of our government policy on relief.

The success of the Greek relief operation — though on a scale our government describes as “still woefully inadequate” — has confirmed the experience of the last war when ten million Belgians and French living under German occupation were fed; and it has demonstrated that it is possible to help our friends and allies without weakening the war effort. In view of this the time has come to decide, before it is too late, what we are going to do for 50,000,000 starving people (including 12,000,000 children) in Belgium, Holland, Norway and Poland.

The slowly increasing trickle of help to Greece began in the summer of 1941. Its beginning is significant. When disaster overtook Greece and starvation spread, Turkey considered it had a moral obligation to its neighbor and age-old enemy. The Turkish ambassador was instructed to urge the British government that

relief operations be allowed for the Greeks. He received the customary reply, enumerating the usual arguments against any help for populations under Nazi occupation. A short time later he received instructions from Ankara to inform the British Foreign Office that on such and such a date, such and such ships loaded with food would sail from Turkish ports for Greece.

This did the trick. Turkey, as a highly important neutral, could not be antagonized. Not only were the ships allowed to go through, but when experience proved that the operation in no way benefited the Nazis, the volume of relief was increased and financial facilities were provided by Britain and America. The whole operation was regularized by Swedish and Swiss authorities and placed under the guardianship of the International Red Cross, exactly as the writers of this article proposed 18 months ago. Civilization may well be grateful to the Turks for opening the door to reason and compassion.

Both compassion and loyalty dictate that we should try to do as much for other allies in desperate straits. No vital Allied shipping would be required, because Swedish ships are available to transport the food, and Allied food stocks would not be

diminished because the food could be obtained in South America. The system would not be burdensome to American taxpayers because most of the occupied countries have funds with which to pay for food.

Time will prove how tragic was our failure to institute suitable measures of relief while we could still have saved millions from tuberculosis, rickets, and physical and mental degeneration. Recent reports give the combined meat and fat rations in Norway as three pounds per person per month; in Belgium, two pounds; in Poland, one and a half pounds. In the United States we consume an average of 20 pounds per person per month.

This is not "food shortage." It is *starvation*. Starved people degenerate in their resistance to disease, and disease is rampant. There are typhus and tuberculosis in Polish cities. In a Belgian industrial district recently surveyed, 30 percent of the children are tuberculous and an additional 40 percent pretuberculous. And there is an appalling increase in mortality of children, women, the aged and the weak.

These grim clinical figures represent children like yours and mine, with the same right to life and health and happiness, now slipping toward a miserable end for lack of food.

The smaller democracies feel strongly and bitterly on the subject. One instance may be given: Since 1940, the Norwegian merchant fleet has been used to carry food and sup-

plies to Britain and to fighting fronts. A few months ago Norwegian seamen in New York, through their organizations and unions, made strong representations to their government in regard to the food problem in Norway. After consultation with the authorities, they decided not to strike "at present." They were, however, emphatic in saying that they did not propose to go home at the end of the war and "have to go to the churchyards and find the crosses of their dear ones who have died of hunger."

For two years there has been a systematic campaign to defeat the relief movement. It has been characterized by irresponsible and deliberate misrepresentation and hysterical denunciation. A stand-by claim is that the exiled governments and the people in occupied territory are opposed to relief, and that thousands of letters deploring the sending of food have been received. Does it sound strange that starving people should take such a stand? Has anybody seen *one* of these letters? The writers of this article have not, but they *have* seen multitudes of letters and cables from relief agencies inside those countries — *all* of them praying for relief in terms the pathos of which would melt stone.

The starving people in occupied territory know that relief is feasible, for many of them owe their lives to its successful operation in the last war. They know that the Greeks are being fed and that they too could be

fed. They have the bitter knowledge that the enemy in Germany always has the opportunity of surrendering to avoid starvation, but that they are deprived of even that miserable privilege. They are not moved by broadcast promises that they will be fed when the war is over or when they have thrown off the Nazi yoke, for that does not save them now.

A letter just received describes a visit to a Belgian village:

"I went on an independent mission to Belgium, taking an ambulance filled with food given me by Americans leaving Paris. I found conditions in the few towns I was able to visit far worse than described. In one of them, a town of perhaps 5000, the people stood on the market square, completely quiet, completely immobile, until the ambulance stopped. Then they threw themselves at us, tearing our clothes to shreds, almost upsetting the ambulance in their efforts to reach the food.

"When I screamed for them to be quiet there was a momentary silence and a woman answered, 'Quiet? It is easy for you to say quiet. Our children are starving — starving, do you hear?' And at that the whole thing started all over again, only worse.

"Finally the town elders managed to get them to line up and wait their turn. I visited many houses in this town; a woman told me that the death toll until then was near 560."

Our government has taken an admirable step in appointing ex-Governor Herbert Lehman of New York to organize American aid to reconstruction. The first step would seem to be to save the small democracies from destruction. This would be a glorious inauguration of his mission. It would justify the religious faith for which we are fighting — for that faith lives only through action and compassion.

Our decision involves even more than dying children and starving millions. If we take the wrong turning now, we shall come one day to find a strange Europe in which our defeated enemies alone have health and stamina, in which our friends are weakened in health and character, and perhaps embittered — a Europe which will thwart our efforts at building a better world after the war.

If we take the right turning now, we may save all that remains on the continent of Europe that stands for what we stand for — the forces on which we must count if liberty and decency are to prevail.



*F*OR a man to pretend to understand women is bad manners;
for him really to understand them is bad morals. — Henry James



Life in These United States



MILLIONS of Americans suffer from red noses, and it would be a comfort to them to be armed against persons curious as to the cause of this minor affliction. Such a weapon is given them by an old lumberman of Freeland, Michigan, on the banks of the Tittabawassee River. For a long time the luminous condition of his proboscis had subjected him to village taunts. One morning as he approached the tavern for his pick-me-up, a righteous citizen asked him: "What is it, Ed, that makes your nose so red?"

"Blushing with pride at the way it keeps out of other folks' business," replied the old follower of Paul Bunyan.

— Paul de Kruif

A FRIEND of mine stopped in a country store in Tennessee just as a farmer came in and asked the storekeeper for a line of credit.

"Wilbur," said the storekeeper, "are you doing any fencing this spring?"

"Yes, Uncle Jake, I am."

"Are you fencing in or fencing out?"

"Fencing out, Uncle Jake. I'm taking in that old woodlot, down by the creek."

"All right, go in and tell Henry to give you what you need."

My friend couldn't make much sense of this. "I've seen all kinds of credit systems," he told "Uncle Jake," "but never one like that. How does it work?"

"Well," said the storekeeper, "if he's fencing in, that means the quackgrass and the broomsage and the sassafras is getting the best of him. If he's fencing out, then it means he's whipping *them*.

It means he's winning; the fight. I always give credit to a man that's fencing out."

— Robert M. Yoder

COUNTRY LAWYERS work harder for their money than their city brethren, and expect less. Fortunately most of them develop a sense of humor. One drove ten miles one November day to make out a will for a notorious skinflint who never let a nickel drop without a prolonged struggle.

When the lawyer returned home he said to his wife, "Well, I did a good day's work. Made out a will and drew up a couple of deeds to boot for old man Haskell. Charged him 50 cents."

"What?" cried his wife. "You don't mean it!"

"Figured that was all I could afford to lose," said her husband drily.

— Royal Browne

A LIFELONG MEMBER of San Francisco's famous Bohemian Club, ex-President Hoover seldom misses a summer encampment in the redwood forest. On a recent occasion, when he was entertaining a number of distinguished guests, a Bohemian trudged up to the Hoover camp at high noon, lugging a tripod covered by a black cloth.

Explaining that he desired photographs for the club archives, he dragged everybody out into the blazing sun, and spent long tedious minutes posing the group first one way and then another. Time after time he ducked under the black cloth, but each time shook his head and dashed back for some new ar-

rangement. After a full half hour, when the whole bunch was bathed in perspiration, the black cloth fell off, showing nothing on the tripod but a gasoline tin. Mr. Hoover and his friends joined in the laughter that rang through the grove, and only a visiting European refused to see any humor in it. He left still wondering how anyone dared to take such liberties with an ex-President.

— George Creel

SOUTHERN COURTESY is proverbial but it often surprises Northerners. A Boston woman and her husband motoring along the Blue Ridge Mountains stopped at a little country drugstore for milk shakes.

"I never saw more beautiful scenery than we passed through this morning," the woman said to her husband as they waited.

A group of lanky mountaineers stood by the cigar counter. As one man they turned, doffed their soft hats and, bowing low, said:

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am."

— Royal Brown

IT COULD have happened only in Maine where "characters" are legion. Joe, a 16-year-old with a strong back, was hired to mow our lawn each Saturday throughout the summer. Came a Saturday with no Joe. On Sunday my uncle and I drove out to the shack where Joe and his several sisters and brothers and mother lived. There was Joe sitting on the step. My uncle yelled to him from the car, "Joe, why didn't you show up Saturday?" Joe said calmly, "Diden feel like it." My uncle said, "Joe, will you come over tomorrow and mow our lawn?" "Nope." "Now, Joe, you know your mother needs the

money. Will you do it?" "Nope wunt." "Joe, for the last time, will you mow that lawn and earn your money or will I have to get another boy to it?" With equal finality Joe said, "No I wunt do it. But you tell my ma she'll make me do it."

So we did and she did and he did.

— Olin H. C

PIONEER-STOCK New Englanders pay little attention to either the Biblical span of life or life insurance tables. As far as they are concerned, a man who died of a natural death at 70 has been cut off in his youth. I spent a number of years in a New Hampshire village where for 30 and 40 years there was nothing to be said about. The oldest man in the village, then 101, drove to Keene twice a week to attend meetings of bank directors and read his Greek lexicon daily. He was also courting a comely young widow a few years his junior when he died, as a result of an accident followed by pneumonia.

His death was unexpected and shook some of his juniors. One young fellow of 80-odd came into the general store which the deceased had founded. I was asked how he was feeling. He said:

"Not so good these days. I seem to have an ache and sort of a misery in my bones. I wouldn't have thought much about them but Squire Barker's death has sort of got me thinking."

At that point a man who had just passed his 96th birthday and had every intention of running along indefinitely rose from his chair near the stove and clapped the worried one on the back.

"Don't you fret, Cap'n. I had the same feelings when I was your age—but I outgrew them, and so'll you."

— Royal Brown

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER in East Texas was climbing up to his cab one day when an enemy slipped up behind him and fired six shots into his back, killing him instantly. The man was convicted, without much trouble, of murder in the first degree. Some months later, in Austin, I had lunch with a judge of the appellate court which was hearing this man's appeal.

"The law is a funny thing," said the judge, smiling. "Don't tell anybody, but I'm afraid we're going to have to reverse the conviction."

But how could that be? I wanted to know. The grudge was trivial, the man had a bad record, there were no extenuating circumstances.

"You forget something," said the judge. "If you remember the case, you'll recall that the engineer, at the time he was killed, had both hands on the supports leading up to his cab. He was clearly fixing to throw that big locomotive at that poor little man back of him. Obviously a case of self-defense."

— Stanley Walker

YOU WOULD have thought the dilapidated farmhouse abandoned, but for the bucksaw at the wood pile and

the woman's nightgown on the line. And when the man came out you'd have taken him for 80. He was 59, he told me later. I had come to order wood: he asked me in.

The kitchen was a small and dark room, with the shades drawn. There was a bed in the corner and in it, propped up on pillows, was a sweet-faced little old woman so emaciated as to suggest transparency. She was a helpless, hopeless victim of inflammatory rheumatism.

"You know she weighs no mor'n 70 pounds," he told me when we'd gone outdoors again. "And when she was a girl and I was courtin' her they called her the 'baby elephant' — she was so plump and 10sy. . . . It's ten years she's been like that. Yes, I do everything for her. It isn't much. I only hope," he added after a little reflection, scarcely addressing me, "that she goes first."

"Yes!" I burst in. "You have earned a rest."

He didn't hear me, for he continued, almost as though to himself: "Because — when I'm gone I don't think there'd be anybody to take that good care of her."

— Rockwell Kent



The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote acceptable for this new feature, The Reader's Digest will pay \$100. Contributions must be true, revelatory and unpublished human interest incidents, drawn from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address "Life in These United States" Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

You've heard the songs of Gracie Fields — entertainment idol of Britain and America; here's the story of her phenomenal career.

'Our Gracie'

Condensed from
Movie-Radio Guide

By
Hildegard Dolson



AT AN army camp in Arizona last summer, hot, homesick soldiers perked up when informed that "a famous star" had arrived to entertain them. In the theater, necks stretched to glimpse some Hollywood chassis, then drooped when an unglamorous, fortyish blonde strode out on the stage. There were resentful whispers of "Who's the dame?"

Ten encores later, the cheering, stomping, whistling men were supporting England's Gracie Fields, the world's highest-paid entertainer, in the style to which she had long been accustomed.

To her millions of admirers in Britain, the singing ex-millworker from Lancashire is known simply as "Our Gracie." To Americans she has become John Bull's best good-will ambassador. Since she came to this country in 1940, she has raised a half million dollars for British war victims, and has brought joy unalloyed to thousands of American boys in

camp. In recognition whereof, German propagandists have declared that Gracie Fields should be considered a "British war industry." "Now I'm a blinkin' military hobbejive!" exclaimed

Gracie, flattered at the honor.

People who expect to see a ruddy, horse-faced buffoon are surprised to find that the fair-skinned, five-foot-five Miss Fields is downright handsome when she's not making faces. Off stage, her normal stride is strongly reminiscent of a commuter going hell-bent for the 7:55. As a friend once said, "Gracie always looks as though she'd just slid down the banisters." Her own idea of a chic ensemble is to grab whatever is handiest in the closet.

She has a salty good humor, an honest preference for everyday people, and a stubborn dislike of "puttin' on airs." In conversation, she says exactly what she thinks and lets the raised eyebrows fall where they may. Once, when a fluttery female marveled that England's top star

was traveling without a maid, Gracie smiled dangerously. "Yes, isn't it vulgah?" she said. "I even wash me own pants."

On stage, Gracie admits her age (45) blithely to audiences, and says, "Me hair is blonde but I touch it up, I do." She punctuates her songs with a rowdy high-kick or a cartwheel, groans loudly after telling a corny joke, and does a ribald imitation of a coloratura soprano hoisted on her own bridgework.

From a shilling a week to \$780,000 a year is a nice jump, if you can make it. Gracie made it. She was born in 1898 in Rochdale, Lancashire. Her father, Fred Stansfield, was a mechanic and handy man; her mother, incurably stage-struck, did laundry for theatrical troupers and taught her four children to sing almost before they crawled out of the cradle.

At the age of 12 Gracie toured the provinces briefly as one of "Clara Coverdale's Dainty Dots." Truant officers caught up with the troupe, however, and sent the underage songstress back to school. Soon afterward she went into the Rochdale mill as a cotton winder. This job provided invaluable exercise for her lungs, as she sang above the screech of machines to entertain co-workers. When she was caught giving an all-too-realistic imitation of the foreman, the mills of the gods ground fast. As Gracie placidly puts it, "I was asked for me resignation."

The Lancashire Lark's next job

was dancing in the chorus of a vaudeville troupe. One night she was given a solo turn, mimicking popular stars. Her number stopped the show; and it wasn't long before the lusty-voiced youngster was picked for the lead in a musical revue to play the provinces. The name of 17-year-old Gracie Fields went up in modest lights.

Then Archie Pitt, the comedian playing opposite Gracie, wrote a revue especially for her. *Mr. Tower of London* was a seven-year smash hit, and its star ditto. After touring the provinces at a cozy salary of \$500 a week (and marrying Archie Pitt en route) the lass from Lancashire spent five gusty and happy years in London's smart West End.

Wooed by a fancy sum and urgent cables, Miss Fields appeared in 1928 at New York's big-name vaudeville mecca, the Palace. Her first American audiences sat on their hands during her two weeks' engagement. "I was tryin' to be a bloomin' American instead of bein' meself," she told a friend gloomily, on her return home.

Bein' herself in England continued to pay handsomely. At the Palladium and Coliseum, London's fanciest music halls, her salary hit \$5000 a week. Besides giving two vaudeville shows a day, she sang at prisons, hospitals and veterans' homes, and presented impromptu performances from her hotel window at midnight, when crowds gathered below, screaming "Gracie! Give us a song!"

In 1931 her first movie, *Sally in*

Our Alley, hit the jack pot all over the British Empire. Rochdale held a celebration when her four-millionth phonograph record was made, and proud home-town citizens presented her with "The Freedom of Rochdale," which entitles the holder to a silver burial casket and free tram rides. The delighted Gracie reciprocated by hiring a hall and inviting 500 of the townsfolk up to London, for high tea. It was very high indeed.

Probably her most spectacular honor came in 1938, when, at Buckingham Palace, King George presented her with the rose-colored ribbon and badge signifying "Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire." Later Gracie, having picked up a bit of American slang, remarked to friends, "I'm glad they didn't make me a Dame. It would sound a bit racy, it would."

Gracie's father, who had warned her sternly, "Lass, whatever you do, don't be gettin' stook oop," must have been gratified at his offspring's democratic ways. Once, heckled by "me fast-talkin' in-laws," she purchased a maroon Rolls Royce, complete with liveried chauffeur. After one ride in this splendor, she told her husband morosely that she "felt like Marie Antoinette makin' ready to get me neck chopped." After that, neighbors enjoyed watching Miss Fields' relatives riding magnificently down the street in the Rolls, while behind it came a secondhand Ford, with Gracie at the wheel.

About the time that her income

from vaudeville, movies and recordings went above \$750,000 a year, she boarded a bus late one evening in London. The driver, recognizing his famous fare with "Cor, if it ain't Gracie," solicitously inquired her destination. Then he faced the other passengers. "We're goin' to turn off at the next corner and take Gracie home," he announced. "Those not in favor will git off the bus." At 3 a.m., all 20 passengers and the bus driver were draped around a piano in her Charing Cross home, indulging in melodious part-singing.

In the summer of 1939, while war clouds closed down, London newsstands carried huge posters giving daily bulletins on Gracie Fields, who was dangerously ill. Anxious friends thronging the hospital corridors included a top British industrialist, a bus boy, and Queen Mary.

When war broke out, her doctor warned her, "You won't be working for another year, young lady." A month later she was singing lustily at eight or more army camps a day. On Christmas Eve she sang the songs of England for homesick men in France and Belgium.

After Dunkirk, she sailed for this country to tour for British war charities. In addition to working without salary, she paid the expenses of an accompanist and secretary. Before her first concert, in Salt Lake City's Tabernacle, British advisers cautioned her to choose her songs with care. "Mormons, you know. May not laugh at the same things."

But Miss Fields said, "If these Americans can take Bob Hope, they can take *me*, they can." A Salt Lake City columnist next day wrote, "If England wanted to borrow 50 destroyers, why did they send diplomats? Why not just give us Gracie Fields, and they can borrow our whole navy."

Last spring, after more than two years of singing at army camps and hospitals, plus "doin' me bit" for British causes, the world's highest-paid entertainer found herself flat broke. She took a lucrative fling in a Shubert revue on Broadway. Reviewers exclaimed with surprise that "her voice has great sweetness and range." (It makes her mad when Americans try to pigeonhole her as a "fall-on-me-be'ind" buffoon.) Then she dashed off for a Victory Loan tour of Canada.

She is now heard over the radio 15 minutes a night, Mondays through Fridays. At the start of the broadcasts last October, agency executives called at her hotel room for the first of what they planned as a daily series of program conferences with their star. In no time they were engulfed in a bedlam of visiting British tars, benefit committees, song writers banging out their wares on the piano, and in the midst of it all Gracie, beaming. "After a week, we just abandoned the conference idea as unfeasible," one executive has said, with restraint.

There are those who say that Miss Fields, like all natural phenomena,

must be seen to be appreciated. Radio listeners thought not. When she began her broadcasts, she was on the air only five minutes a night. Listeners lost no time in demanding more. One woman wrote tartly, "She's a wonderfully talented girl, and if you can't give her a longer program, *somebody else will*." Another wrote Miss Fields, "Do drop in any time for dinner," and added, "You're so natural and unspoiled, dear. Don't let success go to your head." A press agent said with awe, after dipping into a pile of this mail, "Most of these people don't even know who Gracie Fields is. They just *like* her."

And the sponsor, a practical man who can also read, upped the five-minute show to 15.

As a singer who has made more money than the King of England, the star's spending habits are magnificently erratic. Plus a villa in Capri and two houses in England, and an orphanage of which she is the sole support, she has recently acquired a rambly, handsome place in Santa Monica, California. To furnish this, Gracie haunted local secondhand stores for bargains. "I got this couch, the lamp, and two chairs all for \$59," she brags. When she shops for a purse or a lipstick, clerks are often bug-eyed at her casual request to "wrap up three dozen more just like it" — for friends and relatives all over the globe. Indifferent to jewelry, she quivers like a bird dog when she gets near fine china.

In addition to Gracie and her second husband, actor-director Monty Banks, the household consists of her parents, two secretaries (one British, one American), a chow dog, and a procession of house guests who stay from a month to a year.

Her mother likes to warn her, "The public's fickle, Gracie," on the theory that this helps keep a girl on her toes. But it still takes both secretaries to handle the fan mail arriving daily from all over America and England.

During a recent flying trip back to England at Churchill's cabled re-

quest, she sang in war factories all over the British Isles, then paid a visit to a big naval base. Before her concert, officers lined up 16 warships in a row, facing one small launch which served as a stage. While thousands of sailors hung over the ships' rails, Gracie, standing below in the tiny boat, bellowed out their favorite songs. It is rumored that even the Germans across the North Sea heard her that day, singing the most popular of her 300 songs: "They're going to 'ang old 'Itler from the very 'ighest bough of *The Biggest Aspidistra in the World.*"



That's the Spirit!

❧ COLONEL LeRoy Hunt of the Marine Corps was asked about his impressive row of decorations. "Oh," he said quickly, "I just worked my way through school and sold some magazine subscriptions and they gave me something for it."

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

❧ A BRITISH tar recently described how it felt to be torpedoed: "A bump, a swim, and a pickup."

— Louis Sobol in N. Y. *Journal-American*

❧ THE U. S. submarine *Sturgeon* radioed to its flagship after sinking its first Jap ship: "*Sturgeon* no longer virgin."

— *Time*

❧ "I PRAYED like hell every damn night," said Marine Private Murphy to Secretary Knox after a long session in the South Seas.

— Boston *Herald*

❧ WHEN the aircraft carrier *Yorktown* was sinking, two carpenter's mates were trapped five decks below. There was water all around them and rescue was impossible. "The telephone was still working," said the coxswain, "and we called down to them: 'Do you know what kind of fix you're in?' 'Sure,' they called back, 'we know you can't get us out, but we got a helluva good acey-deucey game going on down here. When you do sink her, put the torpedoes up forward. We don't want it to last long.'"

— *Newsweek*

Survive at Sea by Eating and Drinking Fish!

By

J. P. McEvoy

EVERYBODY KNOWS the ocean is full of salt water, but countless shipwrecked men have died of thirst not knowing that there's fresh water there too. It is hard to believe now that old sea dogs never suspected this — never learned that fish are both food *and drink*. Indeed, it's hard to believe that, with the sea teeming with fish, people adrift in lifeboats have had to starve just because nobody ever thought of making compact and practical fishing tackle standard equipment for lifeboats. It has remained for an American whose profession was forestry to tell the army, the navy and the merchant marine about fish and fishing tackle.

Gifford Pinchot, former Governor of Pennsylvania, is the man. Forty years ago he waged a successful campaign for conservation of our natural resources. Today, at the age of 78, he has fought to a victorious finish a one-man campaign to conserve the most precious of our natural resources, human life.

The campaign started early in 1942 when Pinchot read about three

navy fliers who drifted for 34 days in the Pacific on a rubber raft.* They survived principally because they caught two birds and three fish.

"The story set me thinking," said Pinchot. "I have done a lot of deep-sea fishing and I know that small fish gather for food or shelter under any floating object like a boat, a patch of seaweed, or any kind of wreckage. Big fish follow after their little brothers to eat them up. With proper fishing tackle these men could have taken fish in plenty. Why shouldn't *all* lifeboats carry fishing tackle?"

This idea was still very much in his mind when the Pinchots went to Lewes, Delaware, for a week's vacation. While there, Pinchot visited the local hospital and talked with survivors from torpedoed ships. Their experiences varied, but on one point all were agreed: it wasn't the exposure or hunger that was so terrible — it was the agonizing thirst.

That night Gifford Pinchot went to bed but couldn't sleep. Mrs. Pinchot reports he kept her awake

* See "Three Men on a Raft," *The Reader's Digest*, June, '42.

for hours, repeating, "There must be *some* way of getting water on the ocean." Next morning he jumped up with an idea. He knew that the human body is composed largely of water; why wouldn't that be true also of fish? And why shouldn't this water or juice be good to drink?

Raw fish is not salty, and is good to eat. He had eaten it himself in the South Seas. (Pinchot's hobby for years has been losing himself for weeks at a time in odd parts of the world and living entirely off the astonished wild life he encounters.)

Back in Washington, Pinchot went shopping for a fresh salt-water fish.

"We cut off a slab," says Pinchot, "riced it and wrapped some of the fish rice in cheesecloth. We took hold of the ends and twisted. A slightly pinkish liquid began to drip out. We tasted it. It was sweet, with only the faintest suggestion of fish about it. Even by this crude method, 12 percent of the weight of the fish was turned into juice. Using a small hand press, we got twice that much."

Pinchot carried his fish juice to Captain (now Admiral) C. S. Stephenson, of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. This old salt had never heard of drinking fish juice. But he was willing to be convinced. So was Secretary of the Navy Knox, who authorized Stephenson to follow it up. Many government organizations now started investigating fish juice, and finally, at Captain Stephenson's suggestion, experiments were conducted under the direction

of Dr. Homer W. Smith, of the New York University College of Medicine, to determine if men could survive on fish juice as the sole fluid in their diet.

Two seamen from a U. S. cruiser, Francis Victor Beil, Boatswain FC, and Paul William O'Brien, Seaman FC, volunteered to drink no water for ten days and live for that time on the equivalent of ordinary abandonment-ship rations and fish juice. The two seamen came through the ten-day test in perfect health.

So far, good. But how, Pinchot wondered, could castaways in lifeboats squeeze the juice from fish? You couldn't equip every boat with a fish press. Pinchot now had another hunch. He recalled how he had fished at Tahiti with Charles Nordhoff, of *Mutiny on the Bounty* fame. Had the native Tahitians ever used fish juice? He wrote Nordhoff, who replied, "The Polynesians say that a man can get along for a good while without water by chewing the flesh of fish and spitting out most of the solid matter."

"So," says Pinchot, "no press is needed to squeeze the fish; every man has his own fish-water press, and it adds nothing to the weight of a lifeboat. Before long I hope every seaman will know that, in a pinch, he can 'drink' raw fish — and eat it, also. For, as Nordhoff writes, 'it should be remembered that the solid tissue of raw fish is a most wholesome, nourishing and digestible food.'"

Pinchot was now determined that

adequate tackle should be provided for every one of our men who might at any time be cast adrift on the sea. At this point he entered the jungle of bureaucratic procedure and started hacking his way through the festoons of red tape that hang like Spanish moss from all branches of government. The Navy Aeronautical Bureau was first to coöperate and ordered 50,000 sets of fishing tackle, made up according to Pinchot's suggestions, for the collapsible rubber boats carried on planes. "Now, the next time a navy flier is forced down at sea," said Pinchot, "he will have more than a pocketknife to fish with."

Encouraged by this success, Pinchot obtained a hearing before a special naval board designated to investigate lifeboat equipment. Captain P. M. Rhea, a submarine veteran, headed the board. He was impressed by Pinchot's arguments, as were the other members, and it was recommended that 33,000 more sets of fishing tackle be supplied immediately for lifeboats and life rafts on naval vessels.

Several deep-sea fishing experts worked with Pinchot in devising a compact, all-round deep-sea fishing kit that weighs less than five pounds for lifeboats and life rafts and half of that for the collapsible rubber boats on over-water planes. There are 12 items in the larger kit — ranging from hooks and line and leads, and specially processed pork-rind bait that won't spoil, to feather jigs, a

grapple for snagging fish, and a small harpoon head which can be attached to an oar and used to spear sharks, turtles and birds that come near the boat. There are also a dip-net to catch small fish for bait or food and a knife with a small blade and a big wooden handle that floats.

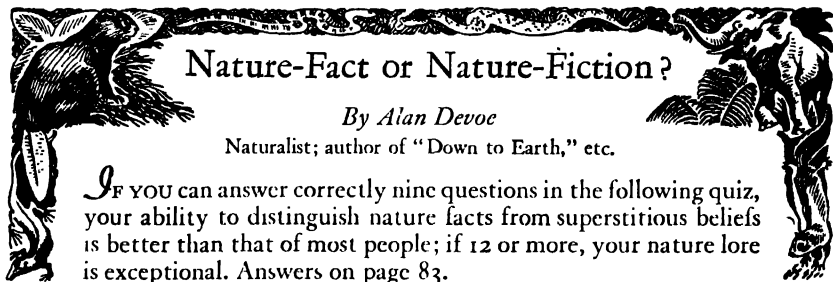
With each kit is a little handbook, printed on waterproof paper, which is a compressed masterpiece of deep-sea lore, with a chapter on how to survive on an uninhabited island. By following simple instructions, shipwrecked men can, among other things, catch fish with a button off an undershirt; they learn that the tender spot in a shark is the end of his nose, and he'll go away if you sock him there with an oar; that you shouldn't fish when sharks are around — they may cut your line; that practically everything about a turtle except the shell is good to eat; and that — ominous note! — after a turtle's head is cut off the head may bite and the claws may scratch. They are told how to eat seaweed, how to distinguish eels from sea snakes, what fish are poisonous; told also not to eat sharks unless plenty of water is available. They are told that all birds are good to eat, cooked or raw; and that you should save the feathers to make fishing jigs or to stuff inside your shirt to keep warm.

Of the smaller kits that Pinchot first suggested, 83,000 have been put in fliers' collapsible boats and in rafts and lifeboats. Of the larger kits, a quarter of a million or so will be re-

quired. It is planned to have one in every lifeboat and raft under the jurisdiction of the United States, and Pinchot has brought his plan to the attention of all the United Nations.

At a Coast Guard meeting mark-

ing the complete success of his campaign Pinchot said, "Gentlemen, you have made me very proud — for even though I was too old to fight in the last war you have made it possible for me to do something in this one."



Nature-Fact or Nature-Fiction?

By Alan Devoc

Naturalist; author of "Down to Earth," etc.

IF YOU can answer correctly nine questions in the following quiz, your ability to distinguish nature facts from superstitious beliefs is better than that of most people; if 12 or more, your nature lore is exceptional. Answers on page 83.

1. A wild animal is more likely to attack you if you are afraid of it. True ☒ False ☐
2. Only the female mosquito ever bites you. True ☐ False ☒
3. Moss grows thickest on the north side of trees. True ☐ False ☒
4. Snow is merely frozen rain. True ☒ False ☐
5. A chameleon takes on the color of the object on which it rests. True ☒ False ☐
6. A person who cannot hear at all is deaf as an adder. True ☐ False ☒
7. Summer is warmer than winter because the earth is then nearer the sun. True ☒ False ☐
8. Beavers use their tails as trowels when building their dams. True ☒ False ☐
9. Venomous snakes are immune to their own poison. True ☐ False ☒
10. Horned toads squirt blood out of their eyes. True ☐ False ☒
11. If you cut an earthworm in two, each half will become a new worm. True ☐ False ☒
12. A shark must turn belly-up in order to bite. True ☒ False ☐
13. Elephants live to be several hundred years old. True ☒ False ☐
14. There is a bird that can fly backward. True ☒ False ☐
15. Squirrels have an accurate memory for the places where they have buried nuts. True ☒ False ☐

❧ A sound will is one of the best and
most enduring of human epitaphs

Why Haven't You Made Your Will?

Condensed from *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Melville Cane

CLEMON SPARKS, inhabitant Connecticut, was a man of thrift and industry. Having managed his small hardware business prudently, he left an estate of \$13,000 when he died. He had an invalid wife, the sole object of his consideration, and also a prosperous grown son who was estranged from his parents. Clemons intended to leave everything to his wife — but he just never got around to making a will.

His tombstone recites that he was a dutiful and affectionate husband, but the sad truth is that his wife received only one third of his estate — about \$4000 when incidental charges and legal fees were deducted — a sum quite insufficient for her needs. The son came in for the other two thirds — a windfall he didn't need and which his father never dreamed he would get.

If you die without leaving a will ("intestate," the lawyers call it), it

often happens that your worldly goods will be distributed in ways quite foreign to your intentions and possibly hurtful to your rightful heirs. Yet most inconsiderately *six out of every 10* property-holding individuals die without leaving wills.

Here's a "no will" mishap that occurs every day: A man dies intestate, leaving a widow and two infant children. Oh, yes, he *meant* to give everything to his wife. But since there's no will the widow gets only a third and each child receives a similar share. By law they *can't* give it to their mother; it can be disbursed only by court order until they are 21, and then only in small amounts for support and education. To heap up embarrassments, the mother must satisfy the court that her expenditures are for the best interests of her children. For these complications don't blame the law. Put the blame where it belongs — on the man's own carelessness.

There is also the matter of having the court appoint an administrator for your estate, which is what happens when you die without leaving a will. The administrator may be just the relative you yourself would

A NEW YORK lawyer, Melville Cane is well known in literary circles and has helped such famous people as Thomas Wolfe and Harry Houdini to make their wills. He is likewise a specialist in copyright law. As an avocation he writes poetry, and has published several books of verse.

not have chosen to look after your affairs. To guarantee that this administrator will not make away with your assets, the law requires that he put up a bond. This usually means paying a surety company an annual bond premium, the cost defrayed by your estate. The surety company may insist on signing every check to be paid out for debts, funeral expenses, legacies, and the like. Such inconveniences and difficulties are avoidable.

The wife as well as the husband should make a will. If Mrs. Jones dies childless and without a will, Mr. Jones may find himself battling her relatives over home and savings which he originally gave to his wife.

In making your will, by all means consult a lawyer. For a simple will the charge may be as low as \$10. Some lawyers even do the job for nothing as a gesture of good will toward their regular clients. The fee increases in proportion to the problems involved and to the size of the prospective estate. Beware of entrusting this all-important business to a notary public. He lacks the necessary legal knowledge of those menacing rules of procedure — differing from state to state — which unless carefully observed may render a will invalid. You're not safe with a home-made will or a "standard" form bought at a stationer's. The Surrogate's Court of New York County recently threw out a will because a woman used a printed form on which the place for the witnesses' signatures was on the wrong part of the page.

A will in most states must be signed by the person making it and the signature must normally be witnessed by at least two persons in the presence of the testator and of each other. A California will was broken because the witnesses left the room of the dying testator to find a pen and signed the will in the next room. The court ruled the will invalid because they were not actually in the testator's presence as required by law.

In a few states, however, no witnesses are necessary when a will is prepared entirely in your own handwriting and duly signed and dated. A Texas will which merely said: "I want my wife to have everything" stood up as staunchly as if it had been filled with legal flourishes.

Some states require three witnesses. Two may be enough if at the time of making the will you live in a two-witness state. But if you should die as resident of a state that demands three signatories, your will may run into complications. To be on the safe side get three witnesses. In choosing witnesses, it is better to select persons younger and likely to outlive you, for before your will can take effect these witnesses are usually required to appear in court and swear under oath that they saw it signed by you — and that each in turn saw the other witness sign. It is best also to select witnesses of some standing and permanence in the community; many a will has been held up while the hunt for fly-by-night witnesses

went on. Be careful not to have as witness any person whom you are benefiting by a legacy; he may have to give up his legacy in order to qualify as a witness.

After you've made a will it is advisable to leave the original with your lawyer and take home a carbon copy. Show it to your wife, parent or friend, so that someone may know your wishes and thus be prepared to be guided by them. From time to time both husband and wife should examine their wills to take care of changed conditions such as the death of beneficiaries, the birth of subsequent children, or the growth or decline of the family fortune.

Although divorce terminates the marriage relationship, it does not of itself repeal a will. Many an ex-spouse has plucked an undeserved and unexpected plum through the failure of the former mate to make a new will. Don't think, however, that you can alter your will merely by scratching out the name of your ex-wife or ex-husband and inserting the name of the new one. An erasure, addition or deletion may automatically nullify a will. It is possible, of course, to change a will by adding a codicil. But since the codicil must be solemnized by witnesses and with as much formality as the will itself, it is better to start fresh and incorporate all changes in a new document.

Some things may be omitted from a will, to be taken care of in other ways. If you want to leave money to an individual, put it in a savings-

bank account under suitable provisions, such as "John Black in trust for Thomas Black." You may draw from that account while you live, but upon your death it becomes the property of "Thomas Black." In such cases the law of the particular state must be carefully consulted.

How can your will protect your children if you and your wife die in the same accident? By providing in your will that, in such event, a "trust" shall be established for your children or that a designated guardian be appointed for them.

Since the outbreak of the present war our government has repeatedly reminded all men in active service of the complications that may ensue in the event of death without a will and has provided simple forms to be signed with three witnesses. Also, soldiers and sailors *in active service* can make an oral will by simply announcing their wishes in the presence of witnesses. This method should be used only in extreme cases.

It is next to impossible to tell anyone what to put in a will or how to distribute his possessions. The "natural objects of his bounty," as the judicial phrase runs, are usually entitled to first consideration, especially the very old and the dependent. The important thing is to put yourself on record clearly, sensibly and justly, to protect those nearest and dearest to you. For no matter how highly your tombstone lauds you, a sound will is one of the best and most enduring of human epitaphs.

Bridgeport Builds Americans

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Elsie McCormick

HIGLINE TASHJIAN, a little, dark-browed woman, born in Turkey, sits in the Remington Arms plant at Bridgeport, Conn., feeding half-finished bullets into a clattering machine. When her work is done, she goes home to cook and clean, and check up on her four children. She devotes every penny she earns to buying war bonds. The family gets along on the proceeds of her husband's small grocery store.

Mrs. Tashjian had been a weaver of Oriental rugs, and the transition from her tranquil little Turkish town to an American industrial city seemed almost as violent as moving to another planet. In many another community she might have remained alien and misunderstood. But not in Bridgeport.

John Paray, born in Russia, for years had dreamed of owning his own home. At last he saw a little house that exactly suited his family. All he had to do was to draw from the bank the \$5100 he had so painfully saved. And he did draw it out — but put every dollar into war bonds.

"This country needs my money," says Paray. "Our house can wait."

The Jacob Levines, also born in Russia, recently turned in five good tires, taken off the family car. "We can walk," the Levines say. "Amer-

A friendly, intelligent program of making the foreign-born feel at home pays this Connecticut city rich dividends.

ica has more use for the rubber than we have."

Such loyalty, which puts many native Americans to shame, didn't just happen. For years Bridgeport has been deliberately trying to bring its foreign-born into the life of the community, offering them friendship untainted by condescension.

Outstanding in this campaign of friendliness toward its "nationality groups" — the word "foreign" is avoided in the local press and public speeches — is the International Institute. Its board of directors represents many of Bridgeport's 35 nationalities, as well as native-born Americans. It is supported by the Community Chest. To its roomy, old-fashioned house, men and women born abroad come to tell their problems, make friends, learn about perplexing American ways. The director, white-haired Miss Lena Kelly, and her assistants treat them as honored guests.

During 1942 nearly 3000 people sought help in naturalization problems alone. There was, for instance, the worried Portuguese who entered

the country illegally years ago. He had married, bought a home and raised three children. Because of his excellent record he was allowed to leave and re-enter the U. S. legally from Canada. Now he has his first papers; the family has become a smiling, self-confident household.

Every day brings its assortment of problems to the Institute. An elderly Bulgarian woman doctor wanted someone to correct the English of a paper she had written on cosmic rays, so that it could be presented before a group of American scientists. A Ukrainian had just had \$3000 stolen from him by a gypsy fortuneteller. A 68-year-old Lithuanian wanted to go to night school, even though neighbors told him that he was a better prospect for the grave.

"When I came here from Czechoslovakia, I was so lonely that I thought I couldn't stand it," said a young woman who now works in a war plant. "Then an Institute visitor called and told me of a doctor who spoke Czech, directed me to my church, invited me to join a club at the Institute, and asked if I wanted to go to night school and learn English. Her interest was like the sun coming out; America didn't seem strange any more."

Much of the Institute's welcoming is done by helping in little ways. Newcomers are shown how to operate their ranges, how to manage a sewing machine, or an electric iron, and told where to buy dried mush-

rooms or fennel or the kind of olive oil they used to have at home. The Institute also tries to bridge the tragic gap that so often separates foreign-born parents from their Americanized children. Through clubs, young people are taught to appreciate the culture of their parents' country, and the parents in turn are taught American social customs.

"What do you know!" a pleased young girl exclaimed at one of the Institute's handcraft exhibits. "Some American ladies looked at Mom's handmade bedspread and told her she was a real artist. And for years I've been trying to make her get rid of that hunky spread and buy a pink rayon one."

One popular feature has been the cooking classes, in which foreign-born women have taught American housewives how to make their favorite dishes. An Armenian woman would prepare leek soup; an Italian housewife would show the right way to make Neapolitan spaghetti; a Hungarian would serve liver dumplings and pancakes with pot cheese.

"My high school daughter is so proud because I've been teaching American ladies," remarked one foreign-born housewife. "She says I'm not a greenhorn any more."

While the cooking went on, each woman would tell something about the customs of her country — the place set for the Christ Child at Polish tables on Christmas Eve; the glass of water and spoonful of jelly given to each visitor in an Albanian

home as soon as he arrives; the sign of the cross in honey with which a Slovak mother marks her children's foreheads so that they will be beloved by others throughout the year.

Good cooking from the old country is spreading through Bridgeport, thanks to a campaign known by its slogan, "Pack a Lunch a Man Can Work On." In going through war plants, Ronald A. Malony, sales manager of the gas company, noticed how many workers were eating lunches of dry bologna sandwiches, store pie and coffee. Mr. Malony's idea of substituting nourishing foods was taken up with enthusiasm by the Bridgeport Defense Council. Over 1000 housewives of many national backgrounds were asked what they put in their men's lunch boxes. Old World recipes were found which made the often monotonous Yankee lunch more interesting.

Bridgeport was one of the first cities in the United States to establish the Block Plan, which calls for the appointment of one woman block leader for every 15 families. Their chief duty is giving out information on rationing, nutrition and salvage. Many of these block leaders can talk to their non-English-speaking neighbors in their own tongue and explain the reasons for wartime restrictions.

Bridgeport's night-school citizenship classes, directed by John T. Wadsworth, are another cornerstone of the program. They cover much more than elementary English and

the answers required in a naturalization court. Pupils learn American history; they learn what freedom of speech means by holding debates and listening to radio forums. But they also learn those important little things that help make a person feel at home in a new environment. The first 15 minutes of each session are devoted to conversation, as it might be carried on if the pupils were visiting in an American home. Occasional supper parties accustom them to American ways of setting a table and serving.

Bridgeport's remarkable "I Am an American Committee" does wonders in encouraging aliens to become naturalized and seeing that all groups in the city have a share in patriotic celebrations. Instead of having naturalization papers impersonally handed out in a dingy courtroom, Bridgeport's new citizens get their passports to democracy at a solemn public ceremony. Hundreds of foreign-born have said that this experience was the proudest moment of their lives.

Bridgeport's friendly attitude has drawn into public service many men and women who might otherwise have remained isolated in their national groups. In particular there is genial, white-haired Father Panik, the priest of Slovak birth who is chairman of Bridgeport's housing authority. Weary of looking at the jerry-built slums across the street from his rectory, Father Panik began a drive for a new housing development. The final result was Yellow

Mill Village, home of over 5000 people, built with USHA funds. After the development was completed, Father Panik turned back an unspent \$300,000 to the government.

The rank and file do their part as well as the leaders. Recently the Slovaks presented the Red Cross with two fully equipped ambulances; the Hungarians gave an ambulance and followed it up with a mass blood donation. During the last Red Cross

drive, Bridgeport's contribution ran \$79,000 over the city's \$100,000 quota. All foreign-born groups gave benefits, from the predominating Italians, Hungarians, Slovaks and Poles down to the little club of 50 families from the same village in Syria.

In the harmony of its people and the vigor of its war effort, Bridgeport can give lessons to many "100 percent-American" cities.

Just Retorts

A SEATTLE lawyer broke a lengthy cross-examination of a witness to exclaim: "Your Honor, one of the jurors is asleep."

"You put him to sleep," replied the judge. "Suppose you wake him up."

A BUXOM, scantily clad Negress, getting flip with the judge who admonished her for not dressing sufficiently, was fined \$5 for contempt of court. When asked by the clerk what the fine was for, she replied, "Fo' temptin' de co't."

IN DALLAS, Texas, a Negro accused of making moonshine was asked if he pleaded guilty. "Yes, I pleads guilty and waives de hearin'."

"What do you mean, waive the hearing?"

"I mean I don' wan' to hear no mo' 'bout it."

IN LUBBOCK, Texas, one Gentle Showers, charging his wife, Lillie Showers, with assault, said she placed a large tub of water over the door so that when he entered at 2 p.m. he got heavy showers.

IN A New York court, "Action by one Bologna against one Weiner to compel specific performance of contract," elicited this from the judge, "I never sausage a case."

— Contributed by Doron K. Antrim

The Incredible Earl of Suffolk



In all the British Empire there is no more legendary figure than "Wild Jack"—a 20th-century buccaner

Condensed from
The Saturday Evening Post

William D. Bayles

ONE MORNING a year ago the Court Circular carried this brief notice: "The King has been graciously pleased to award the George Cross to Charles Henry George Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire (deceased), for conspicuous bravery in connection with bomb disposal."

"Wild Jack" Howard, 20th Earl of Suffolk and 13th Earl of Berkshire, was a strange throwback to the buccaneering days of Drake and Raleigh. There was a dashing Elizabethan air about his sublime disregard for established custom, his sweeping bow when he entered a room, his interest in everything new, and his ability to roll forth horrendous, mouth-filling oaths with a smoothness that purged them of all vulgarity. When a visiting Frenchman once scoffed at fiery English mustard, Suffolk calmly ate the contents of an entire jar.

His entry into the London war picture was in the true Suffolk tradition—unplanned but spectacular. It occurred on June 21, 1940, the day the German terms of surrender were read in Compiègne, when he carried two battered suit-

cases into the lobby of the British Ministry of Supply. He was dirty, and his eyes, bloodshot from loss of sleep, were embedded in a fortnight's growth of beard. In his soiled flannel trousers, tattered trench coat, and broad-brimmed black hat, he looked like some Corsican bandit.

They handed him an application form to fill in. After the words *Reason for requested interview* he wrote "Diamonds," and on the line for *Full name* he scrawled "Suffolk."

"It's your name that's wanted, not your address," the doorkeeper said sharply. But the tall visitor's coat had fallen open, revealing arm-pit holsters from which jutted two large pistols.

After some urgent telephoning, Suffolk was conducted to the Minister of Supply. "I've a few diamonds here," he said abruptly. "What shall I do with them?"

The minister wanted to know where he got them. Suffolk waved his cigarette in the general direction of France. "There's a lot more outside in a taxicab," he added.

After the startled minister had composed himself, and the diamonds had been sent off to a bank

vault escorted by a company of Scots Guards, Suffolk carefully fitted a cigarette into a long, black holder.

"Now," said he, "take me to the First Lord of the Admiralty. I must arrange for a destroyer to pick up some more stuff I left hidden on the French coast."

Consternation again mounted in the breasts of the officials. One did not simply walk in on the First Lord. Furthermore, with the evacuation of troops from France still going on and the threat of invasion imminent, the Admiralty was a very busy place.

The First Lord reacted negatively to the wild appearance of his visitor and his still wilder story. He stated bluntly that he couldn't send destroyers on wild-geese chases and indicated clearly his desire to end the interview.

"The stuff will be at this spot," Suffolk said imperturbably, opening out a large map on the First Lord's desk. "Have your ship flash a signal light when it arrives." The map contained more detail of the French coast around Bordeaux than any that had been seen at the Admiralty.

Before Suffolk left the First Lord's office, a destroyer commander was on his way. Three days later one of the most valuable cargoes of the war arrived at an English port. It had been found at the exact spot indicated by Suffolk, guarded by a single man.

BIRTH GAVE Suffolk wealth, a great name and a fabulous heritage. Since 1603 the Earls of Suffolk had led reckless, exciting lives. They

were pirates of the Spanish Main and explorers in unknown continents. The father of the first earl was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. Younger brothers of the earls carried the cavalier tradition of the Howards to Virginia and the Carolinas. It is not without reason that Queen Victoria referred to the family as "those mad Howards."

The 19th earl married a daughter of the Chicago wheat baron of the '90's, Levi Zeigler Leiter, and when he died fighting in Mesopotamia in 1917 the earldom passed to his 11-year-old son.

Eugenists could have foretold that a mixture of Howard blood and Leiter blood would produce a genetic volcano, and it did. At the age of 17 he went to sea as Jack Howard, deckhand on a sailing ship, ultimately landing in Australia and becoming part owner of a sheep ranch. To the rugged Aussie farm folk he was "Wild Jack Howard, that crazy Englishman," but they liked him because he was their kind of man. They never discovered his true identity. Once, when a London newspaper editor sent a reporter from Sydney to get a story on him, Suffolk accompanied the journalist for an entire day, helping him in his search for the earl, and finally telling him, "You came on a bad day, because on Saturdays his lordship's always dead drunk and you can never find him till he sobers up."

After six years Suffolk returned to England to manage his 10,000-acre estate, and in 1934 he married Mimi Crawford, a music-hall dancer. Then another side of his complex character became manifest. He de-

cided to become a scientist and entered Edinburgh University, applying himself to the study of chemistry and pharmacology with the same diligence that he had formerly devoted to shooting, swearing and gambling. In 1937 — at 31 — he graduated from Edinburgh with high honors and joined the Nuffield Laboratory at Oxford as a research chemist. His interest was chiefly in high explosives and poisons.

In October 1939 he was sent to Paris as a liaison officer between the British Ministry of Supply and the French Ministry of Armaments. There he was responsible for more actual collaboration between British and French research laboratories than had been accomplished by a generation of diplomatic official exchanges. His reports were fascinating potpourris of scientific data, political and personal gossip, and profanity.

In the spring of 1940 Suffolk was attacked in a pro-Fascist newspaper and advised to get out of France. The French police urged him to accept an official bodyguard. Instead he bought the two largest pistols he could find and strapped them prominently on his chest. He also hired his own bodyguard, a gorilla-like ex-sailor with a fearsome reputation as a knife specialist. Their arrivals and departures were a theatrical routine. The gorilla would step into the street or café first. When he saw that the coast was clear, he would shout, "Okay, Monsieur Jacques, *allons!*" and Suffolk would appear.

The debacle came in Paris with devastating suddenness. Calling at the Ministry of Armaments one

morning to obtain designs for certain machine tools, Suffolk found it evacuating in complete turmoil. He came away with nothing except a visiting card of the minister, Raoul Dautry, on which were scribbled a few words recommending the Earl of Suffolk.

Suffolk knew that large stocks of diamonds had arrived in Paris from Antwerp, Brussels and Amsterdam. When he discovered that the bankers in whose vaults they were stored had every intention of leaving them there, he made up his mind to take them to England for safekeeping. With only Dautry's card as authority — occasionally backed up with his pistols — Suffolk toured the city in his large open car, collecting bags of diamonds.

He also assembled machine specifications and models, valuable research data that would have been of immense value to the Germans, and a considerable quantity of rare chemicals that had been evacuated to Paris from famous research laboratories in the occupied countries. His final roundup was of the eminent French scientists with whom he had been working. He sent them off to Bordeaux, assuring them that he had arranged passage to England for all of them. As a matter of fact he had arranged nothing at all.

Then, his loot in the back of the motorcar, Suffolk himself set out for Bordeaux. Beside him on the front seat rode his blonde English secretary, while behind, perched high on a fabulous fortune in rare gems, the gorilla kept watch for German scouting parties and strafing aircraft. All roads south were choked with refu-

gecs. It was frequently necessary for Suffolk to walk in front of the car, clearing the way by waving his pistols and shouting while his secretary drove.

At the British consulate in Bordeaux, Suffolk cashed a personal check for £1000 and set out to bribe a French skipper into attempting the voyage to England. Haste was imperative, because a new French government under Marshal Pétain was already dickering with the Nazis, and German troops were less than 100 miles away. For three days he haunted the docks, but the harbor channel was mined and no Frenchman would consider the trip.

On the fourth day a coal ship flying the British colors chugged slowly up the estuary, ignorant of the fact that France had fallen. Suffolk promptly bagged it. The captain and crew had no thought now but to get out. Diamonds and chemicals were stowed aboard, a consignment of newly arrived American machine tools and other worthwhile property were taken to a hiding place down the coast. Then Suffolk rounded up his scientists for the trip to Falmouth and London.

That affair concluded, Suffolk volunteered for bomb research. Until then such research had been regarded as a pastime for public-spirited suicides. But Suffolk figured that the safer way would be for a few experts to take exceptional risks in finding out how to deal with live bombs. His scientific training came in handy. He fitted out a large van and equipped it with delicate instruments. With his customary scorn for the upper classes, he gathered his

assistants (10 men and a girl) among the people he liked best — the cockney workmen, whose language he spoke perfectly and whose outlook he understood. Some of them would have had difficulty signing their names, but they all possessed that quality so conspicuous among England's back-street millions — guts.

Bombs quickly became an obsession with Suffolk, and the development of a new type was an event that threw him into a fever of excitement. On one occasion he petrified two brigadier generals by beginning to tinker with one in a hotel lounge. Observing their horrified expressions, he reassured them by saying, "Don't worry. It isn't dangerous unless you happen to turn one of these little gadgets. I'm just trying to find out which one."

Suffolk's ritual never varied. He examined the bomb from all angles, tapped it, listened to it and addressed it in picturesque language.

The sizing-up round completed, Suffolk dictated to his secretary his plan for tackling the bomb; if he failed, others would know at least what not to do. Then he removed his long cigarette holder from his mouth and its twin from his vest pocket and handed them to the nearest member of his party, saying, "Hold these a minute. They might get broken." That was a signal for the group to move back to a safe distance.

Despite his flamboyant manner, Suffolk was not reckless. He took every known precaution to protect himself and his assistants. How he survived the failures, members of the Directorate of Scientific Re-

search were never able to explain. He would appear and report calmly that a bomb had gone off during an experiment, but it was impossible to pry a single word out of him on how he had escaped being blown to tatters.

His co-workers, too, never quite knew what to make of their leader. One cold afternoon as they were driving through the bleak countryside he suddenly asked, "Lads, how would you like a cup of hot tea and some scones?"

"You bet!" they yelled derisively.

He stopped the van, whipped out a pistol and fired two shots into the air. Almost immediately a car came over the ridge, stopped, and the chauffeur and a butler laid out an elaborate English high tea. His companions never learned that they were within a few hundred yards of Suffolk's estate. But after that they were willing to believe he could do anything.

Suffolk would celebrate the successful completion of a task with the same intensity that characterized his work. Loading his group into the van, he would head for Kempinski's Restaurant just off Piccadilly Circus, where a table was always reserved for him. The time of day didn't matter, nor did clothes. Fashionable guests were invariably shocked at the unwashed crew that suddenly poured in on them — until someone whispered the magic words, "It's the Earl of Suffolk."

Suffolk must have had a premonition of his own end. "Felix," he used to say to the headwaiter as he was leaving Kempinski's, "one of these nights only a little finger or maybe an ear will turn up for dinner. Be

good to it, Felix, because it will be all that's left of me."

Felix still prepares a table for him each evening. "It's like in the church," he explains, "when you light a candle to the memory of someone who is no longer here."

Suffolk's end was one of those incidents which he would have criticized as "damned silly." His organization had been working hard and he had planned to take them for a fortnight's rest to his estate, which he had turned into a hospital and convalescent home for soldiers.

They spent their last working afternoon cleaning up some odds and ends. One of these was a large rejected bomb that had lain around for many months. Someone had painted the words "Old Faithful" on its side and it was regarded as a permanent fixture. Suffolk decided to dismantle Old Faithful. No one paid any attention.

Windows a quarter of a mile away were shattered and people in the adjoining town felt the ground shock. Eight members of Suffolk's organization were killed. Experts officially pronounced one human sliver the final earthly remains of the Earl of Suffolk. It was placed in a little wooden casket six by six by eight inches in size and buried in the old chapel yard at the Suffolk ancestral home.

Thus at the age of 36 did "Wild Jack," 20th Earl of Suffolk and 13th Earl of Berkshire, join the eternal fellowship of the illustrious House of Howard. To its escutcheon he had added the highest honor England can pay her civilian heroes, the George Cross.

The Withering Blight of Bureaucracy

For a colicky cow in Ithaca, New York, a veterinarian prescribed stiff doses of kerosene. Farmer Royden M. Vose tried to buy four quarts, ran into rationing trouble, finally talked a dealer into letting him supply the coupons later. He sent a letter to the Office of Price Administration in Syracuse. No answer. Off went another letter. This time back came an OPA questionnaire to be filled out.

Farmer Vose sat down to give a fair question a fair answer:

Make? "Jersey."

Body Type? "Two horns, tail, four feet, an udder and four teats."

Year? "1940."

Rating or seating capacity? "I have never ridden her, but imagine she would scat two."

Mileage? "The vet gave her one quart of kerosene and she ran four miles, so I judge she would have gone 16 miles on the four quarts. I can't tell you her speed, as the vet hasn't yet caught up with her."

— *Time*

THE Nebraska equipment dealer was sorry. Yes, he had in stock the three small valves which Amos Grant required before he could operate the dip tanks on his ranch in Loup County. The dealer knew too that 11 of Grant's 600 cattle had developed scabies and that dipping alone could check the disease. Yet he could not sell unless the cattleman had a priority order from WPB.

Grant bit back his anger and fears, obtained a blank and sent it to Washington as instructed. However, WPB eventually mailed it back with the admonition that the one blank was insufficient; a separate application was required for each of the three valves.

With a prayer, the cattleman filled out three blanks only to have these also returned. He merely had stated he wanted the valves as soon as possible when he should have specified a date. Now frantic, Grant slapped dates on the blanks and dropped them in the mail. This time he had dotted all of his i's and crossed his t's, but the applications lay in WPB's offices 14 days before they were sent back with permission to buy the valves.

Meantime, the scabies, which could have been halted by hurried dipping, now had spread to 418 cattle; some, weakened by the disease, had died of exposure; others had lost weight, as much as 250 pounds apiece.

Representative Karl Stefan (Nebraska) read the incident into *The Congressional Record*.

FOREIGN freight forwarders have received forms from the legal division of the Maritime Commission which would require many of them to answer more than a million questions — and that within a period of 30 days.

The form calls for a *minimum* of 88 questions concerning *each and every transaction* made during three two-month periods — January and February 1940, June and July 1941, and November and December 1942. A firm which averaged 500 transactions a week (a low figure for many firms) would, therefore, be required to answer 1,144,000 separate questions on the basis of the 88-question minimum.

A number of freight firms declared that, even if their total personnel devoted its entire time to the questionnaire, it would be all but impossible to complete the task within 30 days. — N. Y. *Sun*

Drama in Real Life

... II ...

By Edison Marshall

NEARLY 20 years ago I sailed from Seattle for western Alaska on a ship that plied the Inside Passage. On the first night out I noticed a score or more of people grouped about a table, excitedly watching a card game. I strolled over to see what was going on.

The players did not appear to be sourdoughs; they looked more like summer tourists: a middle-aged well-dressed man, a nice-looking woman who could easily be his wife, a young man, and a slim, pretty girl about 18 years old, with a cape thrown over her shoulders. They were merely playing bridge, and I could not imagine what had drawn the crowd.

But suddenly I felt a prickling sensation at the back of my neck. What I had thought were the young lady's hands at the edge of the table were not hands, but *feet*. That pretty girl was leaning far back in her chair, holding her cards with one foot, and playing them adroitly with the other. Her stockings had been slashed off just above the instep so that the bared portions of her feet were about the size of human hands. Moreover, I perceived that under the girl's tight-drawn cape there were no arms.

They were obviously not circus people, giving a free show. Then was not this card game, played in public, in unforgivably bad taste? The answer lay, I think, in the faces of the watchers and what came into my heart. The sight of this armless girl capably dealing cards with her feet did not offend them in the least; instead, it appealed to them as an example of courage and good sportsmanship.

I determined to get better acquainted with the vivacious girl and the following night, when there was music in the lounge, I invited her to dance. She smiled, got to her feet, and moved close to me. I put both arms about her shoulders, and we stepped off to the music. She was by no means a brilliant dancer, but no dub at it either.

"It was very hard for me to learn to dance at all," she said when I complimented her. "You see, since I haven't any arms, my balance is precarious. But I love a good time, and I made up my mind to stick to it until I could dance passably well."

The girl was going to western Alaska with her uncle who was inspecting some of his cod fisheries.

During the long trip we became friends, and she talked frankly with me of her philosophy of life, and of her long fight to become the personality that she was. •

"When I first discovered that I was different from other children, my impulse was to hide," she said.

"To be *born* misshapen was gruesome, an affront to humanity, I thought. It was not as though I had been born whole and lost my arms in an accident. The sight of people like me often causes other people to lose their appetites. For a while I wanted to die, but the thought came to me that perhaps I needn't sicken people. If I tried hard to appear and act normal, possibly I would seem nearly normal to others.

"The hardest part was to come out of hiding. That meant not only to associate with other children, but to be perfectly frank about not having any arms. If the other children wanted to see, I showed them. My face burned, but I showed them just the same. I never cried in public, no matter what happened; as often as I could, I would laugh. Perhaps you don't know that laughter is a habit, but I know that people can teach themselves to laugh if their lives depend upon it.

"I couldn't stand to be pitied, so I never stopped practicing. I think I practiced even in my sleep. And I did everything I could to make myself attractive. After a while — and I tell you it has saved my soul — I found that my very affliction could

be made interesting instead of horrible. Instead of an affront to humanity, I could become in a way a compliment to it; I could show people what wonderful resources the body has."

"And what wonderful strength the human spirit has," I said.

Her eyes filled with tears at that, but she smiled as she raised her handkerchief in her right foot, wiped her eyes, and then blew her nose stridently. We both laughed.

"It may be in bad taste, from some people's point of view, to make a show of myself in public," she went on. "But that's part of my battle. When someone notices my condition and looks shocked, I usually do something spectacular, such as taking out a comb and running it through my hair. Then their eyes bulge out and their faces usually brighten up. Best of all is when my friends begin to take me for granted."

In my own case, I sometimes forgot her handicap, but I never ceased to marvel at her and certainly I never took her for granted. Truly she had made herself an unusual person. She was a stimulating conversationalist. She dressed up to the minute, skillfully accenting her best features and diverting the eye from her narrow shoulders.

One reason why one could forget her affliction was that she required so little attention — she was amazingly capable of taking care of herself. Books and other articles she carried on her shoulder, held in

place by her chin. Her agile limbs were, in effect, arms, serving her every need.

Once, sitting in an officer's cabin, she idly reached for a fountain pen in a wire rack, unscrewed its cap, wrote — in a good "hand" — and replaced the pen. She knitted hour after hour, and I know many two-handed women who have never attained her mastery of the needles. She gestured, powdered her nose, held a glass upon the sole of her foot with her agile toes, ate at the table with the rest of us, turned the pages of books and newspapers, and smoked a cigarette in a manner as easy and graceful as that of a *grande dame*.

Before I left the ship I exacted a promise from the girl and her uncle and aunt to stop, on their return trip, and visit my wife and me

at our home in Medford, Oregon.

Later, when I told my friends back home about the girl they raised their eyebrows. One, a doctor, maintained that the human bony structure was such that the feats I described were impossible.

But in due time the party arrived, the luncheon my wife gave them was a great success — and the skeptics were confounded.

We corresponded with the girl for a while, but after we moved to the South we never heard from her again. Whether the fight was too long and hard for any human spirit and she finally broke beneath its blows I do not know. But I do know that she was an inspiration to all who came in contact with her — living proof of the glory and potentiality of the human spirit.

Swing Shift at the Kaiser Yards

FROM the Pacific Coast comes this fabulous tale of the launching of another of Henry Kaiser's famous hurry-up ships. Kaiser personally escorted a beautiful young lady who was to sponsor the ship through the yard and up the steps to the bunting-decked launching platform. There he handed her the beribboned bottle of champagne and told her to get set.

The puzzled young lady looked over the rail. Nothing was to be seen but a newly laid keel, far below. "But, Mr. Kaiser," she objected, "there isn't any ship!"

"Hurry up!" exclaimed the shipbuilder excitedly. "*Start swinging!*"

—Contributed by Robert R. Updegraff

The Price That Russia Is Paying

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

Maurice Hindus

Special correspondent of New York Herald Tribune, who recently returned from a seven-month tour of Russia

FOUR MILLION Russians have already lost their lives at the front. But this is the smaller part of their casualties; by far the greater number of deaths has occurred in German-held territories.

In one village the Nazis herded several hundred prisoners into an unheated barn in the dead of winter, stripped them of their felts, woollens and sheepskins. Exposed to cold and wretchedly fed — one bowl of grainless soup and one slice of bread a day — the prisoners died by the score. Two who attempted escape were hanged in front of the barn; for three weeks their frozen bodies swung from the gallows. Eyewitnesses told me they had never seen anything more gruesome. There were hundreds of such barns in German-held areas.

Estimates of the number of prisoners and civilians who have perished run from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000. Even if that figure is only 6,000,000, *Russia has already lost a total of 10,000,000 lives.*

The population of America is about three fourths that of Russia in 1939; we can imagine what the mood of the American people would be had we suffered a proportionate loss

of life — 7,500,000. With so many millions already sacrificed, Russians feel their losses too deeply to derive consolation from the praise which people of the United Nations accord them for their magnificent courage.

"Tell America," said a Russian colonel on my recent departure from the Soviet Union, "not to pat us so much on the back."

"But," I said, "America appreciates the heroism of the Red Army."

"Yes," he replied, "but think of the price we are paying. One of my two brothers is dead; I haven't heard from the other in three months — a bad sign. My wife and child escaped in safety, but my father and mother are in occupied territory and are probably dead."

Most Russians whom I visited spoke in a similar vein. Happy as the people are over their victories, they are also acutely aware that the fighting is on Russian soil, that it is their villages and cities which are being devastated.

Russia is winning victories because she is willing to pay the price in life, in comfort, in convenience.

For civilians, food is more than rigidly rationed. Only the army has no food shortage; the best of every-

thing — food, clothes, books, entertainment — goes to the soldier.

"What did you eat for supper to-night?" I asked a physician's wife.

"Soup, bread, porridge," was her answer. "Precisely what I had last night and the night before." She said American lard was one of the greatest luxuries in Moscow — people spread it on bread like butter.

With bread, soup, porridge, now and then a little meat, a little lard, and potatoes, the Russians manage to get along. There is undernourishment in some parts of the country, but no starvation. The people one sees in the street look well and energetic. Overfulfillment of production plans in factories and work on farms testify to the people's physical well-being.

And how they work! The eight-hour day is all but forgotten, and 11 or 12 hours is the rule. Men repeatedly remain on their jobs 30 hours without rest. An engineer in the Gorki automobile plant told me that when the Germans were driving on Moscow, *he and his men never left the factory for five weeks.*

The first time a worker is late — even ten minutes or less — he is privately reprimanded. The second time, he is publicly reprimanded. The third time, he is tried by a people's court. If he is ever late more than 20 minutes, without the most valid of reasons, he must stand trial. He is seldom acquitted. The penalty is three to four months of "redeeming labor" at his regular job, with

from 15 to 25 percent of his salary deducted as a fine.

No worker is permitted to change his place of work unless it is in the interests of national defense. If he leaves of his own accord, he is tried as a deserter and severely punished.

Actually there is seldom need for these severe disciplinary measures. Working hours are long, food is inferior and the means of transportation are an agony, yet the fighting spirit of the men and women in the factories is high. Never in the country's history have workers applied themselves with such zeal. They compete with each other in production, and create their own speed-up systems. In factory after factory men and women work overtime without pay to make a special contribution of tanks, guns or shells for the army.

No one is exempt from labor except invalids and women with too many small children. Nobody takes a vacation. Last summer 50,000 office workers and housewives from Moscow were sent to the forests for four months to cut a winter supply of firewood.

I saw few children between 12 and 16 years of age in the cities last summer; they were in the country, tending crops and gathering harvests. They did not complain, and they looked neither overworked nor unhappy.

The Russian people wholeheartedly support the defense of their country not only with life and labor

but with their earnings and savings. A wage-earner receiving \$75 a month, for example, pays \$21 in taxes.

"Everything for victory!" is the slogan and passion of the Russian people. Never in history have they hated an enemy with such fury as they now hate Germans. Often I read stories in the Soviet press of a Russian soldier in hand-to-hand combat with an enemy, pinning the German to the ground, biting his throat with his teeth and letting him bleed to death.

The peasants, particularly, have been shocked by the things the Germans have done. Upon occupying a community, the Nazis shoot all chickens, geese and ducks for food. Then they gather all other livestock, and all the grain and potatoes they can find. If they have time during a forced retreat, they burn every building. I have seen scores of villages overgrown with weeds and with only battered chimney stacks to mark their former location.

When the Germans retreat they drive the civilian population ahead of them. They cannot feed or clothe them and often have no shelter for them, and countless thousands thus go to certain death. Such depredations and degradations, visited on Russians only because they are members of "an inferior race," have stirred Russian wrath as it has never been stirred before.

Never for an instant have the citizens of the Soviet wavered in their faith of ultimate victory. "We'll lose

20,000,000 lives, but we'll win!" I heard a naval commander exclaim to a crowd. Tempestuous applause greeted his words.

"We shall slaughter the Germans some day, somewhere," I heard a factory director cry out at a mass meeting of workers, and the very walls shook with cheers.

Victory to the people means not only expulsion of Germans from Russian territory but the destruction of Nazism, the imposition of conditions which will make it impossible for Germany ever again to start another war. It means the punishment of Nazi leaders, from the highest to the lowest, and of the perpetrators of atrocities. No less do they want a reckoning with the home folk in Germany who felt grateful for looted parcels their troops sent them from Russia — food, felts, woolens and other necessities.

Now, more than ever, the Russians are wondering what their allies will do. They are elated by the Anglo-American action in North Africa, but they do not regard it as a second front, partly because the number of German troops involved is small — about eight divisions. In Russia the Red Army has been facing *240 divisions*.

The Russians want the Allies to wage combat on a scale which will compel Hitler to withdraw one fourth to one third of his troops from the eastern front. They are convinced that, if the Allies were now in a position to engage from 60 to

80 German divisions anywhere in the world, the war would soon end.

People in America often ask what the Russians will do when the war is over. The answer depends, of course, on when, and under what circumstances, the war ends. After spending seven months in Russia, and travel-

ing to the limit of the permission granted me, I feel that the people of the Soviet want nothing so much as to heal their wounds and start living again in some degree of security and comfort. The last thing they want is more fighting anywhere.



Britain's Convoy Barrage

A GREAT convoy forging up the English Channel is an odd sight. From the stern of each freighter an ungainly balloon cavorts at the end of a steel cable. The seagoing balloons have done for Britain's merchant vessels what the stationary barrage balloons have done for her cities. They have caused many enemy planes to crash into the sea, but their primary purpose is to keep the bombers high. Also, the cable streaming back in the wind bars the bombers' favorite approach, from aft.

Protection is available even to the lone "tramp" calling at the scores of ports around Britain's coasts. At each is a "balloon seller," a sort of lending library staffed by naval and RAF personnel. Here the incoming ship drops its old balloons to be repaired, and picks up a full one for the next stage of the journey. There are floating balloon stations, too. Lighters are permanently anchored to serve neighboring mine sweepers, and in many harbors fixed posts fly bal-

loons to hold off the mine-laying planes.

One Channel convoy was attacked by about 30 German dive bombers with an escort of fighters. First the fighters came in, diving on one balloon after another and shooting them down. Finally the bombers dropped their bombs. But the delay had saved the convoy, for it gave British fighters time to arrive on the scene, and almost immediately three Junkers dived into the water, ablaze.

One of the most dramatic balloon "kills" was described in these words: "There was a low cloud and the old gas bag was sitting in it. Along comes a Junkers and bumbled around cautious-like for a bit. Then, seeing nothing, he comes in low with his bomb doors open. Suddenly the great thing sort of half-stops in midair, and then hang me if she doesn't slice in half, neat as a bit of cheese, and the two halves fall apart, and the Jerries come tumbling out before it hits the sea."

—George Mawson in *Britain*

Canada's Sheep-Dog Navy

Condensed from *The Nautical Gazette*

J. C. Furnas

THE ISN'T much to look at. The grimy motley of camouflage makes her appear even smaller and dingier than she actually is. Mid-winter weather on the North Atlantic has gnawed away half her red-crossed white ensign — which isn't white any more, but dirty gray. Regulations say ensigns should be regularly washed, but this crew, like many another, firmly believes laundering would mean bad luck.

As she sticks her nose deeper in the mounting swell, spray freezes ever thicker on her in an increasing weight of ice that can seriously menace her safety. Officers and men alike wear hooded "duffel-coats" that make them look like a frostbitten congregation of monks. Incongruous touches are supplied by a scaman muffled in a lady's discarded fur coat, rebuilt for masculine shoulders, and a signalman in a leather windbreaker still bearing his high school football letter. Dungarees on most legs are the nearest approach to a uniform.

But never mind appearances. Meet the typical unit of the Royal Canadian Navy. If the United Nations manage to lick the U-boat menace, this stubby little vessel — and her

scores of plucky sisters — will deserve much of the credit.

Few Americans know that Canada has a navy. But the American forces that took Oran, in North Africa, know it. Of the warships escorting them in, after fending off submarines all the way, 17 were Canadian; and Canadian seamen manned many of the landing boats. From Iceland to Capetown, from Trinidad to Australia, this youngest and most highly specialized of the world's sea-fighting outfits is doing an extremely seamanlike — and dirty — job.

Its specialty is submarine-hunting. This winter the RCN handled nearly half of the whole North Atlantic convoy job — Number One life line of the war — plus numerous other missions all around the globe. Not bad for a navy which in 1939 was hardly beyond token size — six British-built destroyers and five mine sweepers. Today Canada has more than 300 fighting ships in service, and close to 99 percent of the vessels escorted eastward by the RCN, carrying gasoline and tanks and planes, have arrived safely.

A realistic willingness to specialize in dirty work, and never mind big-

ship glamour, made that miracle possible. The miscellaneous character of the fleet she started with is still evident any day at a certain base in eastern Canada. Over there is one of the old English-built destroyers. Here is a revamped U. S. "four-piper" destroyer, acquired in that keels-for-bases deal in 1940. The graceful craft with the sawed-off clipper bow, looking very queer in her gray war paint, is a private yacht hastily converted to mine sweeping. Just behind her is a "killer boat" — one of the dogged little vessels that used to go whale-hunting in the Antarctic.

But the real miracle is the way Canadian shipyards, which in 1939 had no major facilities, have supplied new and specialized escort craft to make up the bulk of a sheep-dog navy. "Why," said an admiring Canadian officer, "they're turning them out like so many sausages." Chunky and well-armed mine sweepers that do double duty as escorts; big wooden gasoline launches for harbor-and-river patrol and convoy of small coasters; and, most plentifully and usefully of all, corvettes — husky little ladies not much bigger than sweepers, but packing plenty of punch. They carry light deck guns, rapid-fire Oerlikon dual-purpose guns, heavy machine guns and depth charges. Sometimes these corvettes go all the way across; sometimes they go only as far as Iceland, where similar boats based on Britain take over.

The corvettes' breeding is out of

the sturdy North Sea fishing trawler by the whaler's killer boat. Broad beam and bluff bow enable them to ride the heaviest weather with ease. Men who command them, including the former skipper of a 20,000-ton luxury liner, swear they are better sea boats than many vessels 20 times their size.

Shallow draft makes them difficult to torpedo because a torpedo will not run accurately unless set too deep to catch a corvette's keel. And they can turn on a dime for repeated depth-charge attacks, or for ramming a surfaced submarine. Many a corvette's crew have heard the "loud-hailer" on the bridge bawl: "Stand by for ramming!" and flopped where they stood, feet braced forward, for the smashing shock as she rides over and crushes the U-boat's below-surface hull. One corvette skipper, making use of his vessel's great maneuverability, recently rammed a submarine three times running, risking his own ship but also very definitely sinking the enemy.

Fifty thousand people, many of them women, are now turning out escort craft from Canadian shipyards in such numbers that some can be given to Great Britain, the Free French and the United States. They have also built, since the war began, 700,000 tons of badly-needed merchant ships.

That rate of production naturally means a dearth of skilled shipbuilding labor. Expert mechanics, shipfitters and the loftsmen who trans-

late blueprints into vessels can't be trained in a hurry. Canada advertised for "lost" skills, men who had left such trades for other jobs, and turned up an unexpected gold mine. Out of the wheat-and-cattle Canadian West came hundreds of skilled veterans of Scotland's Clydeside shipyards who, finding things tough in the old country when shipbuilding slumped after the last war, had migrated to Saskatchewan and Manitoba to start life over. These middle-aged Scots still remembered just how to do it.

Canada's navy has had no recruiting problem at all. It has been able not only to man everything the Dominion can launch, but to supply over a thousand men to the British navy.

Officer expansion would have been more of a headache except for pre-war foresight. The RCN is largely staffed by Naval Reserve officers from the merchant marine and fishing fleets, the Coast Guard, and the patrol fleet of the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police. But there are also many officers from the Volunteer Naval Reserve — sea-minded young fellows from all over the Dominion who had long been encouraged to take navy-sponsored courses in seamanship and spend a few weeks a year at sea on naval vessels.

However, when a navy expands from less than 2000 men to over 50,000 in three years, a lot of officers must be raised from absolute scratch. Fresh-water yachtsmen — several

yacht clubs joined practically en masse — and kids just out of college were fed into the Volunteer Naval Reserve, and half a dozen current commanders of fighting vessels are men who had never been to sea in their lives until a couple of years ago.

The skipper of an escort vessel I sailed on was experienced in both merchant shipping and the Coast Guard; but the lanky gunnery officer graduated in economics from college only last June. Now, as "action stations" rings, he appears to enjoy himself hugely scrambling forward to muster his crew at the deck gun with a half gale from the North Pole playing tunes on his teeth and freezing the six-day beard on his chin. It was another ex-college boy on the bridge who rang action stations. He did it on his own, not waiting to ask the skipper, and is tickled right down to his half-frozen toes when the "old man," scooting up to the bridge like a squirrel, agrees that the detection devices give every indication that Jerry is off there to starboard in the howling gloom.

The ship swings hard astarboard in an astoundingly sharp curve, the telegraph jingles for full speed ahead, and sparks pour out of the funnel. The kid beside you tinkers hopefully with the magazine on his submachine gun. A year ago he was driving a truck in a small town in Ontario. Even under his shrouding duffel-coat you can see his shoulders sag in disappointment when the "old man," saying something sulphurous, has to

admit the quarry is lost — this time.

Canadian losses in the never-ending battle have not been negligible. In one black week the RCN lost a destroyer, a corvette and a converted yacht by enemy action. Besides, when convoy and escort both must run without lights through storm and fog, collision is almost as much of a hazard as U-boats. Without the remarkable detecting devices, equally efficient at locating friendly freighters or prowling submarines, the job would be close to impossible.

Accidents aboard ship are frequent. A centipede dipped in glue could not keep his feet on the slip-

pery steel decks of a corvette when she is really showing off in a heavy sea. That means broken legs, fractured skulls — usually without a doctor to help. And there is the ever-present chance of being washed overboard. The boys all know what that means in northern latitudes in winter:

"So far as I'm concerned," says the gunnery officer playing cribbage in the wardroom, "'abandon ship' means pick up a big chunk of iron and dive overboard. I'd rather get it over with." But in the next breath he is discussing what he plans to do after the war, back home in British Columbia.

Fact and Figures

In 1940 there were 3,896,435 income taxpayers; in 1941, 7,437,307; in 1942, 16,760,865. The 1943 tax will fall upon roughly 27,000,000 persons.

ON THE authority of the *New York Times* the war this year will cost the United States more than *all the other belligerent nations put together*. According to these estimates it will cost the United States roughly \$100,000,000,000; Germany \$34,400,000,000; Great Britain \$21,330,000,000; Russia \$15,000,000,000; Italy \$8,670,000,000; and Japan \$7,000,000,000.

Although the U.S. budget tops the war expenditures of allies and enemies combined, the United States will not maintain larger armies and navies than all these other nations put together. It does not mean the United States will produce more munitions and supplies than all of them. It means that, through unprecedentedly high wages, through overtime due to the 40-hour week, through an unwieldy bureaucracy, we are paying far more for far less, proportionately, than any other nation. Such prodigality is a serious threat to our country's economic future.

— New York State Economic Council

Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

Condensed from Collier's

Robert Bellaire

Former United Press correspondent in Tokyo

ONE drizzling morning last spring in Kyoto, Japan, a stoutish little German in the uniform of a Nazi general knelt before a shrine to worship Japan's war dead. He was the German ambassador, General Eugen Ott, humiliating himself as part of a "good-will tour" ordered by Berlin in an effort to stem growing anti-Nazism in Japan. This was his 20th such performance in two weeks. He had also made more than 50 speeches urging the Japanese to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. But few Japanese had come to hear him, and the government-controlled press had not published one of his speeches.

For some months Ott had been losing ground in his fight to get the Japs to follow his Führer's orders. Tokyo had never placed its world-conquering program on Berlin war time, and now that Hitler was demanding a second front against Russia the Japs had become more insolent than ever. Tokyo gave no publicity to her independence, for that would have comforted Japan's enemies as well as Germany's. But the harder Ott and his Nazi agents tried to rivet the yoke on Japan, as it

had been riveted on Italy, the more the Japs hated the Nazis for trying to dictate to *them*. The Nazis might be supermen, but the Japanese were *gods* — the Sons of Heaven.

Some of Japan's reasons for hating the Nazis are Hitler's own fault, others the outgrowth of a fanatical belief that it is the holy mission of the Japanese to dominate the entire world.

"If Japan goes to war with America and Britain," a ranking member of the German embassy staff in Tokyo told me a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, "our days will be numbered here too." Several days earlier a Japanese cabinet member had told him: "Because you Germans are our allies, we give you the honor of being the last white men we will drive out of the Orient."

Since a Japanese is expected to be pro-Japanese, and pro-nothing else, the government has tried to suppress everything which might make popular sentiment friendly toward Germany. On each anniversary of Japan's adherence to the Axis, Nazi propaganda agents have sought to organize mass meetings throughout the country. But police officials issue

just one permit—to the government itself. The meeting is held indoors, so that attendance will be limited to a few hundred. Speakers must not create sympathy or friendship for Germany or Italy. Newspapers are instructed to give the celebration little publicity.

Two years ago the Germans managed to have the streets of Tokyo decked with Nazi flags the morning of the anniversary, but by noon most of them had disappeared. "Police orders," the editor of one of Japan's largest newspapers told me.

The Nazis were even less successful in their attempts to bring Berlin propaganda broadcasts to the Japanese people. The Tokyo government took the position that Berlin short-wave stations were so powerful that long-wave rebroadcasts would be unnecessary. Technically this was true. But possession of a short-wave radio receiver in Japan is punishable by imprisonment or death.

The popular Japanese nickname for Germans is "the vultures." Japanese cartoonists use the vulture to impersonate Germany. "Every time our embassy protests," an exasperated German correspondent told me, "the Japanese claim that the vultures are really eagles."

The Nazis won this nickname by making the Japanese feel that Hitler was attempting to reconstruct Germany's old empire in the Orient at the cost of Japanese blood. On the grounds of "Axis partnership" the Germans demanded the use of former

German islands in the South Pacific as "bases from which to attack the United States"; a major share of the fabulously rich Netherlands East Indies, which the Nazis claim because of their occupation of Holland; and economic concessions in Japanese-occupied areas of China.

Japan's reply has been a polite but firm "Very sorry . . . No!"

Ken Tsurumi, Japanese army agent in charge of espionage in Singapore prior to Pearl Harbor, was quite frank about the Nazis. "Japan really has no allies," he told me early in 1940. "She can have none. In the first World War we ousted Germany from the Pacific. It would be folly for us to permit her to return."

When Hitler invaded Russia the Nazi menace suddenly loomed larger. As the Nazi legions swept eastward toward Moscow, the Japanese realized that this ambitious partner they hated and feared might soon be their neighbor in Siberia — within a bombing distance of Tokyo. American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka, then Japan's foreign minister, said, "Hitler is the greatest threat to our holy mission." He had reason to be bitter. Just returned from a "triumphant" visit to Berlin, where "Hitler promised me that Britain would be conquered in three months," he had negotiated a nonaggression pact with Stalin at Hitler's suggestion. "Hitler made a fool of me," he confessed privately. "He was using me as a shield for his plans to attack Russia. But we will not forget this lesson."

When the Nazis bogged down for their first terrible winter in Russia, Tokyo awakened as if from a nightmare. Japan's newspapers carried headlines jubilantly announcing the Nazi defeat. Her diplomats in Berlin were ordered to aid Japanese newspaper correspondents in evading Nazi censorship so that details of the disaster could be enjoyed by the Japanese public. The longer Russia and Germany fought, the easier would be Japan's path to world conquest.

Italy is a pitiful object lesson to all Japanese, a warning against too close relations with Hitler. They know that Hitler sent his agents pouring into Japan just as he sent them into Italy. But the Japs are determined that these Nazis shall wield no real influence. More than 2000 Tokyo police are assigned to shadow the 300-odd members of the German embassy staff.

"The Germans taught us the art of blitz warfare and gave us the blueprints for the Messerschmitt planes," Japan's foreign minister, Masayuki Tani, once told me. "But where and when we use them is something Japan will decide for herself. We will tolerate no interference with the administration of our government, which has the wisdom of the gods to guide it."

Germans with whom I was able to establish contact after Pearl Harbor complained bitterly against new curbs on their freedom in Japan. They were frequently confined to their homes for hours during army maneuvers. They no longer were permitted inside Japanese factories where formerly they had acted as advisers. They were not permitted to travel between Japanese cities without specific permits. German homes were being raided by Japanese police, and many Jap shopkeepers refused to sell food to them.

In addition, Japan recently announced her policy toward non-Japanese, including German, in newly occupied areas of the Pacific as follows: "Business interests of non-Japanese ownership may operate freely, provided they accept complete Japanese direction as to policy. Any interests which refuse will be regarded as enemy property and confiscated. Persons responsible will be regarded as enemies and punished accordingly."

Much of Japan's hatred has come from Hitler's efforts to control Japan, but most basic is Japan's contempt and hatred for all the white race and for all of what Japan considers the human race. For theirs is the race, and the wrath, of the gods.



CHIEF BOATSWAIN'S MATE: "How long have you been working in this compartment?"

APPRENTICE SEAMAN: "Ever since I saw you coming down the ladder."

— *Yippy-Dippy*, Naval Section Base, Neah Bay, Wash.

¶ The "Cinepac" is a patient man — but he is also from Texas

Nimitz Fires When He Is Ready

Condensed from The Rotarian

Stanley High

FROM an unadorned office built like a battleship's bridge, above the vast spread and clamor of Pearl Harbor's naval base, Admiral Chester William Nimitz commands the largest single area of war operations in American naval history. With Hawaii as the strategic hub, it reaches 5500 miles east to Panama and up the U. S. west coast; 2800 miles north to Alaska; 3800 miles west to Japan via Midway and Wake; 3500 miles southwest to the Solomons; 2700 miles south to Tahiti.

On last December 7, Admiral Nimitz held one of his infrequent press conferences. A correspondent asked for an "official guess" as to when the war will end. "By the calendar, I wouldn't try to tell you," the Admiral said. "But I can tell you by the map." He swung his arm in a wide circle around a string of maps thumbtacked on the wall. "The war will end when the Jap has been hunted down in all those regions and his striking power destroyed."

The striking had been almost all Japanese when Nimitz's flag as "Cinepac" (Commander in Chief of the



Pacific Fleet) was run up on December 31, 1941 — over the bomb-gutted debris of America's worst naval disaster. From Dutch Harbor to Singapore, our own and allied fleets were not hunting but being hunted. As the bad news mounted, the question grew: "Where is the navy?"

Nimitz gave no interviews in those days. But to those whose querulous questions reached him he would say in Hawaiian: "*Hoomana wa nui*" — "Be patient." That answer did not satisfy the public. But it was good enough for the navy, which was well acquainted with Nimitz's patience — a special variety, Texas-bred and no kin to meekness.

For five months Nimitz did not make a headline or fight talk. So far as the correspondents could observe, from their impatient watch in the news-empty press room, he never once stepped up the unhurried pace

at which, each day, he walked from his quarters to his office and back.

Every morning at about 11 he strolled out, bareheaded and in shirt-sleeves, to the pistol range behind his office. There he shot a dozen rounds with a .22 pistol and checked his above-average marksmanship. Once a week, in shorts and sweat shirt, he played tennis with three staff officers — a good, solid game in which his accuracy obliged his opponents to do most of the running.

Once a week he drove to a beach near Diamond Head to swim. But the swimming he goes in for is of the long-pull sort. He is seldom satisfied with less than a mile — preceded and followed by two miles of hiking in the sand at a steady pace which generally leaves his younger officers puffing far in his wake.

Meanwhile, seven days and nights a week, Cincpac headquarters ran with the subdued precision of a time clock. One experienced observer describes it as "the most businesslike military office I have ever seen."

Toward the end of May, word reached the news room that Nimitz's first showdown was in the making. The report came from the inaccessible office where the Chief of Naval Intelligence, with information from innumerable guarded sources, prepares a daily map which shows the probable disposition of the Japanese fleet. The lines on this map were moving steadily closer to Midway and Hawaii.

There was no to-and-fro hurrying at Cincpac headquarters, no battle-eve oratory for the press. But as the lines moved, the tenseness increased; staff officers, working around the clock, were grim; Honolulu's black-out regulations were tightened, dangerous areas evacuated.

On the morning of June 4, the Japanese — undoubtedly aiming at Hawaii and the U. S. west coast — struck in force at Midway. At the end of that momentous day, Nimitz's patience was intact: "Our attacks are continuing." At the end of the second day he was still understating it: "While it is too early to claim a major Japanese disaster, it may be conservatively stated that United States control remains firm in the Midway area."

Two days later, on June 7 — exactly six months after Pearl Harbor — he called in the correspondents. He was smiling. "I think I've got some good news for you," he said. "A momentous victory is in the making. Pearl Harbor has been partially avenged."

For the triumph at Midway, Admiral Nimitz in the traditionally unwarmed language of citations was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal: "His conduct of the operations of the Pacific fleet, his exercise of command, left nothing to be desired."

To receive his DSM, at the hands of Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet, Admiral Nimitz flew to San Fran-

cisco. On landing, his seaplane hit an obstruction and was wrecked. The pilot was killed. Nimitz was badly jarred and thrown into the water. But he shook off his rescuers and struck out for shore. "I'm all right," he shouted, "but for God's sake save that brief case!"

What he had in the brief case, which was saved, was not disclosed. But, by then, it was no secret that in five months he had lifted American sea power in the Pacific out of the shadow. He had repaired and reorganized the shattered Pacific fleet, and won with it what President Roosevelt called "our most important victory in 1942" — a victory which historians may appraise as among the most decisive of our history. The question, "Where is the navy?" had been given a navy answer by this rout of one of the biggest invasion armadas of all time.

Chester Nimitz is an admiral's admiral. When he was made Cincpac, few of our top officers were less known outside the navy, or more favorably known within it. There is not a spectacular chapter in his career. Neither, by navy standards, is there a mediocre one. Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of staff to the President, recently remarked: "Nimitz has never done a job that wasn't outstanding."

Nimitz's staff officers say that he is never "crusty" — save when the going seems to him to be too easy. When the job toughens he cheers up and cools off accordingly — his rel-

ish apparently being in direct ratio to the odds he is up against.

As a boy, Nimitz wanted to be a soldier. He was preparing for West Point at the University of Texas when he heard that there was to be a competitive examination for an immediate appointment to the Naval Academy. He won the appointment.

At Annapolis, where he graduated in 1905, Nimitz never weighed more than 150 pounds. But despite his lack of tonnage, he went into athletics with enthusiasm. When he signed up for rowing, the coach gave him the stroke oar in the fourth crew. With Nimitz setting the pace, that crew so regularly beat the third that he was promoted to the third boat. Whereupon, the third beat the second. Nimitz finally became stroke of the first shell, where he paced seven men who, on the average, outweighed him by 35 pounds.

Nimitz was the first of his class to receive a command: the *Panay*, forerunner of the U. S. gunboat sunk by the Japanese in China's Yangtze River in 1937. On river patrol in the Philippines she had a crew of 20 and two little guns — "but what a ship I thought she was."

The Nimitz calm is indicated by an incident that occurred during his first command. One day the boat sprang a leak and the water got ahead of the pumps. The chief engineer, up to his knees in the rising tide, excitedly called the bridge: "She's going to sink!" The reply

came back, "Look on page 84 of *Barton's Engineering Manual*. It tells you what to do in a case like this." The boat was saved.

After his Philippine service, Nimitz asked for battleship duty. What he got, instead, was a submarine — one of the navy's first. In those days subs were driven by gasoline engines, and to the usual risks of undersea operations were added such hazards as gas fumes and battery explosions. Nimitz describes his first undersea craft as "a cross between a Jules Verne fantasy and a whale."

But Nimitz took to subs. At 27 he was in command of the whole Atlantic fleet submarine force and was on his way to a reputation as the navy's top "pigboat" authority. He served with the undersea forces during the first World War, and later built and commanded the submarine base at Pearl Harbor. What he knows about subs and his love for that service added to his pleasure when, last January, he was called upon to decorate his son, Lieutenant Chester W. Nimitz, Jr., for successful action as a submarine commander against "much" enemy shipping in enemy-controlled waters.

In 1913, still a lieutenant, Nimitz was sent to Germany to study Diesel engines. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves in every important Diesel factory in the country. He talked, ate and slept Diesels until even his wife, so she says, "learned the lingo of wrist pins and bushings." When he returned he

was the navy's last word on that subject. He subsequently installed the first Diesel engine in an American naval vessel and, to keep an eye on his handiwork, shipped aboard as chief engineer.

During his rise in rank, Nimitz sidestepped none of the diverse schooling by which the navy trains its leaders. He has served in the engine room or on the bridge of almost everything from gunboats to battleships. Neither, until recently, did he hurry the slow processes of navy promotion. He was 23 years out of Annapolis before he reached commander's rank; 33 years out before he became a rear admiral. A year later, in June 1939, he was made Chief of the Navy Department's Bureau of Navigation — a post rated second only to that of Chief of Naval Operations.

By seniority, Nimitz was not due for that post. But his record, with a war in prospect, looked more important than his place in line. When word got around that Nimitz was "coming ashore," almost every important bureau in the Navy Department put in a bid for him. "If there's a war," said one admiral, senior to Nimitz, "he's the man I'd like to get my orders from." Nimitz was probably the only man in the Navy Department who was surprised when, ten days after Pearl Harbor, he was raised to the rank of full admiral and ordered to Hawaii to pick up the pieces, hold off the Japanese and get the Pacific fleet into the war.

How well he has done that is indicated not only by what happened at Midway but by the battle of the Coral Sea in May, by the November battle in the Solomons, and by what the Admiral likes to call the "whittling down" of Japanese sea power in innumerable unheadlined engagements by surface and undersea ships.

The Admiral is of moderate height and husky; his thinning hair is white, his eyes amazingly blue. He speaks slowly and with a trace of Texas drawl. He has a lively sense of humor. Many naval officers are familiar with his collection of reasons why a battleship is called "she" — among the less salty being "because it costs a lot to keep her in paint and powder" and "because she loves to rest on the bosom of a swell."

Nimitz's authority is supreme. But between Nimitz and Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, the army commander in Hawaii, there is the closest cooperation, entirely devoid of interservice antagonisms. The day after the beginning of the Midway battle, an army truck drew up in front of the Admiral's quarters and two soldiers delivered a case of champagne tied in red ribbons. With it was General Emmons' card: "The Army's toast to the Navy."

Admiral Nimitz's only impatience on his present job is with the hard fact that the day is gone when fleet commanders can fight from the bridge. The Japanese are now too far from Pearl Harbor to suit his battle tastes. But for that Nimitz has no one to blame but himself.



Part-Time for Victory

THE "split-shift" scheme for helping to solve the manpower shortage in war industries is rapidly spreading. While the U. S. Employment Service in Hartford, Conn., was developing this plan to use white-collar workers in industry on a part-time basis,* officers of the Warner & Swasey Company, Cleveland makers of turret lathes, independently adopted a similar system, which has been followed by other plants throughout the Middle West.

In Warner & Swasey's shops at four o'clock every afternoon 125 of Cleve-

land's business and professional men change into overalls to start a four-hour shift; at eight they are relieved by 125 others who stay on the job till midnight. To most of them the pay is less important than the feeling they're no longer sitting on the sidelines, watching the war. Their rate of absenteeism is less than half of one percent; and their enthusiasm is so contagious that even the occasional factory hand who used to "soldier" on the job is now speeding up.

Cleveland labor officials estimate that 10,000 regular jobs could thus be filled in the Cleveland area alone by split-shift workers.

* See "White Collars Go on the Production Line," *The Reader's Digest*, March, '43.

Industry Pioneers in Medical Care

Condensed from *Forbes*

Henry Morton Robinson

MEDICAL CARE costs money — more money than the majority of Americans can afford. The specter of medical expenses, which average \$120 annually per family, haunts most homes; even a minor illness perilously rocks the family budget. Yes, medical care comes high, yet such is the paradox of medicine that few doctors get rich and most hospitals operate at a deficit. And, meanwhile, millions of sick human beings are not getting adequate treatment, and physicians are increasingly fearful lest government-regulated medicine with its cheerless bureaucracy take over the medical care of the nation.

Lighting this somber picture are various health and hospital plans, under which nearly 15,000,000 Americans receive some sort of medical care by paying from two to ten cents per day. Like any other insurance, these plans "spread the risk," so that the sick man's difficult financial burden is shared by those who are well. Yet these existing health plans, milestones though they may be, are enjoyed by only one tenth of our population.

What pattern shall America follow

in bringing good health care to medically neglected millions? Private industry has come forward with an answer. Right now at least a dozen thriving medical-care plans, maintained and operated by industry, dispel fears that medicine in the United States *must* slip by default into the hands of government bureaucrats. All of these plans provide high-grade care but each has distinctive features and they vary in cost to the worker. They are animated by this very practical truism: a healthy worker is more efficient and contented than an ailing one.

Oldest, and one which costs the worker nothing, is the medical-care plan of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, shoe manufacturers of Johnson City, N. Y. This company maintains at its own expense a complete medical, hospital and dental service for 15,000 employees and their families. The service has been in existence for 25 years. Regular employment in the Endicott Johnson factories entitles the worker and his family to consult any doctor on the staff of 23 full-time physicians.

Suppose Joe Graham, a tanner, is stricken by a pain in his right side.

He calls in his favorite doctor on the Endicott Johnson staff. This physician, with all the solicitude that marks the traditional doctor-patient relationship, puts Joe through a complete diagnostic course, including X-ray and gastrointestinal examinations which in private practice cost between \$25 and \$75. It is finally decided that Joe has gallstones. The operation for their removal is performed by a top-notch surgeon in one of three operating rooms of the Charles S. Wilson Memorial Hospital* in Johnson City, N. Y., a modern 350-bed institution.

After his operation Joe Graham is put in a ward, unless his doctor thinks he needs a semiprivate room. There is no limit to Joe's hospitalization period, and all his hospital bills are paid by the company. Meanwhile, Mrs. Graham may be having a baby at company expense. All of Joe's five children may have their tonsils removed, their teeth fixed or their eyes examined. All prescriptions are filled without charge at an average cost to the company of 35 cents.

If an Endicott Johnson employe develops an obscure or difficult illness, New York, Boston or Baltimore specialists are consulted and are called in if necessary. Persons

* This hospital, given outright to the community of Johnson City by the Endicott Johnson Corporation in 1926, is governed by a board of civic leaders, including a representative of the company. All citizens of surrounding cities may be treated on payment of standard fees. Last year 50 percent of its patients were shoe factory employes; the other half were persons not employed by Endicott Johnson. Excellent management keeps the hospital on a no-deficit basis.

suffering from venereal disease or drug addiction are cared for under this plan. Tuberculosis and mental cases are placed in state and county institutions and when necessary their expenses are defrayed by the company.

Last year the company spent nearly \$1,000,000 on the medical care of its employes; the average yearly cost is estimated at approximately \$17 per person and \$48 per family.

There are several successful medical-care programs to which both employer and employe contribute. A leading example of this type of joint health enterprise is that of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. For ten years this public utility has provided comprehensive medical and hospital care to its 29,000 employes at an average cost to the worker of 20 cents per week. Such payments, deducted from weekly wages, and matched by contributions from the company, guarantee to Edison employes the best medical, surgical and hospital care obtainable.

Consolidated Edison maintains a staff of 64 physicians stationed at eight Medical Bureaus strategically located in New York City. In addition, 175 part-time physicians treat employes either at home or in the doctor's office. If hospitalization is necessary, the doctor places his patient in one of ten metropolitan hospitals with which the Consolidated Edison has arrangements. Patients too ill to walk are taken to the

hospital by private ambulance. No restrictions are placed on the length of time that the patient may remain in the hospital. Institutional care of tubercular and mental cases is not included in the service; and employees with venereal disease are given only standard medical treatment.

Dental service available under the Consolidated Edison plan is complete. The patient may visit any one of 46 private dentists and have his teeth filled. Extractions are free. Dental plates are also provided without extra charge. Last year 56,000 dental treatments were given.

Periodic health examinations are encouraged by the company; employees have the privilege of requesting a thoroughgoing checkup at any time. But the plan also stipulates that an employee absent from work two or more weeks on account of sickness *must* submit to a complete physical examination.

Consolidated Edison maintains a country convalescent home for employees. The home accommodates 85 patients, under the supervision of a resident physician and registered nurse. Fowl, milk, butter and eggs, and most of the fruit, vegetables and meat come from the 275-acre farm operated in connection with the home. In 1941 nearly 1000 employees spent 18,264 days at the farm, as part of their dividends on a health plan which costs them less than three cents a day.

What do Consolidated Edison employees think of the company's

medical program? Well, on several occasions the unions have required, as a condition of collective bargaining agreements, that these benefits be retained.

Though neither of the plans described above has yet ushered in the medical millennium, they demonstrate how American industry can wage the good fight against disease. But the brunt of this battle for improved medical care should not be borne by industry alone. Rather it must be a community responsibility — a coalition of business, industry, labor, the organized medical profession and just plain citizens.

Such community teamwork, flexibly geared to local circumstances, is the solution to America's crying need for better medical care. In some communities, already existing hospitals and health organizations will be pooled and utilized more fully; in others, new hospitals, clinics and health services must be built from scratch. New careers will be open to young men and women as organizers and managers of health plans and hospitals. Physicians will no longer wear themselves threadbare doing "charity" work, nor will fathers of families lie awake nights worrying about unpaid medical bills. In the America that is dawning, optimum health and maximum medical care will be the portion of all — for a few cents a day.

(This is the first of a series of articles on medical care in the United States.)

What We Laugh At — and Why

By

Max Eastman

Author of "Enjoyment of Laughter"

A JOKE is not a thing but a process, a trick you play on the listener's mind. You start him off toward a plausible goal, and then by a sudden twist you land him nowhere at all — or just where he didn't expect to go.

"When I first came to this country I didn't have a nickel in my pocket — now I have a nickel in my pocket." (Groucho Marx)

That is one of the briefest jokes I can think of, yet it shows the two parts of which all jokes are composed: the dispatch and wreckage of a train of thought.

Joe Penner is wandering around with amnesia, trying to find out who he is. He meets a pretty girl who says:

"I don't know who I am either — I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a bottle of milk."

Then there is the story about the professor who dreamed he was lecturing to his class, and woke up to find that it was true.

A man returning home after a few days' absence was met by his little boy:

"Papa, there's been a bogeyman in Mamma's bedroom."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't talk nonsense. You know there's no such thing as a bogeyman."

"Yes, there is too," Johnnie says. "And what's more, he's up there hiding in the closet right now!"

So the man goes upstairs, a little anxiously, and opens the closet door. Sure enough, there is his good friend Sam from Czechoslovakia.

"Why, Sam," he cries, almost bursting into tears. "How could you do this to me? Didn't I furnish your passage from Europe? Didn't I rescue you from the clutches of Adolf Hitler? And now you repay me by hiding in the closet and scaring my little boy!"

You laugh at this because your expectations were tense and dramatic, and their collapse is complete. The joke is on you. All jokes — no matter whom else they are on — are on the person who laughs.

A schoolboy was told to define a marsupial. "A marsupial," he wrote, "is an animal with a pouch in the middle of his stomach into which he can retire when he is hard pressed."

Here again — with all due respect — the joke is on you. A series of words which you think are going to get somewhere pile up in a wreckage of nonsense.

The sense of humor is also a kind of playtime shock absorber — an instinctive tendency to laugh at experiences which would be painful if you didn't laugh.

A Yale psychologist performed, on 15 babies under a year old, a whole battery of experiments designed to find out what made them laugh. And here is the joke that a large majority of those babies agreed was the funniest in the world: The experimenter, having gotten them into a playful mood, would swing them out toward their mothers' arms, and just before they arrived in that haven of bliss, yank them suddenly back. The joke is on the babies, and they love it.

There is the original, elemental, physiological joke: a frustration that doesn't hurt you, a discomfiture that you can't take seriously. Starting from this point, anyone can learn to tell a funny story.

Making a joke is like swinging the listener's mind out toward its natural home in a meaning, and just as it is about to arrive there, playfully yanking it back.

Here is Mark Twain playing with a visitor's mind just as they played with those babies. The visitor sees a photograph on the table and asks:

"Isn't that a brother of yours?"

"Oh! Yes — now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!"

"Why? Is he dead?"

"I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it."

"How sad! He disappeared, then?"

"Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him."

"Buried him, without knowing whether he was dead or not?"

"Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough."

"I don't understand. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead —"

"No! No! We only thought he was."

"Oh, I see! He came to life again?"

"I bet he didn't."

"Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where is the mystery?"

"Ah! That's just it! You see, we were twins — the defunct and I — and we got mixed in the bathtub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was me."

"Well, what do *you* think?"

"I will tell you a secret now, which I have never revealed to any creature before. One of us had a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned!*"

W. C. Fields used to have a scene in which he spent 18 minutes making ready to hit a golf ball and retired without ever hitting it. He told me this was generally regarded as his funniest act. We arrived at the formula that "the funniest thing a comedian can do is not do it."

There again, the person laughs because he is fooled. He gets nothing.

Sometimes the nothing we laugh at turns out to mean more than the something we were expecting. And that gives the joke a "point." In his autobiography, Joe Cook prints at the top of a page: "Below you will find a list of New York night clubs

where a marvelous time can be had for little or nothing," and leaves the rest of the page blank!

Many of the best jokes are ones that release our suppressed impulse to take a crack at somebody. For in jokes we can do things, and speak truths, which we'd like to do or say in real life, but daren't.

Cicero had a delicate taste for nonsense with a point. He used to tell how Scapio called on a poet named Ennius, and was told by the maid that Ennius was not at home. Later, when Ennius returned the call, Scapio stuck his head out of an upstairs window and said: "I am not at home."

"Go on!" said Ennius. "Don't I see you and hear your voice?"

"Why, look here!" answered Scapio. "I believed your maid when she told me you weren't home, and you won't believe me even when I tell you myself!"

I once asked Charlie Chaplin what it is in his pictures that makes people laugh, and he said: "It is telling them the plain truth of things. For instance, when I walk right up and slap a *grande dame* who gave me a contemptuous look, it's the right way to behave. They can't admit it, but they laugh because they know it's true!" The highest function of humor, I think, is that of a public confessional.

Children often tell stories which we grownups think funny because they naively bring out into the open some of our deepest unsatisfied

yearnings. A little girl of my acquaintance composed the following fable:

"Once there was a boy and girl and they loved each other very much, but they couldn't get married because they didn't have any money. They talked it all over, and finally decided to be good and not make any babies until he could earn some money. That same night on the way home he found a purse containing a million dollars, and so they got married right off. And the very next day she had twins, which proves that virtue brings its own reward."

Freud maintains that *all* jokes at which you laugh uproariously release impulses that have been repressed into the unconscious. I think I can disprove this theory with a story at which you will laugh because it *fails* to release a sexual motive exactly when you are expecting it.

A man who stuttered badly told the manager of a country club that he loved to play golf and hated to play alone, but was shy about his stuttering. The manager said, "I know just the solution — a lady who often plays here stutters too, and I am sure you would get along fine together." A match was arranged and they met on the tee. The man introduced himself. "My n-n-name is P-p-p-peter," he said smilingly, "but I am not a s-s-s-s-saint!" "M-m-my n-n-n-n-name is M-m-m-mary," she replied with a smile, "but I am not a v-v-v-v-v-v-very good player."

Step right up close and watch them making high explosives



Condensed from *Esquire*

Frederick C. Painton

"**T**HERE it is," the Army Intelligence officer said proudly. "One of the biggest TNT plants in the world." He pointed at what had been, only a few months ago, Illinois farmland. "You're the first writer to get inside and see how we make the stuff."

There are hundreds of guards. Some are on foot, with .45 automatics slapping at their thighs as they walk. Others patrol the roads on motorcycles and in prowling cars. Still others, armed with rifles, peer out of watchtowers along the steel fence, using binoculars by day and searchlights by night.

"We haven't had a case of sabotage yet — and we don't intend to have any," the officer told me. "Nothing must stop this plant's production for even ten seconds."

There were no big buildings; only hundreds of small gray houses, oddly spaced and stretching as far as the eye could see. Orange smoke rose from some of them. There was enough high explosive there to flatten a city the size of New York. I had a sudden desire to talk in whispers.

My escort was "S-8053," an old-

timer who made TNT in the first World War. At the entrance to the production area four green-garbed guards pounced on our car, searched me to see that I carried nothing made of steel, and provided me with a "powder uniform" — white coveralls and shoes made without nails that might strike a spark. I put on, also, canvas gloves, a white cap, and spectacles of shatterproof glass. Finally, an ointment was rubbed thoroughly over exposed portions of my face.

Now, riding among these oddly spaced gray houses, I learned why they were built so far apart. Ordnance Department rules space the houses according to the amount of explosives each contains. If there should be an explosion in one unit, the blast would not detonate the explosives in other houses. The houses in this plant are twice as far apart as the regulations prescribe.

Our trip along the TNT production line began at a small house where toluene, a coal-tar derivative, and acids are first brought together and stirred in a tank called a cooker. A young worker alertly watches a large thermometer. His job is to keep the

temperature of the mixture at 2250 Fahrenheit. If he loses control and the temperature rises swiftly, he and his assistants leap into a metal chute like a children's slide, skate to the ground — and keep on running. Near the end of the chute is a valve-pull that opens the cooker and permits the charge to drain into an enormous vat of water just outside the house. This is called the "drowner," and usually prevents an explosion.

"These chutes really help," said S-8053. "I remember seeing a friend of mine go down one once. His nitrator had gone wrong and blew. As he hit the chute a sheet of flame was racing three feet behind him. But he was going so fast it never gained an inch."

The young man at the nitrator acknowledged our presence, even managed a word, but never for one instant did he pause in his work. And once when I accidentally got in his way, he thrust past with intent gaze, said "Heads up," and never missed a motion. He worked as though the whole war depended upon his work.

S-8053 nodded thoughtfully. "We didn't get this kind of intelligent help in 1917. I was running a nitrator and they assigned me a man for a day's training. I told this fellow to watch the thermometer and never let the reading go over 225. I had something else to do for a few minutes. When I came back, what do I see but this guy holding the thermometer under the drinking water tap! 'Hey,' I says, 'what you doing?'

He looks up and says, 'Well, you said not to let her go over 225 and she was 230 before I got her to this water.'"

He chuckled reminiscently. "The charge was ready to blow. We all hit the chute feet first and I pulled the 'drowner' on the way. No explosion — but we sure had a mess to clean up."

The toluene is bathed three times in nitric acid — becoming successively mono-, bi-, and tri-nitro-toluene. The liquid TNT is then tested to see if the "freezing" point — the temperature at which it turns instantly to a solid — meets army specifications. If it doesn't solidify at 80.2° Centigrade (176.36° F.), it has to be recooked.

The liquid changes to a solid on a revolving drum that dips into a bath of the TNT and gets caked with what looks like wax from a candle. Scraped off the drum to go to the packing room, TNT resembles pale-yellow soap chips.

The washing and drying house and the packing room have huge barricades of wood filled with packed earth. If there is an explosion these barricades throw its force upward.

Yet the chief hazard to the workers is not explosion. TNT can be detonated only by another explosion that sets up a disintegrating wave. High-powered rifle bullets have been fired through TNT without causing an explosion. If TNT is open to the air, it merely burns like pitch.

The real danger in handling TNT is that it is poisonous. In 1917, work-

ers' lips and then their faces would turn blue, and presently they would complain of great fatigue. They suffered from abdominal pains. Finally they had to quit work and many never returned.

Physicians discovered that the reason for this illness was cyanosis, a destruction of the oxygen-carrying qualities of the red corpuscles. Today when a TNT man reports for work he goes to the Change House. Here he takes a bath, and dons freshly-laundered underwear, uniform, socks, cap and gloves. At the end of his shift he returns to the Change House, throws everything he has on into a laundry hamper, and takes another bath with a special soap.

Recently a slight abnormality in blood count and blood pressure was discovered among the men on one TNT line. Investigation revealed they were skipping the bath to catch a bus which left a few minutes after they came off shift. The bus schedule was changed, and the symptoms disappeared.

Every two weeks a physician checks each man's blood count and blood pressure. Familiarity breeds contempt among the men, and only the care of supervisors and surprise examinations by physicians have kept this plant's record perfect and its hospital empty.

"Instinct plays a part on this job in a crisis," said S-8053. "Back in 1917 I had a friend on a nitrator. Then, as now, we shut down during electrical storms — just in case. A thunderstorm came up, but this man had a charge in the cooker and wanted to see it through. He didn't stop. Nearby was a half million pounds of smokeless powder.

"Well, a lightning bolt hit the powder and it went up in a flash. I was driving to the plant and I believe that thin streak of fire went a mile high. My friend saw the flash, was stunned by the sound, and thought he'd been blown up. Yet he turned off the acid valves, crawled around the cooker and opened the water valve. Then he started to crawl away. About then he realized he wasn't dead, and rose up and took off like a P-38. Stunned and suffering from shock, he had nevertheless done his duty.

"It's perfectly safe — this job," S-8053 concluded. "If a man follows the safety rules he can make TNT until his beard gets tangled in the nitrator. In 1917 you couldn't get an insurance company to write a policy on a TNT man. Nowadays any man in the place can get any size policy at the regular premium. And you can't fool an insurance company about the hazards of a job."



CHANGE is an easy panacea. It takes character to stay in one place and be happy there.

— Elizabeth Dunn

THE TALK

Cupid

Excerpts from

A GLAMOROUS young creature, engaged to a soldier now in parts unknown, received a letter from him written in a tone of gloomy renunciation. With his absence dragging on into its second year, the lad wrote, he wouldn't blame her if she broke her engagement to him and married somebody at home. This had apparently been too much for the censor, who had commented in the margin, in large block letters: "NONSENSE!"



Fraud

THIS ONE's about a little chap of eight who recently went to Boston to visit Grandmother, making the train journey all alone in a day coach. When he arrived, he reported to Grandmother that the trip had been uneventful, except for a strange encounter with a sailor. It seems that Mother had put him on the train, and then a nice lady had sat down beside him. He and the lady talked for a long time, and then the train stopped and lots and lots of sailors got on. (This would have been New London, we figure.) So then they rode and rode for a long time, and then the train stopped and the nice lady got off. (Providence, undoubtedly.) "And then," the child told Grandmother, bewilderment in his voice, "one of the sailors acted real

mad. He came over and said to me, 'Listen, you little weasel, you might have told us that babe wasn't your mother.'"



Within the Law

TO EASE himself out of attending a suburban dinner party, a man dropped in at a Western Union office and composed the following telegram: "AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS. SORRY I CANNOT BE WITH YOU TONIGHT."

"We can't accept this message," the young woman behind the counter told him. "Messages of greeting are out for the duration, you know."

Without a moment's hesitation the man altered the message to "NOT ALLOWED TO SEND AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS. SORRY I CANNOT BE WITH YOU TONIGHT," and without a moment's hesitation Western Union accepted it.



Apotheosis of a Linguist

WE'VE BEEN told of a young émigré Hollander, a diamond merchant, who was recently drafted into the army. Since in the course of his business, he had found it necessary to learn not only English but Spanish, German, French, Italian and

THE TOWN

|New Yorker

Swedish, he put in a request to be assigned to either Intelligence or Communications. Communications accepted him, and put him in charge of a squad of carrier pigeons.

throwing of the bouquet, and the shower of rice. The bride spent the next two days incommunicado with her aunt in a neighboring town, after which the ceremony was properly finished up in the minister's study.



Wedding

IN GLENDALE, California, a nice young couple, having decided they were made for each other, took steps which culminated in their friends and relatives' assembling at one of the fashionable churches. At this point the clergyman said he had discovered he couldn't marry them. "Under California law you have to wait three days after getting your license," he explained. "Your license was taken out only day before yesterday."

The couple pleaded in vain. The bride remarked, rather bitterly, that a couple of hundred guests, not to mention the bridesmaids and ushers, had appeared, confidently expecting a wedding. The minister urbanely agreed that the show must go on. "I'll just read part of the service," he said. "Nobody will notice anything wrong."

That's the way it worked out. The minister broke off just short of the I-do's and launched firmly into prayer. There was the reception, the

Precious Cargo

A COUPLE of majors on a mission that took them to a good many army posts in this country found that most of the men assigned to chauffeuring them drove with a true soldier's disregard of life and limb. When, at a midwestern camp, they were assigned a colored corporal who drove them at a conservative 30 miles an hour, they felt impelled to compliment him. "Well, suhs," he said, "Ah look at it dis way — Ah'm in diss-here jeep too."



Promotion

A LADY appeared before her rationing board with a plea for extra gasoline. Her story was that she was in a delicate condition and had to come to town for regular checkups, and that traveling in public vehicles upset her. The board listened to her with favor, and the chairman endorsed her application: "Mrs. — is to be treated as a commercial vehicle."

☛ Workingmen! Customers! Management!
Higher Wages! Lower Prices! More Profits!
The best of America is yet to come!

Triangle of Plenty

By

F. C. Crawford

President, Thompson Products, Inc.

IT'S NO USE preaching contentment to Americans. America was made by dissatisfied people. They wanted a higher level of living. They got it. They got the taste. They want more and more. If we ever think that we've arrived at where we want to be, we won't be Americans.

That's why you get nowhere by telling the American workingman that he's better off than the Portuguese or Russian or Swiss or British workingman. The American workingman wants to be better off than the *American* workingman. He wants to go up on the American escalator forever. Good for him! He *should* want to go up. And he *can*, if he follows the *only* way it can be done.

But the American with money to invest is an American too. Like the workingman, he wants a fair return — and he can squawk just as loud.

He squawks to management. So does the workingman. The workingman threatens to strike. The investor threatens to fire management and get a new management. Management's happy little task is to produce more profits and more wages *simultaneously*. Nice work, if you can get it *and keep it*.

This is the third article in a series illuminating basic economic principles applicable to the everyday work, welfare and prosperity of our citizenry.

Management stands in the middle of a triangle. At the lower right corner is Labor, with a rope around management's right leg, yanking for raises. At the lower left corner is Capital, with a rope around management's left leg, yanking for dividends. The top corner, the consumer corner, the Market corner, is worse. It has a rope around management's neck, like a noose, yanking forever for bigger bargains.

The people in this top corner are human beings and real mean. They want better goods and cheaper goods. They want bigger packages. The females, especially, have no hearts. They will do business with you on friendly affectionate terms for ten years and then switch their trade overnight to your sharpest competitor to save a nickel.

So management, out of its hat, has to produce not just two rabbits but three: more dividends, more raises and more bargains, all with but one whisk of the same handkerchief.

How can it be done? Let's say the firm is making umbrellas. Let's call the working force Joe. For the sake of simplification we'll say that Joe gets all the money that goes into

the costs of the umbrella. Joe gets a dollar an hour. In an hour he makes an umbrella.

Management hurries to the Market with it. The best that the Market will give for it is a dollar. And it gives it with a grouch. It says:

"Don't come back tomorrow. We've heard of a guy in Tallahassee who sells 'em for 90 cents."

Management limps back to the factory and hands the dollar to Joe. It has to. Labor is the first lien on any firm's income — and rightly so. Capital has a right to a *hope* for its profits. So Joe gets the dollar; the Market has the umbrella; and Capital gets nothing.

There is blue smoke now in the Capital corner of the triangle. The Board of Directors meet, to roast the President and eat him.

The President and the rest of Management are in despair. Problem: How to get more dollars into the triangle? At last a great idea begins to hatch:

Dollars are just tags on wealth. Goods are wealth. Umbrellas are wealth. *In order to get more dollars into this triangle, get more umbrellas into it.*

The Directors then get the shock of their lives. Management says:

"Gentlemen, you haven't yet put enough money into this business. Joe isn't fitted out right to make umbrellas. He walks around collecting materials. His machines are antiquated and laborious. He gets hot and bothered and tired. He makes too few umbrellas. We've got to modernize Joe. It'll cost you money, but listen! Unless you put more money into this business, you'll never take out any at all."

The Directors gnash their teeth but see the point, and before long Joe has a big surprise. His materials come to him on a conveyor, as he sits on a high stool. His machines are up-to-date. At the end of an hour, with less effort, he has made not one but *two* umbrellas.

Is Management happy? Its life is saved. It runs to the Market and says:

"Forget that moss-grown old-timer in Tallahassee. Here are two umbrellas for 75 cents apiece."

The Market is thrilled. It grabs the umbrellas; and Management grabs a dollar and a half and goes back to Joe and says:

"Look, Joe! Yesterday we sold an hour of your labor for a dollar. Today we sold an hour of your labor for a dollar and 50 cents. We don't want you to be sore and to strike. We don't want you to lie down on your job. We want you to work and to like working. That's the only kind of workingman worth having. So you get a raise. But you don't get all of the new extra 50 cents. You deserve a bit of *yours*; but the investors who bought your new equipment, they deserve a bit of *theirs*, too. So we'll split. Half of our new magic money will go to the firm; and half will go to you; and your rate for an hour is now a dollar and a quarter."

Is it a bedtime story? It's a summary of what has been happening in every alert American industry for five decades. It's the way the American nonstop wage-escalator works; and it's the *only* way it works.

Dr. Carl Snyder has put it into

his basic book, *Capitalism the Creator*. Through the researches of a lifetime Dr. Snyder has absolutely proved statistically that *wages go up in strict proportion to the increasing investment of new capital and the increasing installation of new machinery and new power.*

Put shorter, *the more invested money we have, the more earned money we get.* Invested money is the force that drives the escalator; and the escalator will go higher and higher if people will just let it. But it's often in great peril. There are three ways of stopping it dead.

One is if government steps in every time management gets 50 cents more out of the Market and takes the whole of that 50 cents in taxes. Then Joe gets no raise. He can strike for a year but he gets no raise. The money won't be there. Joe should write more letters explaining that simple fact in very simple language to his well-wishers in state legislatures and in the federal Congress.

The second way is if Joe himself insists on taking all of the 50 cents and leaves nothing for the stockholders. This fixes the stockholders so they at once say:

"No more money for new equipment for Joe! No further increase in his output of umbrellas! And so no more increase in his earnings! We're through! Joe's got his last raise."

And then he has. Some Joes should write some letters explaining this simple fact to themselves.

And the third way of stopping the escalator — and all economic progress whatsoever — is by the stockholders. It doesn't often happen, but the stockholders can say to management: "You gave 25 cents to Joe.

Now we want the other 25 cents paid out to us in dividends right off."

Management then has to have nerve and say:

"That's shortsighted. You've got to reinvest a big hunk of your profits. You've got to have a research laboratory, testing new materials. You've got to spend money buying new machines that can work on those new materials. That's the way to insure a continuing return on your investment. So today, please, please, take twelve and a half cents in dividends. Plow twelve and a half cents back into the business."

And that's what generally happens. Dr. Snyder has proved that most of the new capital put into American businesses comes not from the savings of outsiders *but from the profits of those businesses themselves.*

And where does that put us? It puts us where we can see and say:

Profits mean increased investment. Increased investment means increased wages. Therefore: Profits increase wages.

Is this a contradiction, a fantasy? Is it a prejudiced point of view? I appeal to a most distinguished and sympathetic student of the problems of labor: Dr. Sumner Slichter of Harvard. In a recent *Harvard Business Review* Dr. Slichter eloquently expounds the connection between "larger profits" and "larger payrolls."

He says that labor and capital will both discover that the conditions which make it possible to arrive at *both* larger payrolls and larger profits are the very *same* conditions. He says that *this discovery will revolutionize the human relations between labor*

and capital. He says that it will lead to coöperation between labor and capital for the purpose of improving our machines and expanding our production. He says that this coöperation "will make all previous efforts to raise the standard of living seem feeble."

In other words, *the best of America is yet to come.* It's nice to hear a good old American morning cockcrow after this late long night of defeatist, dying swan songs.

And why shouldn't the best be yet to come? All it needs is a better understanding between the three corners of our triangle. And why shouldn't there be that better understanding? *Increasingly the people in all those three corners are the very same people.* They don't yet thoroughly know it; but they are. Because: just look at a day in Joe's life.

Let's say he works on a seven-to-three shift. During this time he's beligerently Labor. He wants higher wages. He can't "live" otherwise.

But at three Joe goes shopping with his wife. He is now part of the great American Market. He is a tough buyer demanding lower prices.

At 4:30 he stops to pay his life insurance premium. He is now Capital and wants his return. Why don't they pay him bigger dividends on his insurance? He forgets that he was Labor in the morning, Market in the afternoon, and the same Joe — is now Capital.

It should be noted that Joe profited at each corner of the triangle, because of the increased production of wealth. As Labor he received a 25 percent raise. As Market he received a 25 percent saving through reduced price. As Capital he re-

ceived larger dividends because industry is now earning profits.

Joe is the American People. Each day the American People go around the Triangle of Industry. So long as the production of wealth increases, their reward is to be found at each corner — in rising wages, lower prices, and increasing dividends.

Stockholding in this country isn't just a rich man's pastime. Only two percent of the dividend receivers of this country are in the income brackets from \$20,000 a year up. Almost all the Joes in the country, through owning savings deposits, through owning insurance policies, through owning stock, through owning social security cards on which they intend to collect pensions, are owners of income-producing investments and stand — and should know that they stand — in the Capital corner of our national triangle.

Our whole population is in the Labor corner as well as in the Capital corner. The wealth and the moral strength of America were built on work — not just play. Hardly any Americans loaf. We have only a few bums.

But, above all, everyone is also in the Market corner. Every American is a buyer. You can pretty nearly get yourself elected to Congress by just saying, "The People Must Have *Purchasing Power.*"

Sure! They've got to have it. Otherwise the whole triangle stops. But how to get it? How to get more of it?

One way is to borrow money from a bank. But some day you have to pay the money back *and with interest.*

The other way is the only way

that hasn't any future headache in it. It's the way Joe's wife got her increased purchasing power. She got it twice. First, she got it when Joe, through producing more umbrellas, was able to earn more money to give her. Second, she got it when she could buy umbrellas cheaper *and so have more money left over for other purchases*. But this also was the result of increased umbrella production.

Which brings us to a truth that should live in the head of every American statesman and citizen. It's this:

Increased production creates increased purchasing power. And it's the only thing that really does.

Businessmen should remember it. Workingmen should remember it. Every combination of businessmen or of workingmen to restrict pro-

duction is economic treason. It robs the American people of purchasing power.

Economic patriotism then, in sum, has two duties.

One: Every American with a dollar should try to put some of it into the Capital corner to buy new and better equipment for the Labor corner.

Two: Every American with brain or brawn or both should get busy in the Labor corner and make that new and better equipment produce more units of everything and produce them cheaper.

Then the plenty in our land will be greater and greater and greater.

It's just as simple as that! Just a triangle of human beings, behaving humanly, in American freedom. This triangle can take us to a super-America.



Stage Whispers

☞ GEORGE KAUFMAN, the playwright, was asked what he thought of a play recently opened on Broadway. "I thought it was frightful," replied Mr. Kaufman, "but I saw it under particularly unfortunate circumstances. The curtain was up!"

— Bennett A. Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

☞ "I'M A SMASH HIT," boasted a conceited actor to his dinner host, Oliver Herford. "Why, yesterday during the last act, I had the audience glued in their seats!"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed Herford. "Clever of you to think of it!"

— E. E. Edgar

☞ A FEW SEASONS ago Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, produced a play, *Yr Obedient Husband*, which closed after eight performances on Broadway. Next day New Yorkers chuckled at a small advertisement inserted above their names in all the dailies; "Oops, we're sorry."

— Ed Sullivan

Calling All Spirits!

Condensed from The American Mercury

Dorothy Walworth

HARK TO the gabble of ghostly voices! Give ear to the mumbo jumbo of vapid prophecy! The spirit mediums are in town again — your town and my town — trading on the gullibility of bereaved and lonely souls. Forlorn widows, restless wives, and mothers with boys overseas are the special victims of these catchpenny charlatans who profess to pierce the veil between today and tomorrow and to bring back messages from beyond the grave.

To evade state laws that forbid fortunetelling, these spirit-mongers call themselves “ministers of spiritualist churches,” glorying in such names as “Cosmic Science” and “Spiritualist Church of River Styx.” Some of these “churches” are hotel rooms or offices in business buildings, but most of them are down side streets in the stuffy parlor of the medium’s apartment. The decorations are usually an Egyptian serpent, some “spirit” photographs, and a diploma attesting that the medium has been “ordained.” In surroundings like these, a successful “minister” will prophesy for five hours steadily at daily “message services,” bringing spirit tidings to as many as 1000 anxious souls a week — at 50 cents a soul.

“Messages from beyond” that a reporter got when she visited the mediums who prey in wartime on grief-stricken souls.

There are male mediums, with suave manner and fruity voices, but most “ministers” are frowsy females far from spiritual in appearance, who eat onions, henna their hair, call you “dearie.” The men have a better sense of the dramatic, often sitting with closed eyes before the meeting begins — opening one eye occasionally to count the house. One seer performs on a stage with red curtains and black torches. Women mediums, while the audience is gathering, are likely to chat cozily about hats, axe murders, or the fact that they like cucumbers but cucumbers don’t like them.

I visited scores of these churches; the rigmarole is always the same. As you enter you are given pad and pencil with which to write three questions marked with your initials; these are gathered in a basket along with your “contribution” — customarily half a dollar. The medium announces that he is only a vessel through whom the spirits speak, adding cannily that if there is any failure in communication it’s your fault;

if you have come in a mood of disbelief, you will receive worthless messages.

Religious atmosphere is sometimes provided by an organ or victrola playing *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*. Then the spiritual master-minding begins. Before answering your question, the medium may ask that you permit him to hold some article of yours, such as jewelry or eyeglasses. From these even a stupid medium can often summon up some ideas about the owners. Holding an old-fashioned wedding ring, for instance, the seer shudders with intense psychic effort and finally mumbles: "I see love around this ring. I see . . . a family."

Mediums deliver their messages in purposely ambiguous language which the hearer can interpret any way he wishes. You are told you are "contemplating a change"; that you are "involved with money" or "digressing into a new phase of expression." Sometimes you are "on a threshold" or "behind a locked door." When in a tight spot the medium will say "you are being motivated in circles" — which he rightly figures you can't dispute. If you visit a medium more than once you will notice that he uses his stock phrases and predictions again and again.

Mediums take advantage of the fact that most persons who seek them are in trouble. Indeed, the sight of a happy person unnerves them. On a day when I happened to be feeling especially serene in mind a medium

told me, "You are just about at the end of your rope. Day after day you wonder how you can drag yourself around. But never fear — a man named Tom with bone-rimmed glasses in the spirit world will pull you through."

Since most questions are about employment, love or health, the ghostly seer adopts a kindly, practical attitude, glibly solving all problems, like an occult Beatrice Fairfax, with a sort of spectral common sense. I heard one medium say to a tense young woman, "You are worried about a job; your loved ones in the spirit world tell you to go to a good employment agency."

Naturally, many questions are asked about the war. Mediums freely predict that it will be over in 1943, '44, '45 or '46. They say they will not tell you where your soldier boy is right now, because that would be giving away "military information." Invariably they prophesy that he will return "as you want him to return" — which permits the customers to have their fighting men come back as bemedaled heroes, brigadier generals, romantically wounded, or just all in one piece.

When questions concern health, the medium's advice is "don't worry," "take a little lemon juice every morning," or "change doctors." One medium told me solemnly: "The trouble with you is your blood pressure *flusterates* — high today, low tomorrow. Years ago, good blood flew in your veins, but now it's foaming

and bubbling." It happens that my blood pressure is remarkably steady.

Concerning *l'amour*, the tone of the spirit vendors is cheery. The erring husband will always return "after he gets that woman out of his system." Mediums are strong for the conventions; they invariably warn youthful members of their audience: "Don't go out with a man whose mind is vibrating on the physical," or "Don't be the pair of scissors that cuts a man from his wife."

Questioners seem to get great comfort out of "communications" from their loved ones, even though these tidings are vaguely worded. Many times I have seen the bereaved burst into tears over messages such as: "My beloved daughter, I am happy here." "Sister, I think of you." "Don't mourn for me, dear wife — I am always at your side." Women seeking to hear from their children are the most tragic, and are the most easily deceived. Many bereaved mothers pay 50 cents regularly for any garbled "message" from a dead child.

Most messages are shockingly trivial. A medium told me: "I see your father coming toward you carrying violets and immortalities" [immortelles] "and saying, 'You done good, my daughter'" — a phrase which my father, a grammatical precisian, would have died a thousand deaths rather than utter. I have heard alleged loved ones, racing in from Infinity for a supreme moment of communication, warn their sorrow-

ing relatives: "Watch out for the things on your fire escape," or, "Empty your wastebasket." One medium explained this triviality to me by saying that "ignorant people attract ignorant spirits."

When the seer reads your questions aloud you are supposed to raise your hand. The eyes of the whole audience are then riveted upon you. After giving you the message the medium usually says: "Is that true?" or, "Can you identify that spirit?" The crowd has a hostile attitude toward anyone who doubts the medium. Many customers, rather than endure that hostility, meekly nod their heads and accept everything. Others, made of sterner stuff, protest that they can't identify a spirit who is "slightly bald with weak kidneys."

At this point some mediums pass nimbly to another message, but others stick to their guns until the browbeaten hearer says the message is true. I saw one medium argue with a woman for a quarter of an hour, insisting that her mother "in spirit" was short and plump, while the woman said her mother had been tall and thin. Finally the woman, in desperation, admitted that her mother "might have been short and plump at one time in her life."

Public "message services" are not the mediums' only source of revenue; more expensive "private readings" augment the profits. One diviner will, for a fee, receive "spirit telegrams" from your loved ones

during his daily "hour of concentration." Others profess to be in touch with spirits who will cure your physical ailments by long distance if you will send a list of your symptoms.

A large part of the "minister's" income is derived from the so-called "development" classes in which anyone can learn to be a medium in 10 easy lessons at \$1 each. However, if the student has money he may find that his "development" requires additional lessons. In these classes the medium throws himself into a trance, makes tables skitter about the room, or causes voices to come out of trumpets apparently unsupported in the air. The machinery by which these effects are secured has, of course, been exposed a thousand times, and the hocus-pocus is familiar to all but the most naïve.

Floating trumpets are only the appetizers. In one development class which I attended, the medium told us to imagine that we had corkscrews "higher than the Empire State Building" growing out of the tops of our heads; on their tips we would find our messages from the spirit world. We must be sure to visualize the corkscrew sprouting from the exact center of the cranium, because this was the "seat of the pineal gland." The medium also said, "Relax. Don't strain with your corkscrews or you will cut off your vibrations."

When we had spiraled to dizzy heights, the room was darkened, we sang *Rockabye Baby*, the medium

went into a trance, and the class was taken over by spirit teachers named "Rosebud" and "Master Higgins," who told us to visualize a little white dog running along the road, and ask ourselves where he was going. Our ideas about the dog differed, but the teachers did not tell us the right answer — they simply said that we were "growing and thickening." "Master Higgins" also gave personal messages to the group, congratulating one woman on the successful party she had recently given. She answered that she could never have done it without him.

Some mediums are aware that they are out-and-out fakes, and have a cynical attitude toward "the suckers" who consult them. Others admit faking most of the time, when they are "out of touch" or "under hostile influences." A few really gifted practitioners believe they hear and see the supernatural; perhaps they do occasionally receive impressions that cannot be explained by ordinary means. But their psychic powers, unpredictable and uncertain, are no basis for any religious faith and are of dubious value in directing other people how to run their lives.

Although many brilliant minds have been and always will be interested in psychic phenomena, I have discovered that most people who habitually consult mediums are below average intelligence and are emotionally immature. Addiction to this form of psychic dependence causes them to flee normal reality

and dwell upon the morbid and unhealthy. These lonely ones, bereft, longing for companionship, confused, childish in mentality, eagerly twist vague, stupid messages to suit their

own unsatisfied hopes and dreams. Every day of the week in thousands of spirit-medium "churches" throughout the land, they ask for bread and are given a stone.



Nature-Fact or Nature-Fiction?

Answers to questions on page 30

1. *True.* Most savage animals are peculiarly infuriated by human terror — possibly, as some naturalists believe, because a frightened person gives off a "scent of fear."
2. *True.* Only the female mosquito sucks blood; the male is content with nectar and other plant juices.
3. *False.* Moss-growth depends chiefly on the exposure of the land and the direction of the prevailing winds.
4. *False.* It is sleet which is frozen rain. Snow (flakes formed by the condensation of moisture at temperatures below freezing) falls directly as snow from snow clouds.
5. *False.* The chameleon's color-changes depend on temperature, emotion, health, and other factors unrelated to the chameleon's background.
6. *True.* An adder, like all other snakes, is deaf.
7. *False.* We're nearest the sun on January 2. We fail to get full benefit of its heat, however, because winter days are shorter, and the sun's rays are slanting.
8. *False.* The beaver employs its tail as a rudder in swimming or as a prop when standing on its hind feet.
9. *True.* Snakes are also immune to the venom of other snakes of their own species. The venom of a different species, however, can poison them.
10. *True.* The horned toad's ejection of blood, which is intended to terrify enemies, is accompanied by a popping or clicking noise.
11. *False.* The earthworm's "head" end will grow a new tail and survive, but the "tail" end will perish.
12. *False.* Sharks often turn over in order to attack or grip their prey more advantageously in their undershot jaws, but they can bite effectively while in normal position.
13. *False.* An elephant usually shows signs of senility at 50, and a centenarian is rare.
14. *True.* A hummingbird can fly backward out of the deep flowers which it enters in search of nectar and insects.
15. *False.* Squirrels frequently forget where they hide part of their trove; their poor memory is an important factor in the propagation of forests.



THE PLANE was an old high-winged, single-motored Bellanca. I sat on a crate of tractor parts; back of me were cranberries and celery for the boys' Christmas dinner up on Great Slave Lake. Nearby were a baby carriage, a gasoline motor, and mail sacks. In the rear of the cabin were a rifle, an axe, a pair of snowshoes, two sleeping bags and a first-aid kit — equipment that has saved many lives in emergency landings.

The Bellanca was a flying delivery truck covering a route from Edmonton, Canada, all the way to the Arctic Ocean.

The Peace River country 5000 feet below me was a checkerboard of

homestead plots. An hour north of Edmonton the farms grew scarcer until there was only wilderness. For two hours we followed the Athabaska River twisting across the flat country like a white snake, then landed at Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories. Indians rushed their dog teams down the main street. The few one-story frame houses looked as if they had just been put up, and evidently they hadn't had time to paint the new addition to the hotel. There were outfitters' stores and a well-patronized café. The whole thing seemed familiar. Suddenly I realized why. It was another Dodge City or Poker Flats; it was any cow town or mining town of the 1870's

— the old frontier, alive and booming in the 1940's.

Nearly all of Canada's population live in a 300-mile-wide strip close to the southern border. Between this and the Arctic Ocean is a land nearly as large as the United States, in which until recently only about 3000 white people and a few thousand Eskimos and Indians lived. Yet that region is one of the richest on earth, a storehouse of gold and silver, copper and tin, tungsten and platinum. In it is the world's largest source of radium. Its oil reserves could supply the world for hundreds of years. It could furnish enough fur to keep all the nations warm. In large sections of it meat and grain could be produced. It's cold, but not much colder than Minnesota. Its settlement has been retarded, as was our West, by lack of transportation. Until lately there were only two water routes, both open for only a few summer months.

Now, suddenly, the North has become crisscrossed by scores of all-year air routes. For this new frontier the plane is the covered wagon, pony express, stagecoach and railroad, all in one. This development is due chiefly to the bush pilot. He is a man of infinite courage and resourcefulness. When he learns to fly he has only begun to know his job; he must be able to repair his plane with whatever materials may be at hand — for instance, to make a new propeller out of a pair of sledge boards and some moose glue, as one did lately.

He must find his way over un-

known, unmapped country, where the compass is useless because he's flying near the magnetic pole. He may have to make a forced landing in the wilderness with passengers, when the temperature is 40 below, then pitch a tent, cut wood, make a fire, find a caribou and shoot it, cook a meal, and nurse his passengers until rescue comes.

There's always some new problem to solve. This winter a pilot was flying a small underpowered plane; it was on skis, and every time it took off from sticky snow somebody had to push to get it started. One day, flying alone, the pilot made a forced landing a hundred miles from the nearest human being. After repairing the plane he tied one end of a long cord to the throttle and the other to his wrist, got out, went behind and pushed. The plane moved, quickly picked up speed. The boy raced for the door but failed to make it. Fortunately, as he had planned, the cord shut off the motor. He tried again, this time faster on his feet. He scrambled in, got to the controls, and was on his way.

Packing down the snow to make a runway takes ingenuity. If there's an Indian handy, you hire him to tramp up and down in snowshoes — large ones the first day, smaller the next, to break up the air pockets in the snow so that it will freeze solid. If you can't get an Indian, you do it yourself.

A plane may fly on wheels, pontoons and skis, all in the same season.

Once two trappers, burned in a gas explosion on a lonely lake, radioed an appeal for help. It seemed impossible to reach them, for the lake had only two inches of ice, too much for pontoons, not enough for skis. The beach was rocky and the strip of clear space between the water's edge and the trees was too narrow for the smallest plane. But one pilot thought he might make it — Grant McConachie, one of the best of the bush fliers.

With a mechanic he flew to the lake in an old Fokker on wheels. He circled, studying the shore line, then set the plane down with one wheel on the ice at the edge of the lake and the other on the rocky shore. It bounced like a bronco; a tree branch ripped open the fuselage, but at last it lurched to a stop.

They loaded the trappers in. The mechanic sewed up the belly of the ship with fish gut. The take-off, with tall trees ahead, was the shortest McConachie had ever tried — but they made it.

The bush pilot is an essential aid to mining. He does the initial exploring by photographing thousands of square miles of the wilderness. These aerial maps are scrutinized under a magnifying glass by the geologists of the big mining companies and by independent prospectors. The prospector puts his thumb on a tiny, dark circle, one of the innumerable lakes. "Set me down there," he says to the airline agent. The latter is bound to secrecy. Opening a sealed

envelope just before taking off, the pilot learns his destination.

A canoe is strapped on top of the fuselage and the interior of the plane is loaded with tools and dynamite, tent and supplies, leaving just room for the prospector and his partner. They fly in early in spring, when the ice is still on the lakes and a landing can be made on skis. The pilot helps the prospectors set up their tent, shakes hands with them, and presently he's a black dot in the southern sky. That's the last they'll see of him for six weeks, until the ice melts and the plane can come in on pontoons. If anything happens — a broken leg or appendicitis — they are out of luck. In the early days of unorganized flying, one or two prospectors were mislaid and were never heard of again.

During the summer the pilot carries out specimens of ore to be assayed. If the prospectors hit it rich, next season there will be a mining town on that lake, supplied entirely by air.

The plane has revolutionized the fur business also. Formerly trapping was done chiefly by Indians who worked near Hudson Bay posts or other traders' centers. Now most fur is brought in by white trappers, who operate in as bleak and desolate a country as there is on earth. The thermometer sometimes plunges to 70 below. The plane flies the trapper in at the beginning of the cold weather with food, traps, sledge and dogs, returning six months later for the bales

of pelts. Occasionally the pilot finds no trapper, and the dogs dead of starvation.

There are weather observers on the Arctic Coast and islands farther north. The plane may visit them only once or twice a year but it brings them all the necessities and is their unfailing life line. There are a few doctors, too, who commute around the Arctic in jumps hundreds of miles long, and there's a flying dentist whose practice extends halfway across the top of the continent.

Bush flying began in the 1920's, as Canadian pilots back from the war began making flights to tiny northern settlements, formerly reached only by long dog-team journeys. As prospectors began to use the planes, regular routes were established. In 1938 the Yellowknife boom came as a great break for the bush lines. It was a gold rush like that in California in '49 and the Klondike in '99 — and most of it went by air. Any old crate that would fly was kept shuttling back and forth between Edmonton and the gold fields. In 1941 the Canadian Pacific Railway acquired and merged the numerous

small bush airlines. Now its huge resources are helping to build a new empire, and the war is hastening the process. Today you can fly from Edmonton to Dawson in big planes, with stewardesses and all the trimmings.

The Alaska Highway was an aerial route before it was a road, and still is probably more important as an air route than as a land route. Over it fly fighters and bombers on their way to Alaska. The route they follow was pioneered by bush pilots of the 1920's and 1930's. Another air route skirts the Arctic to the northeast, leading to the Eastern Hemisphere. Eventually it may be the more important of the two, but today no one is permitted to write about it.

The military supply routes of 1943 will be the avenues of commerce of tomorrow. After the war the sub-Arctic will no longer be the end of the earth — it may be the center. Through it will run the direct routes between the old world and the new. It will be settled and developed. And much of the credit will belong to the Canadian bush pilots who pointed the way.



A DRUNK watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung around, a pretty girl stepped out.

"Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast." — *Railway Employees Journal*

Adventures with a Pony

Condensed from "Heathen Days"

H. L. Mencken

Author of "Happy Days," "The American Language," "Newspaper Days," etc.

HORSES, taking one with another, are supposed to be the stupidest creatures within the confines of our Christian civilization, but there are naturally some exceptions. From my 11th year to my 14th I was on confidential terms with a Shetland pony, and came to have a very high opinion of his sagacity. He was sharp as a trap, and he was also a cheat, a rogue and a scoundrel. Nearly all his waking hours were given to afflicting and deceiving my brother Charlie and me. He bit us, he kicked us, he stepped on our toes and sneezed in our faces, and in the intervals he tried to alarm us by running away, or by playing sick or dead. Nevertheless, we loved and admired him.

Charlie, I believe, got the first kick, but I got the first bite. It was delivered with sly suddenness on the second morning after the pony, Frank, had taken up his abode in the miniature stable at the end of our back yard.

Father had called in a colored intern from Reville's livery stables to instruct Charlie and me in the principles of his art. The intern had cautioned me that the belly was a sensitive area, and must be curried gently. I was gentle enough, good-

ness knows, but Frank objected to any sort of currying whatsoever, top or bottom, and so, when I stooped down to reach under his hull, he fetched me a good nip in the seat of my pants. In a split second I was out in the yard.

When I tell you that Frank laughed you will, of course, set me down a nature faker; all the same, I tell you that Frank laughed. I could see him through the window above his feed trough, and there were all the indubitable signs — the head thrown back, the mouth open, the lips retracted, the teeth shining, the tears running down both cheeks. I could even hear a sound like a chuckle. Thereafter I never consciously exposed my caboose to him, but time and again he caught me unawares.

A section of the yard about 20 feet square was fenced off to give Frank a paddock in which he was free to disport a couple of hours every day. But when he was in it, he devoted most of his time to hanging his head over the paling fence, lusting for the regions beyond. Just out of his reach was a young and tender peach tree. One spring day he somehow cracked the puzzle of the catch on the paddock gate, and by the time

he was discovered he had eaten all the bark off the peach tree to a height of four feet. My mother wept when the tree died, and the paddock gate was fitted with an iron bar.

Frank never got through it again by his own effort. But one day a feeble-minded hired girl left it open, and by the time he was chased back to his own ground he had devoured a bed of petunias, all my mother's best dahlias, the better part of a grapevine, and the whole of my father's mint patch. I have been told by eminent horse-lovers that horses never touch mint, but I am here dealing not with a horse but with a Shetland pony. Frank gradually acquired many other strange appetites — for example, every time ice cream was on tap in the house he would smell it and begin to stamp and whinny, and it became the custom to give him whatever was left. He also ate oranges (skin and all), bananas (spitting out the skin), grapes, asparagus and sauerkraut.

On one occasion Frank indulged in a jape which came near costing him his life. He was in the habit of hanging his head over the door of his stall and drooling lubriciously while Charlie and I prepared his feed. This feed came down from the hayloft through a chute that emptied into a large wooden trough, and he often saw us start the flow by pulling out a paddle in the chute. One night we neglected to fasten the door of his stall, and he was presently at large.

To his bright mind, of course, the paddle was easy. Out it came, and down poured an avalanche of oats. It filled the trough and spilled over to the floor, but Frank was still young and full of ambition, and he buckled down to eat it all.

When Charlie and I found him in the morning he was swelled to the diameter of a washtub, his eyes were leaden, and his tongue was hanging out dismally. "The staggers!" exclaimed Charlie, who had become, by that time, an eager but bad amateur horse doctor. "He is about to bust! We must run him until it works off." So we squeezed poor Frank between the shafts of the go-cart, leaped in, gave him the whip, and were off. When we got back to the stable he drank a bucket of water, stumbled into his stall, and fell headlong in the straw. He recovered in a few days, and thereafter, not unnaturally, he had a marked distaste for oats.

When we were in the country one summer, Frank had my father's horse, John, for a stablemate, and it was plain to see that Frank regarded John as an idiot. This was a fairly reasonable judgment. Whenever the two were in pasture together Frank would alarm John by bearing down upon him at a gallop, as if about to leap over him. Terrified, John would run away, and Frank would pursue him all over the pasture, whinnying and laughing. John himself could no more laugh than he could read and write. Life to him was a gloomy busi-

ness, and he was often in the hands of horse doctors.

One summer night, an hour or so after midnight, there was a dreadful kicking and grunting in the stable, and my father and Charlie and I turned out to inquire into it. We found John standing in the middle of his box stall in a pitiable state of mind, his coat ruffled and his eyes staring. Frank, next door, was apparently sleeping soundly. We examined John from head to foot, but could find nothing wrong, so we gave him a couple of random doses from his enormous armamentarium of medicine bottles, and talked to him in soothing tones. In the morning he seemed quite all right; but that night there was another hullabaloo in the stable, and we had to turn out again. So it went for a week.

Two or three horse doctors were called in during that time, but they were all baffled. Meanwhile, my father began to suffer seriously from the interruptions to his sleep, and talked wildly of having the poor horse shot.

Charlie and I, talking the business over, decided to keep watch at the stable. At bedtime we sneaked into the carriage house on tiptoe, and made ourselves bunks in the family dayton wagon. We were soon sound

asleep, but at the usual time we were aroused by a great clomping and banging in the stalls.

What we saw by the moonlight filtering into the stable scarcely surprised us. Frank was having a whale of a time flinging his heels against the sides of his stall. The noise plainly delighted him. Poor John, waking in alarm, leaped to his feet and began to tremble. At this Frank gave a couple of final clouts, and then lay down calmly and went to sleep — or appeared to. But John, trying with his limp mind to make out what was afoot, kept on trembling, and was, in fact, still scared when my father arrived, his slippers flapping, his suspenders hanging loose and blood in his eye. When we told him what we had observed, his only comment was "Well, I'll be durned!"

We soon had a bridle on Frank, with a strap rigged from it to his left hind leg. We heard no more noise on following nights. After a week we removed the strap, but nothing happened, for Frank had learned his lesson. At some time or other while the strap was on, I suppose, he had tried a kick — and gone head over heels in his stall. He was, as I have said, a smart fellow, and there was never any need to teach him the same thing twice.



It is better to break one's heart than to do nothing with it.

— Margaret Kennedy, *The Midas Touch* (Random House)

❏ How can we replace the precious natural resources that we're pouring into armament?

Will War Make Us a "Have-Not" Nation?

Condensed from The United States News

WE ARE DIGGING deep into our natural resources to make bombs and bullets that will be shot away; to make tanks, planes and ships some of which will never return. As a result, the United States may become a "have-not" nation in many materials basic to our economy.

The vast expenditure of irreplaceable riches is leading thoughtful people in and out of the government to ask if the United States will be left with enough basic resources to fight another big-time war. They ask if present material shortages aren't just the forerunners of permanent shortages in the future. They ask whether this country should not eventually develop resources in other areas of the world and conserve its own.

War costs astronomical amounts of all materials. Copper is a good example. A 37-mm. anti-aircraft gun shoots away a ton every 20 minutes of action. The Army Signal Corps uses 5000 tons a month in communications equipment. Once-plentiful deposits of high-grade copper ore are now reduced to a single big deposit near Butte, Montana.

The same applies to oil. Until recently, 60 percent of the supplies going to the African front were petroleum products. Government officials warn that our oil supply is not inexhaustible. In 1942, output of oil was greater than reserves discovered. This is a reversal of a trend that lasted until 1938, and comes just when oil reserves are subjected to the greatest strain in history. While new fields have been found, they average less than half the size they did before. There seems to be little question that the United States eventually will be dependent on foreign sources.

We are running out of high-grade ores in certain metals. Supplies of bauxite, best source of aluminum, may be used up within three years. The great Mesabi Range of iron ore in Minnesota, which supplies 80 to 85 percent of our needs, may be exhausted by 1950. Lead deposits in the tristate area centering at Joplin, Missouri, are nearing their end. Mercury deposits are expected to be exhausted for good before this war is finished. The possibility of opening new zinc mines is small. Depletion of these ores is the price paid for

all-time record production of metals and minerals.

However, we can stretch these reserves by using low-grade ores, which could probably take care of our needs for most metals. The Mesabi Range may be depleted of its high-grade ores in 8 or 10 years, yet there are billions of tons of taconite and paint rock in that region that can be tapped when need justifies the higher cost. Similarly, vast regions of the West and the Clinton Field in Alabama, so far exploited only for its high-grade ore, contain billions of tons of low-grade ores.

Alunite and aluminous clays offer apparently inexhaustible sources for aluminum when bauxite runs out. The prospects are that re-examination of old deposits will turn up immense usable ores even for lead, copper and zinc.

New exploration already has turned up some remarkable results in metals. The Bureau of Mines has found "proved reserves" of 10,000,000 tons of manganese ore, 8,000,000 of bauxite, 6,000,000 of low-grade nickel, 4,000,000 of chromite ore, 2,000,000 of antimony, 1,000,000 each of tungsten and mercury. More deposits will be found in 1943, the experts are sure.

In fact, possibilities of new discoveries haven't yet been scratched. The United States never has taken time to find out what it has. Between 30

and 40 percent of the country hasn't even been surveyed.

But technological advances hold out the broadest possibilities, and may well remove our need for many materials now considered "essential." Most important are advances in techniques that open up use of low-grade ores.

These new processes have been the center of bitter arguments as to whether the United States should be self-sufficient, or whether the rest of the world should be made a safe source of supply for the things we don't have in cheap abundance.

The theory that natural resources should be developed to the limit is championed by Secretary Ickes, Senators from the West, and a large part of the mining industry. They believe that large stock piles of materials should be brought from abroad and saved against future emergencies; at the same time, capacity to use our own low-grade ores should be developed and kept going, so we will have a protected source for basic materials at all times.

The other viewpoint is based on the argument that the United States now, and even more in the future, must look outside its own borders for supplies of raw materials. It implies that the United States must free, and keep free, the world trade lanes so we can buy what we want where we want it.



❧ A stage-fright clinic conducted by an ingenious young pianist who believes in "the hair of the dog"

The Society of Timid Souls

Condensed from *Your Life*

J. P. McEvoy

A QUAIN little purgatory is operating every Sunday night on West 73rd Street in New York City. Presided over by a satanic young pianist, ironically named Gabriel, a group of self-condemned who call themselves the Society of Timid Souls huddle together in a large room and pay 50 cents apiece for the privilege of putting themselves to the most exquisite torture. They are pianists, vocalists, actors, public speakers and parlor entertainers; and they suffer that most painful of all occupational diseases — stage fright. For three hours they play, sing, dance and orate for each other, publicly exhibit their individual stigmata, castigate themselves with specially contrived agonies, and stagger home, proudly baring old scars or hopefully licking new wounds.

For years people have been asking, What is stage fright? And why? And how can it be cured? Veterans of the theater will tell you proudly that their particular brand of stage fright is incurable. When Cornelia Otis Skinner asked her famous father how long one must suffer this malady before it wears off, Otis Skinner replied, "I don't know. I've had it for

only 50 years." Helen Hayes, who started acting at four, suffers such first-night agonies that she quits the stage regularly every year. Al Jolson, conceded to be one of the theater's greatest individual entertainers, suffers so intensely every night before he goes on stage that he is forced finally to close the show — no matter how successful it is.

Despite such eminent case histories of stage fright, Bernard Gabriel thought something could be done. He began by asking his fellow pianists to describe just what kind of fright each of them suffered, and later queried singers and actors. Then he started the first stage-fright clinic.

He gathered together as many unhappy examples as he could in his studio, and said: "I want each of you to get up and tell the rest of us what kind of stage fright you have — what causes your own personal brand. After that we're going to take you, one after another, and try to do something for you."

Then he pointed to a sufferer in the front row. "Who are you and why are you here?"

"I am a pianist," she replied. "I

can play if nobody is listening. But as soon as anybody comes into the room I get nervous. If I had to play for a group I'd be so frightened I couldn't even run a scale."

The next one said, "I'm a singer. Give me a large auditorium, and an orchestra between me and the people, and I have no trouble at all. But if I have to sing for a small gathering, where people are sitting close to me, I just can't do it."

Another was a pianist, a young girl who had made a brilliant start in concert and then had gone to pieces. "I'm afraid of forgetting," she confessed. "I start off all right, but soon I begin to worry whether I'll remember the last part of the piece or how the next number begins. I just can't take the agony of worrying."

"I don't mind small audiences," said a singer with years of experience. "But when I see a big audience, all waiting for me to sing, the responsibility overpowers me. I think, 'My God! I've got all these people to come here and now they expect me to do something sensational! I'm not going to be able to come up to their expectations—I know it. When I open my mouth, I wouldn't be surprised if nothing at all came out.' And on several occasions nothing *did*."

There were more confessions, and less individual shyness as the speakers began to realize that they were not alone and that their brand of stage fright was not exclusive. The con-

fessions over, all waited expectantly. What would young Mr. Gabriel do — if anything? Well, Gabriel had a theory that might be summed up in that gem of morning-after folklore: "There's nothing like the hair of the dog that bit you."

"You," he said to a pianist who had reported that she suffered when stared at. "Sit here and play. While you're playing, we're all going to stare at you." Trembling with fright, she took her place at the piano. "Is there any special kind of staring that annoys you most?"

"Yes," she whispered. "If I feel anyone is looking at my hands — especially if I think the person is a pianist and is criticizing me."

"Good," said Mr. Gabriel. "I want you to meet So-and-So, who teaches the piano. He's going to stand right in front of you and stare at your hands while you play. And just to be sure you know you're being stared at, I'm going to turn off the lights and put this spotlight on your hands."

The pianist broke down after the first few bars. "Start again," said Gabriel, "at the beginning." This time she got along much farther. The process was repeated, and she played through the entire piece. "Now," said Gabriel, "do you think you'll ever be stared at as much as this?" The lady confessed that she hardly thought so. "Then you need never worry any more about that particular trouble."

"Next week," said Gabriel, "we'll

think up new ways of staring at you." The lady thanked her tormentor for this promise of pain to come.

This public dissection encouraged the other patients to clamor for individual attention. The pianist who was afraid of forgetting was stopped every few bars, until she could carry on from wherever she was stopped. The performer who complained about being frightened by small groups was compelled to perform with all the people in the room huddled around her. For the benefit of those who said that coughing disturbed them, the audience enthusiastically barked, hacked and wheezed as Gabriel directed them.

This was in February of 1942. Since then the group, averaging some 40 men and women, has been getting together weekly. Some visitors have come to scoff and remained to play. Charles Cooke, accomplished pianist and author of *Playing the Piano for Pleasure*, was sent by *The New Yorker* to scout Mr. Gabriel's clinic and wittily flay the Society of Timid Souls. But, alas, it seemed that Mr. Cooke also suffered stage fright. He became so fascinated with the clinic that he stayed to play for his prospective victims, and he has been returning to continue his own treatment.

Bernard Gabriel, who hails from Colorado and is just 30, has rolled up an impressive list of unusual piano concerts without any trouble with stage fright. He is proud of

his ingenious program arrangements and treasures critical praise for his all-Bach recital, which lined up compositions by seven of the fabulous Bachs, covering 150 years and including Papa Bach, four sons, an uncle and a nephew. But he is even more proud of his hobby, the Society of Timid Souls.

Are his methods scientific? Gabriel doesn't pretend to know, but he says they seem to work. An experienced New York psychiatrist, Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, endorses Gabriel's idea. "Undoubtedly," he says, "this method teaches people to forget the audience, ignore noises, interruptions, diversions, and concentrate on the job to be done."

One timid soul protested that the cure was worse than the disease. "After all, there are limits."

"There are no limits to what can happen to a professional while performing," said Gabriel firmly. "Cats walk across the stage, scenery falls, piano stools collapse, violin strings snap, clothes fall off, and customers throw epileptic fits in the aisles."

The lady pianist had reason to remember Gabriel's warning when some weeks later she was playing for a small audience in a private home on Long Island. Suddenly the door opened and a stolid little boy came in with a bow and arrow, and started shooting arrows right and left. The pianist, though plenty frightened, finished her piece without missing a semi-quaver; but the audience, who had not been conditioned by the So-

ciety of Timid Souls, was a jittering shambles.

Gabriel sees no reason why the shy and timid in any community couldn't get together and help each other. They wouldn't have to be professional performers. Many people are self-conscious when entering crowded rooms, walking into restaurants, going down the aisles of theaters. The curative trick is to isolate the one specific thing that

makes you uncomfortable — and then condition yourself by submitting to repetitions of your pet agony, preferably before a group that is sympathetic but critical.

Each group must depend on its own ingenuity to devise appropriate tests, but essentially these tests need not be any more elaborate than that of the man who loved to hit himself on the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped.



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN .

To a destroyer whose lights were visible a nearby ship signaled: "Pardon me, but your ship is showing."

(Hawaii)

Washington's new title for shipbuilder Henry Kaiser: Sir Launchalot.

Leon Henderson's description of a sissy: A man who would resign from a rationing board to join the Commandos.

Fashion note: There will be little change in men's pockets this year.

Counting sheep is no fun. Most men would rather count calves (Harry L. Huntington, Jr.) . . . What the average man likes about the average girl is his arms. (Grit)

A dress that held on tight going around the curves. (Eagle Magazine)

The tremendous activity of a small boy sitting still (Robert Henri) . . . Courageously coy, like a kitten which doesn't know whether it's to be kicked out of the kitchen or given a saucer of milk. (Quoted by Wilbur E. Sutton)

That called for intestinal fortitude with a capital G. (Henry McLeMore)

Definitions: Egotism is usually just a case of mistaken nonentity (Barbara Stanwyck) . . . Worry is the interest paid by those who borrow trouble (G. W. Lyon) . . . A military expert is one who tells you what's going to happen tomorrow — then tells you why it didn't (John B. Kennedy) . . . Canadian soldier on English chocolate rationing: "One ounce per person per week perhaps." (Ross Galbraith)

Indignant at an insulting remark, Monty Wooley cried, "Sir! You are speaking of the man I love!"

(Al Jolson broadcast)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a New York cafeteria — Courteous and efficient self-service.

In an Arkansas shoe repair shop — If your shoes aren't ready, don't blame us. Two of our employes have gone after a heel to save your soles.

Our Stake in the Postwar Air World

- Coöperation or International Competition for the Control of Routes?

Condensed from The United States News

A BIG BOOM in air transportation, with a network of world air lines, promises to become a reality soon after the war ends. No place on earth will be more than 50 hours distant by air from any other place.

Many Americans are counting on this air transportation boom to help swing this country into postwar industrial and business activity, maintaining employment both in aircraft industries and for men trained for fighting in the air.

But a world-wide struggle lies ahead: a race between competing interests in the United States and other countries, especially Britain.

The United States is now building many thousands of huge transport planes. We are spending millions of Lend-Lease funds building airports in many parts of the world. Meanwhile, the friendly nations — England, France, the Scandinavian countries and Holland — that in the past have shown most interest in the world's air traffic are kept from competing by war. And the enemy nations seem likely to be knocked out of competition for a long time to come. The end of the war will find

the United States with the biggest fleet of cargo-carrying planes in the world.

Three problems are getting intense attention of officials, with a growing division of opinion regarding each one:

International competition. How far will the United States press its advantages and how far will other nations share in the air trade?

Government operation versus private enterprise. How soon and under what conditions will the government turn the nonmilitary air transport business back to private air lines?

Is the air to be free to the world's air transport lines, as in peacetime the seas are free to shipping? At present each nation has unlimited sovereignty of the air over its territory. This gives nations the right to interrupt air transportation at will.

In South America, German and Italian interests have been ousted and Americans have taken over. But it is said in Congress that elsewhere the expansion of American civil aviation has come to a stop.

In Africa, the Pan American Airways System built the modernized airway for the United States Gov-

ernment from the African West Coast to Cairo. Now this company has been displaced by the British Overseas Airways Corporation.

In Australia, the British have terminal rights which Americans never were able to acquire.

The United States has agreed to turn over to Canada one year after the end of the war all permanent airport facilities built there with Lend-Lease funds.

These developments incline some Americans to believe that our government, far from pressing for expansion of American civil aviation to the limit of present opportunities, is refusing deliberately to seize those opportunities.

The British do not see it just that way. They have been kept too busy building warplanes to approach the pace of United States construction of transport planes. British political and trade interests are genuinely agitated over American competition in world air transport trade.

Over against the urge in Britain and America toward a quick return to unlimited competition for air transport after the war, the Washington view calls for a postwar period of international coöperation in operating air lines.

Vice-President Wallace proposes the establishment of a United Nations Investment Corporation to operate a network of globe-girdling airways. This international air system would be part military and part civil. One of its jobs would be to en-

force peace, to bomb without mercy any nation breaking that peace. The other job would be operation of the United Nations' air network, carrying passengers and freight.

This would be done by commercial air lines, and American lines would get part of the business. But, since it would be a United Nations operation, the business would be divided among all participating in the pool.

Trends in the direction of government operation of air lines after the war are seen in the present situation. At present, however, the government disavows any policy of displacing private enterprise in the air transportation field. The Army Air Forces have been working through the private air lines in developing their air transport service. Vice-President Wallace calls for liberal subsidies for air lines after the war, but not for outright government ownership.

Freedom of the air is being officially advocated as a new international rule for air traffic, with the present national sovereignty over the air so limited that operation of world-wide air lines will not be impeded by national boundaries. In addition, Mr. Wallace proposes to internationalize the large airports as soon as peace is secure.

There is this sticking point: Any form of freedom of the air involves the principle of reciprocity between nations. Such a principle would mean that the United States would extend to other countries the same

rights of entry that it asks for America's air transport lines. This would partly offset this country's big advantages in postwar competition. Air lines from other countries could come into the U. S., competing with our own air lines.

Our government is inclining away from a policy of backing expansion of America's air transport lines to the limit. Instead, Washington favors international coöperation and reciprocity, dividing up the aviation pie among the United Nations.

— II —

We Must Hold Our Supremacy

Excerpts from a speech in Congress by

Representative Clare Boothe Luce

VICE-PRESIDENT Wallace recently stated: "Freedom of the air means to the world of the future what freedom of the seas meant to the world in the past."

Let us examine what freedom of the seas meant to us. Before the war, America's merchant marine had languished and all but died in the effort to compete, under the policy of freedom of the seas and internationalization of ports, with all the cheap labor, low-operating-cost, government-subsidy countries of the world.

By 1922 ALBIN JOHNSON went to Europe in 1924 as own foreign correspondent for the New York World. He spent seven years in Geneva; then, for five years, he traveled in the Orient, reporting on Eastern affairs for American newspapers. In 1931 the International News Service sent him to Europe again as a roving reporter. This year he became the first American correspondent to get into Finland since that country joined with Germany in fighting Russia. He got out again, too, and is now back in Stockholm.

precious British, Dutch, French, Russian, Chinese, Norwegian, and allied lives have already been lost in this war, of which shipping is the bottleneck, because of the insufficiency of our merchant marine, no man can tell.

Shall freedom of the air, like freedom of the seas, in the year '49 or '59 have made it impossible for America's merchant airway systems to compete in the air against the low-cost countries of the world?

Before the outbreak of the war Every able-bodied man between 20 and 47 is ready for active military service. Statistics show that 95 per cent of the boys conscripted for training are physically fit. This remarkably high figure reflects a heritage of clean, vigorous living. From early childhood practically all Swedes go in for skiing, swimming, distance running and other outdoor athletics.

seas commercial air power under the policy of the "Sovereignty of the Skies." Historically, this policy was adopted by most nations at the Versailles Conference. Since that time it has only been yielded by any given country to another country in consideration of reciprocal air services or other offsetting economic gain. That was our policy, too, and operating under it and the free enterprise system, civilians of this nation managed to build up the greatest overseas volume of commercial operations and the heaviest passenger lists in the world — with only the British close contenders.


We should maintain our position of international civil air supremacy for the greatest of reasons: Our responsibility to the whole world and to ourselves, to assume democratic political leadership in this hemisphere and coöperate elsewhere with the United Nations in leadership, requires and demands a commensurate civilian air position. But we are strong, and we must be generous — for the peace of the world. I desire

to see the British Overseas Airways Corporation shoving us so closely in many regions of the world that there will always be the same healthy competition as there is today.

Meanwhile, let us remember the recent words of Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles:

"It can never be made too clear, nor reiterated too often, that the foreign policy of the people of the United States, exactly like their domestic policies, should only be determined from the standpoint of what the American people believe is their real, their practical, self-interest. Our foreign policy must not be based upon emotional altruism or sentimental aspiration."

The airplane has been the most dynamic instrument of this war and the airplane will surely be the most dynamic instrument of the peace. The question of America's place in the postwar civilian air world is for this reason the most important question which confronts us today. If we fail to answer it intelligently, America can lose the peace.

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☛ Surrounded and threatened by the Nazis,
Sweden maintains its independence

Nothing Scares the Swedes

Condensed from The New Republic

· *Albin Johnson*

By cable from Stockholm

SWEDEN has become a tight little isle, completely surrounded by a "friendly enemy" she doesn't like. The war, though not actually present, is evident everywhere. Warplanes zoom over Stockholm's buildings; gigantic piles of cordwood make ugly the beautiful boulevards; air-raid shelters like huge anthills disfigure her pleasant parks. The windows of south seacoast towns rattle from the air raids over Denmark; and cannonading off Norway re-echoes in valleys along mid-Sweden's frontier.

Officially the government goes on the theory that war will be avoided, but all preparations have been made to wage it successfully if it comes. The people are intensely patriotic. Every Swede feels that he has a

country worthy of cherishing and defending. It is his personal homeland; for many centuries the present frontiers have been fixed; for perhaps 2000 years his ancestors lived where dwell Swedes today.

Sweden's policy of neutrality is nothing new. Friends with all countries, large and small, has been her cited for more than 125 years. Today she is prepared to defend that neutrality with all her armed might. Her leaders have repeatedly made it clear that she will fight any aggressor who jeopardizes her independence or democratic way of life.

And Sweden *can* fight. Military secrets of course cannot be revealed, but a few weeks of personal observation convince me that Sweden is prepared to give any aggressor a first-class battle.

Every able-bodied man between 20 and 47 is ready for active military service. Statistics show that 95 per cent of the boys conscripted for training are physically fit. This remarkably high figure reflects a heritage of clean, vigorous living. From early childhood practically all Swedes go in for skiing, swimming, distance running and other outdoor athletics.

ALBIN JOHNSON went to Europe in 1924 as foreign correspondent for the New York *World*. He spent seven years in Geneva; then, for five years, he traveled in the Orient, reporting on Far Eastern affairs for American newspapers. Last year the International News Service sent him to Europe again as a roving reporter. Early this year he became the first American correspondent to get into Finland since that country joined with Germany in fighting Russia. He got out again, too, and is now back in Stockholm.

To get a "fitness badge" for skiing, one must cover an 18-mile cross-country course in three hours and a quarter, and tens of thousands of civilians can perform that feat. That the Swedish army is tough is illustrated by the record of the "winter army" which spent months in the north woods, maneuvering in weather mostly below zero. Not a single case of frostbite was reported.

The troops have been carefully trained in the kind of fighting the terrain of Sweden demands. Taking advantage of the myriads of lakes, hills and dense forests, the Swedes have developed tactics which should more than double their strength against an enemy not intimately familiar with the country.

The army is well equipped. Sweden now produces sufficient war material of all kinds for its forces. It is turning out airplanes, tanks, cannon, submarines and other warships. Defense expenditures this year will come to about \$200,000,000, which is 16 times as much as was spent in 1939.

Back of the army stand the home guards, well armed and trained. The state-aided rifle clubs, whose aim is to teach sharpshooting, have more than 300,000 members, and their practice isn't restricted to rifles.

Sweden's cities are as well prepared for a blitz as most of England's. Some 100,000 men are trained air wardens; 800,000 women have taken ambulance, nursing, first-aid and other courses. Anti-aircraft gunners have

brought down more than 100 transgressing belligerent airplanes which violated Sweden's neutrality.

The nation is grimly determined never to capitulate. Premier Per Albin Hansson startled the world when he told the Swedish parliament about the irrevocable standing orders that had been given the army: officers and men have been told that if the country is invaded they are to fight and continue fighting no matter what happens. They are to ignore orders to cease firing, from whatever source, as long as an enemy remains on Swedish soil. Any instructions to surrender will be false. Thus Hansson guards against fifth columnists who might seize communications, and also against his own death or capture and the subsequent use of a Quisling by the invader.

Since international trade, except with Axis-dominated countries, is practically at a standstill, the country has been deprived of many products, including coal and gasoline. The Swedes have turned to their forests for relief. Wood is heating the cities — well enough, too. Producer-gas units, which burn charcoal or even raw wood, have been built into motor vehicles. It takes barely a minute to kindle the furnace and start going, and cars can make 40 miles an hour on this fuel. Producer gas costs less than peacetime gasoline, and many vehicles, especially farm trucks, won't return to gasoline after the war is over.

Sweden's national drink, aquavit,

now is made from cellulose sugar instead of grain and potatoes. Cattle, horses, sheep and goats appear to thrive on shredded cellulose, although the milk of cellulose-fed cows is nothing to brag about.

Lack of imports has meant rising prices, and wages have not kept pace with living costs. The public is co-operating well with the government's efforts to prevent inflation. It is paying very heavy taxes and has accepted freezing decrees uncomplainingly. Even the farmers are not protesting the considerable cuts ordered in the prices paid them for potatoes, grain and other products, as their "contribution toward common weal." The government has limited dividends and instituted sharp price control as the *quid pro quo* for the farmer's sacrifices.

Although 70 percent of the food is rationed, the people still eat enough to obtain more calories than the standard requirement. The *pièce de résistance* of all meals is the potato. Potatoes are used as an integral part of bread flour. By law they cannot be peeled before cooking. The staid, serious parliament spends hours debating the spud and controlling its price, distribution, and so on.

Tobacco is scarce, but Sweden recently had a windfall when a large stock of cigarettes was obtained from Germany. The Germans had optimistically packed them under the label "Cairo," but Rommel failed to occupy Egypt and so the supply was dumped in Sweden. To sell "Cairo"

cigarettes in Berlin would have been too embarrassing.

While Sweden has been striving to maintain a high standard of national well-being in an abnormal world, she has also done her best to help her unfortunate neighbors. She has opened her frontiers, heart and homes to 30,000 sickly and underfed Finnish children, and nursed them back to health. The number of Norwegian refugees is undivulged but it is probably about 10,000. The Swedish Red Cross offered to find homes for unlimited numbers of Norwegian children, but the Germans refused to permit this. Sweden has provided a haven for many Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, Danes and Hollanders, who managed to escape Russian or German invaders.

Sweden's head, as represented by the government, is neutral; but her heart belongs to the people, and if the people's collective heartbeats were stethoscoped it would be found that at least 95 percent of them — most Swedes say 99 percent — thump faster with every victory of the United Nations. Many feel that liberty, even for others, is worth fighting for.

The immediate objective of the government is to spare the homeland from the horrors of German invasion. It is absolutely frank, however, in its attitude toward its big belligerent neighbors, Germany and Russia. Both have hurled threats because of Sweden's allegedly unfriendly viewpoint. The psychology of belligerents is the same: those

not for them are against them.

Yet Sweden stands firm in its sympathy for Finland and Norway, and in its admiration for the democracies. Of Finland, Foreign Minister Gunther has bluntly said, "Sweden has an incontestable interest in a free Finland linked with other northern countries." Concerning Norway, Gunther is even more explicit: "The entire Swedish nation has been deeply shaken by measures taken there which are contrary to northern ideas of right and justice, even though Germany has attributed them to hard realities of war."

Hardly a day passes when the Foreign Office doesn't receive complaints from the German Minister that such-and-such actions were unfriendly. Even publication of *The Reader's Digest* in Swedish brought howls

from Berlin newspapers. But the Swedes pay no attention. The press tries to be fair and impartial, though its honest editorial viewpoint often sends Goebbels' propaganda bureau into tantrums. There is no censorship even for foreign correspondents, who find Stockholm the best listening post in Europe.

Even in the midst of the present grave crisis, Sweden's attitude embodies a long-cherished political axiom: "A country is good where people are allowed to say government is bad." That right still exists in Sweden today. So also does the right and the unanimous courage of newspapers and statesmen to say that nazism, fascism and communism, and all the things those ideologies stand for, are not in accordance with their conception of justice and decency.

WASHINGTON WONDERLAND

ONE OF OUR most energetic small boatbuilders was down at the War Production Board the other day, where he was rebuked for manhandling official red tape. The boatbuilder said he wasn't slashing any more red tape than he found absolutely necessary.

"Would you mind explaining how you chart production progress at your shipyard?" demanded a WPB official.

"We have it worked out to an exact

science," said the boatbuilder. "Every day we weigh the boat and then we weigh the paper work you require. When the boat weighs as much as the paper we know the boat is completed."

— George Dixon in N. Y. *Daily News*

IN THE YEAR following Pearl Harbor 48 federal agencies sent out 7025 different questionnaire forms to be returned by business managers. On the basis of testimony, *the full-time services of 188,000 persons for one year* were diverted to assembly and tabulation of the required data. Obviously this red tape increases costs, delays production, and lengthens the war.

— Byrd Committee Report

Daffy Truth or Crazy Consequences

Condensed from Liberty.

Beatrice Schapper

BY now even those who do not listen to radio have at least heard about *Truth or Consequences*, the hellzapoppin' radio quiz program on which anything can happen. For it was Ralph Edwards, originator and irrepressible ringmaster of the program, who not long ago ordered a hapless contestant to do something about getting pennies into circulation and suggested that the radio audience send her coppers to buy War Bonds for her 17-year-old son in the Marine Corps.

The rest belongs to newspaper and newsreel history. The lady's modest New York home was deluged with trucks of mail. She threw up her hands after opening a few thousand letters and a special staff in Edwards' office took over. For four days 90 men and women opened mail and counted pennies. The next Saturday night Edwards had the pennies brought to the studio and poured out in front of the microphone — 300,157 in one week. To top it off he had a letter from the Director of the Mint, thanking him for jarring so many pennies out of pig banks.



You'd think participants in this loony radio show would leave in a huff — but they love it, and so does the audience.

For three years Edwards has had an audience of millions following his antics with devotion. Occasionally his consequences have a patriotic appeal, but most penalties for those who miss their questions call for some hilarious performance on the spot.

Truth or Consequences follows the simple formula of its homespun namesake — a person is asked a question, and if he fails to answer correctly he must pay a forfeit.

Each stunt, though never rehearsed, is carefully constructed ahead of time. The stage is set, props are assembled and general action forecast, although nobody knows who the actors will be. Nobody tells the contestants exactly what to say, and the result, though unpredictable, is almost sure to be uproarious. This is the secret of the program's consistent spontaneity.

A half hour before air time, Edwards and his assistants go through

the studio audience, weighing the probable capacities of volunteers. All the while they keep up a rapid-fire stream of old-time vaudeville patter and horseplay to set the mood of hilarity. Although everybody hears the glib repartee, few realize that Edwards is cannily weeding out the wisecracker, the show-off, the drinker. He refuses to let past performers repeat.

Promptly at 8:30 the show goes on the air without so much as a break between the warm-up and the actual broadcast. This gives the radio audience a sense of actually listening in on a party.

"Does a hen sit or set when she lays an egg?" Edwards may ask the first contestant. Much to everybody's satisfaction, Beulah the Buzzer — a duck horn stuck in a megaphone — burrs the contestant's failure to say, "Neither. She stands."

Truth or Consequences is probably the one audience-participation program where the disappointed contestants are those who answer their questions correctly. People think it's more fun to pay a consequence and get \$5 than to tell the "truth" and get \$15.

The instant Beulah sounds, the consequence is on. The stage becomes a three-ring circus. Suppose Edwards has just posed that egg-laying question before a married couple and they've muffed it. The wife is hustled offstage. Edwards, who insists that listeners shall be in the know at all times, hurriedly sketches the plot

to the husband so the nation can hear. The husband is to don a lady's blouse and wig, apply lipstick and rouge. He is then stationed on the stage in full view of everybody. His wife is brought in and Edwards explains that her husband is in sight and that she has just 60 seconds to point him out. If she locates him at once she is to get \$60, but \$1 is to be deducted for every additional second it takes her to find him. The husband is to indicate to her over a hidden microphone whether her search is growing "hot" or "cold."

The wife scurries about the stage and among the audience beseeching, "John, dear, tell me where you are?" She doesn't find him before the deadline and then is told to pick up her \$5 consequence money paid to all performers at the cashier's cage on the stage. Handing her the pay, the cashier rips off the wig and blouse and laughs, "You were a riot, my dear." The wife sends the audience into stitches when she lets out a yell, "Lummox! You just made me lose \$60."



What the staff considers the best frame-up was an elaborate practical joke on not only a contestant but also on New York's concertgoers. For a week, huge outdoor posters announced the forthcoming "American debut of the great European violinist Yiffniff." Some newspaper music columnists

headlined the event. Although music-lovers may have thought it strange to receive free tickets, 1500 of them turned up.

While the unsuspecting audience assembled in Town Hall auditorium, which Edwards had rented for the night, Mrs. Helen Margaret Freas, a New Jersey housewife who didn't even know how to hold a violin, had missed her question and was discovering as a consequence that *she* was Yiffniff. Assistants pushed a violin into Mrs. Freas' shaking hands and rushed her out of the NBC building to a taxi.

When Mrs. Freas reached Town Hall, Edwards switched the controls across town to the concert hall and listeners heard Milton Cross, leading music announcer, greet the still unsuspecting Town Hall assembly and present the "concert artist."

Out popped Mrs. Freas in her polka-dot print dress, and away she scraped at her violin. There was a moment's shocked silence before the whole audience went off into gales of laughter. Music critics owned up good-naturedly in next day's papers how they'd been taken in. Also they praised the two music students who took over after Yiffniff's musical effort. It was a real break for these promising artists.

Animals have made frequent guest appearances. Best remembered is Rosie the bear. Mr. and Mrs. M. Larrimore, of Baltimore, Maryland, missed their question and were told to get into bearskins and dance. The



husband rushed off-stage to don his suit and thought his wife was doing the same elsewhere. Meanwhile Edwards confided to her and the rest of the world

that Larrimore would be dancing with a live, trained bear, Rosie, who forthwith lumbered into view. Mr. Larrimore was brought in, and over the air came the strains of *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, the rhythmic clank of bear chains, the thud-thud of Rosie's feet, and Mr. Larrimore's labored sweet nothings in what he thought was his wife's ear. When the number ended, assistants pried off Mr. Larrimore's bear head and urged him to help his dancing partner off with hers. He stretched out his hands toward Rosie, then stopped them in midair, and gasped, "That's not my wife — that's a real bear."

Nearly every program boasts one out-of-studio stunt. There was the one in which figured Mrs. Erica Davies, an apple grower of Congers, New York. A week before, when she missed her question, Edwards promised that on the next program she would enact *Comin' Round the Mountain* while singing it. During the week, Edwards' assistants went to New Haven, interviewed 12 railroad officials, and doped out an intricate sound-relaying system.

The next Saturday night, when Mrs. Davies clambered into the cab of a 350-ton engine, she told the



radio audience her overalls were too tight for such climbing, and exclaimed, "Why, the engine's full of whistles and wheels and thermometers." Then,

coached by the cab's regular engineer, she opened the throttle and scooted down the track blowing the whistle and singing at the top of her lungs.

If contestants and listeners are always agog, wondering what's coming next, their state is as nothing compared to the dither of studio engineers. It has cost Edwards as much as \$4,000 to broadcast a remote consequence. Often the special crew it requires may include as many as 15 engineers, announcers, writers and assistants. Edwards sold his idea as a "package show," which means he receives a flat sum out of which he must pay all expenses. Partly because it improves the program, but mostly because he can't resist following through an exciting consequence, Edwards occasionally shells out more than he makes on a broadcast.

There are often consequences of consequences. Once a chap was asked to "pick up" a strange girl in the studio audience and propose to her for the edification of all listening in. A few weeks later they were married. In three years just one person has refused to do a consequence. A loyal

Dodger fan wouldn't say a word against his heroes even when Edwards dangled two tickets for the coming World Series before his eyes. He got the tickets anyway, for loyalty.

At 29 Edwards is the nation's youngest radio entrepreneur. *Truth or Consequences* grew out of his observation — while he was a CBS announcer — that quiz participants often go home humiliated by their failure, with no chance to redeem themselves. Edwards hit on the old parlor game of "truth or consequences" as a solution. He thought contestants would respond better if they were asked to do something rather than say something.

Three days later he sold the idea to Procter & Gamble and signed a five-year contract, despite the fact that his program defied the unwritten law of radio that requires a blow-by-blow description of whatever action is taking place. His is essentially a "sight" show and yet he does not accompany it with word descriptions, preferring instead to have contestants sing or do something auditory that illuminates what's going on.

His idea was an instant success. According to statisticians who rate radiol listeners' reactions, within three months *Truth or Consequences* shot to the top in relation to comparable programs and has stayed there most of the three years since.

| *A Consultation Clinic for Human Problems*

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Murray T. Bloom and Edith M. Stern

UNTIL RECENTLY there was no place this side of heaven where the average person of moderate income could turn for trained help in solving his personal, emotional or family problems. And this despite the fact that social service agencies have built up a tremendous body of practical experience in handling such situations encountered by their clients, the poor.

The need for "someone to talk to" is widespread. During one month, for example, two thirds of the families that came to the 224 agencies of the Family Welfare Association throughout the country wanted advice, not financial aid. All through the spring of 1941 trained interviewers talked to key people in industry, in offices, in unions, in department stores, and found almost universal interest in a personal problem service. The Consultation Center in New York, offering help and advice on a fee basis, is the result. The hundreds of persons who have thronged to the Center during its first year of existence have more than confirmed the need for such a place.

If something is bothering you and you are only confused by all the conflicting advice you get from well-meaning friends, you call the Center

for an appointment. In a pleasantly appointed waiting room you are received as you would be in a doctor's office. In a private room a counselor, attentive and discreet, hears your story. The counselor is no lofty theorist out of touch with life but a person skilled through years of experience in analyzing human problems.

The first session may last an hour. People are reluctant to talk about their problems, even when they come in ostensibly for that purpose. There is a good deal of beating about the bush, and no small part of the counselor's training is used to direct the client's attention to what is really on his mind. And often the actual problem is not the one that's on the client's mind at all.

One man came in because he thought that here at last was an agency that could cure his wife of all the things that were wrong with her. The woman, he said, was careless with money and too lax in handling their seven-year-old child. He wanted the Center to take her in hand. The more the man talked the more evident it became that the fault lay in himself. It was revealed that he was a pernickety individual, impatient of human frailty, and requiring that the world conform to his notions.

The problem was to show the man that his wife's faults grew directly out of his own attitude. It took a dozen sessions to bring from him signs that he understood and that his outlook had changed.

Knowing when to close a situation (they don't call them cases at the Center) is one of the skills the counselors must always exercise. The intent of the Center is not to solve the clients' problems but to lead them to work out their own solutions. The counselors may spend four or five interviews getting a person back on his own responsibility and ready to use his own judgment.

The situations that confront the counselors are as varied as human bewilderment. "I've been in law practice for 20 years and I don't seem to be making any progress, though my work is good. Why can't I make the contacts I know I should?" "My husband is irresponsible, leaves me to go on binges for days at a time. All my friends say I'm crazy to stay with him. Ought we to separate?" "My son is always changing jobs. Should I urge him to stay put, or should he keep changing until he finds something he really likes?" "My mother thinks I should give up my club work and social contacts to spend more time with her. She's losing her sight. I'm sorry for her, but . . . Can you help me decide?"

And now there are war-created problems, too. The first repentances of marriages made in haste are beginning to come in.

There is no pat solution offered to these or any of the other problems presented. There are as yet no sulfa drugs for human relations. The counselors — all experienced case workers with graduate degrees and thorough grounding in psychology — seek to probe the character of the client and find there the elements by which he can work out his own salvation. The course of action that ultimately results may be pretty strenuous and call for many changes in living, but it must come from the inner determination of the person with the problem and not from the urging of the counselor.

One young man suffered from depression which prevented him from carrying on his job. These fits came especially when his wife, who was a teacher and capable of earning more than he could with his civil service rating, talked of getting her old job back.

The Center led this man to see that the problem was one of summoning courage enough to get out of the assured security of civil service. He could take up studies which would finally enable him to make the break and increase his earning power. But he had to get the consent of his own mind first. It would not have done simply to urge him out into another job. When he made the decision by his own will, his pride was involved and became the spur to his ambition to succeed.

The Consultation Center was set up by the Jewish Social Service Asso-

ciation of New York. Clients are of all faiths and conditions. They come through friends, physicians, lawyers, pastors and rabbis. Their incomes range from \$2000 to \$10,000 a year, with most around \$3500. The majority of the clients are married, most of them in middle life.

Some situations can be ironed out in three or four sessions. Others may require 20 to 25 confidential discussions before all the complicating factors are covered and something like a solution is reached. The fees, of \$1 to \$3 per interview, are moderate in view of the restoration of human happiness that they pay for. Occasionally it is necessary to see not only the person who brings the problem but others related to him. One difficult case had to do with a young printer who had been told he would be totally blind in two years. He had accepted the situation too stoically and with too much resignation. His whole plan of life was one of retrenchment. He had made no preparation for learning a new trade but had already walled himself up in a world of darkness. He had sent his wife to live with relatives and had gone to live with his brother. His chief concern was to save every possible penny against the day when he could earn nothing.

His wife insisted that the matter ought to be handled as a family problem, that she ought not to be cut off from it. The Center saw both husband and wife, separately and together. They considered matters on

the mend when the man began to learn a trade to practice when he was blind. He returned to his own home, accepted the situation as one that he and his wife could work out together.

It is hard to tell sometimes where one problem leaves off and another begins. Budgeting and finance, for example, have not been uppermost in the minds of any of the Center's clients, yet budgeting comes into many problems that are presented. A person, for example, who is lonely may spend money too freely and possibly get himself into a financial jam. But the real problem lies in the loneliness. One young chap had come into money and was spending it in night spots. Nonetheless, he was miserable. He had to be made to see that his real problem was in not knowing how to get along with people. With some direction he managed to interest himself in working with groups of young people. His misdirected interest in himself was turned into the satisfaction of helping others.

A textile broker came to the Center one day. He seemed worried and uncomfortable.

"A friend told me about this place," he said, "and I thought perhaps you could recommend a school for my son."

"Why, yes," said the counselor, and began to discuss schools as if she really believed they were the important thing in her caller's mind. But soon the story came out; the boy

was a problem. He was unruly and always getting into trouble. His father, a widower, did not know how to deal with him.

"I think I'd like to meet him," said the counselor. There was a series of interviews. The father, deeply fond of the boy, had covered up the warmth of his feelings with harshness. "I was afraid I'd baby him," he explained. The boy, resenting the apparent lack of sympathy, had never confided in his father. Now, with franker affection between them, the boy's surly maladjustment has been corrected.

Family adjustments naturally come in for a good deal of attention at the Center. The dilemma presented by a Mrs. Daniels, let us say, was a common one: that of having a difficult elderly person in her home. Her mother was a hypochondriac, crabbed, and constantly interfering. She spoiled the children, nagged Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, and generally disrupted the household.

The old lady had enough of an income to live alone, but Mrs. Daniels' relatives told her that of course she couldn't put her mother out!

The counselor had seen hundreds of cases in which objective outside help was necessary to make a troubled person take three essential steps: seeing the facts as they really are, acquiring feelings in accordance with those facts, and then, in the light of those feelings, doing something about the situation. Maybe, the counselor suggested, your mother is as miserable as you are, but as afraid of hurting you as you are of hurting her. After a while Mrs. Daniels got the courage to question her mother. Now the two are living apart, see each other frequently, and are both healthier and happier.

As normal family life is disrupted in wartime, as emotional tensions increase, the Center will grow in importance. It is the best answer to the host of charlatans who have begun to advertise "personal counsel" in the newspapers, promising "psychoanalysis" for \$1. It provides a respectable, convenient and satisfying means of getting the best guidance to be had, and welfare agencies elsewhere are making plans to follow the pioneering work of New York's Consultation Center.



Of Hearts and Flowers

AT A military wedding, the groom, only recently back from the Solomons, had hardly glimpsed his bride before the ceremony. Therefore when time came for the kiss, it was a long one, lasting on and on until a child's voice rang out in the silence of the church:

"Mummy, is he spreading the pollen on her now?"

—Contributed by E. P. Goodnow

Queens Die Proudly

living in nipa shacks at Clark Field, outside Manila.

"The 19th Bombardment Group consisted of 35 beautiful shiny new Flying Fortresses, of which Old 99 was one; they were "D" models — then the latest and finest in the business. About a dozen of our 35 were down at Del Monte Field on the southern island of Mindanao. The rest were at the main bomber base, Clark Field, about 45 miles from Manila, which was the headquarters of General MacArthur, the commander in chief. Our immediate air corps commander, General Brereton, was constantly visiting us at Clark.

"Keeping in mind now the terrible thing which was to happen so soon, I can't help looking for the little shadows it cast ahead. But it's hard to keep straight what I knew then from what I found out later.

"One day I was taking Old 99 out on a routine high-altitude test. I headed her north as we slowly climbed over Iba Field, where our American P-40 fighters were based. Still climbing, I looked down and below me now was the coast. You could see the white surf breaking as

though someone had trailed a thin streak of cream on the blue water. But of course I was mostly busy watching my instruments.

"Finally we reached her ceiling — came out on top — and I happened to look down and my God! we were over not the blue sea, but the big Japanese base on the island of Formosa! A big black ugly hunk of something that was forbidden. At any minute we might be hit by Jap fighters. I didn't want Old 99 to become the first international incident, so I got out of there quick. But on the way back I got to worrying. I realized for the first time that Clark and Iba Fields were right under the Japs. They could get their altitude over Formosa and then almost glide down on top of us.

"I didn't like it, but I hadn't then heard that General Brereton liked our position still less. When the air corps impatiently urges that more anti-aircraft guns be taken from civilian cities and from the army's own general headquarters and grouped around our airfields, it isn't because we are timid and wish to rob others of badly needed protection. It's because we know the first move

of an aggressor is to smash his opponent's air force. If we can save our planes we can keep the enemy's planes far from our cities, and smash his troopships far from our coasts.

"On November 27 General Brereton put us on the alert. He had received the same State Department warning they got at Pearl Harbor — that war might be days and maybe hours away. Within the limit of what we had, the air force was ready for it. The General had picked his targets in Formosa, from where we knew the blow would come. As fast as our facilities would permit, our shiny aluminum queens were getting their coat of dull war paint, and I was notified that Old 99 was scheduled to get her camouflage on December 8.

"That's a date we who were in the Philippines will never forget; with you on the other side of the international date line it's December 7, but don't be confused for it's really the same day. The Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor at exactly 7:35 o'clock in the morning Honolulu time. At that same instant it was 4:35 a.m. of December 8 in the Philippines — a few hours before dawn reached us. I was asleep in the nipa shack on Clark Field.

"I got up at 7 as usual, and stumbling in sleepily to shave, snapped on my portable for the early morning news broadcast by Don Bell in Manila. (By the way, one of the first things the Japs did when they entered the town two weeks later was shoot the poor devil.) In even more rapid-fire style than usual he told us the big news — that the Japs had hit Hawaii.

"The other guys gathered around and it stunned us all. There weren't too many details, but it sounded like they'd split the place wide open. We went over to the mess and gulped breakfast and then all the pilots rushed over to operations meeting, where Major Don Gibbs went over the situation with us. I can see him now, trim, alert — if he'd lived out the war he would surely be a brigadier general by now.

"'Well, gentlemen, this is it,' he said. 'If they've hit Hawaii they can't miss hitting us. I can't tell you when it will come, but I can tell you where it will come from.' Here he pointed to the north. 'It will be from right over that hill,' he said. He was pointing toward Formosa.

"As we left, Gibbs said, 'You're on the stand-by. Orders will be coming through fast all morning.'

Then I went back to Old 99. She had been scheduled for camouflaging that morning. But the orders that now came seemed conflicting. First came one countermanding the camouflaging. Instead we were to load bombs, so we taxied over toward the ammunition dump. Then, 'Take her back to the hangar; they want the camouflaging finished by all means!'

"Presently came another order to unload bombs and insert cameras. Nothing more than that, but it was clear they were preparing us now for reconnaissance over Formosa.

"I didn't then know that our field only reflected what was going on at Manila headquarters, where General Brereton was asking for

permission to take off. Of course it's very easy to be wise after the event.

"Even though Pearl Harbor had been attacked, our American Congress had not yet declared war. Could our Philippine command strike when war did not technically exist? Cheap people can laugh at this now, but General Brereton did not laugh then. Still he insisted that, if we did not at once strike at Formosa, we could probably never strike at all.

"When permission was refused, he asked to be allowed to make a reconnaissance flight, so we could at least see if the Japanese were making preparations to strike us. Surely it would be only a minor neutrality violation to photograph Formosa. Headquarters said well, maybe this would be possible; wait and see.

"Back on the stand-by with Old 99, I couldn't then know this was why I had been ordered to jerk her bombs, reload her with cameras and rush the camouflage in the hope that permission would soon come. While the paint was going on, I sat outside the hangar, listening to my little radio.

"It crackled with rumors — some already true, some not yet true. They reported a big concentration of Jap ships off Luzon — Manila was expecting an air raid every minute — bombs were reported already dropping on Clark Field. I understand that early false report reached the States."

"It did," said Margo. "You had been gone six weeks and I was in Omaha with my family. When Dad came rushing in and said 'Margo —

Clark Field has been bombed!', I just didn't believe it. I laughed and told Daddy maybe the boys had been maneuvering over the field and there was a loose bomb in the rack. You see I hadn't yet heard even about Pearl Harbor and it had been part of Frank's training for me not to get frightened of rumors.

"But then I got the news of Pearl Harbor, and I guess I got a little panicky. I wished terribly that Frank were here so that we could talk this new trouble of ours out together. Often in the past when things have been bothering us, big decisions to make or else big worries in our path, we would get into Frank's own plane and go up together — maybe go up at night out on top of the overcast, watching it float below us, white and fluffy in the moonlight, looking up at the stars which never change, and which have looked down on so many little problems that presently dissolved like ground mist after sunrise."

"It was curious," said Frank, "looking at Clark Field in the mid-morning sunshine and hearing the radio in my hand saying that bombs were dropping on it. It was crazy, and yet it made us apprehensive. Another pilot, listening beside me, said nervously, 'Why in hell don't we get out of here and save these airplanes?'"

"I said to him, 'What the hell, now, old man, take it easy — we're under orders.' But I was getting jumpy myself. I remember fussing at the boy with the spray gun to hurry.

"Then quick came another order — early chow for us pilots and our

navigators at 11 o'clock. While we ate, I kept thinking suppose they do hit us — what will they look like? I'd never seen a Japanese plane except those slides of them at school. I remembered one of the Mitsubishi bomber — we laughed and said, 'Hell — that's nothing but an old B-18 — look, they've stolen its wing.' Then another slide — 'Nakajima 97,' but to us it was a copy of a model long obsolete in our air force. Zeros — yes, though it was only 'navy type 00' on the slide. We'd been told there was really no such thing as a Japanese fighter. We didn't know they had a fine new type which was about to kick hell out of us.

"Sitting there in the mess hall, I felt tense, but I didn't dream that all the valuable weeks and days had slipped away now — that there remained only priceless minutes.

"AFTER CHOW, I started for the Operations tent with Eddie Oliver (my navigator), and told Tex to stand by Old 99, that I would be with them in a very few minutes. 'Now look, Tex,' I said, 'here's the dope. If we get word in Operations that we're about to be hit here on Clark, we can get Old 99 off the field from where she is, without the usual runway procedure. So watch for me to come pedaling toward you on my bike from Operations tent. If I drop my arm as you see me come over the top of the runway crest, that means I want the motors started by the time I get there.'

"Okay, Frank,' he said quietly. No saluting or heel snapping — there's not room for much of that in

the air force. He went on back to 99.

"The Operations tent was crowded with about 40 pilots and navigators waiting for briefing to begin. As we waited, I snapped on my radio and we all listened to Manila. This time Don Bell was really packing it across. Yet we didn't know that the precious minutes had all slipped away and only seconds were left. We didn't know that General Brereton had finally got permission from General MacArthur for us to take off on our photographic expedition over Formosa, to see if just possibly the Japanese might be making preparations to attack us. We didn't realize that General Brereton was even at this instant at the telephone, trying to get through to us with this order.

"Now Don Bell was saying that bombs really *were* dropping on Clark Field — he was broadcasting from the top of one of Manila's tallest buildings, and from there he could see big plumes of smoke rising from Clark Field.

"We all smiled at this. We didn't know that he, from Manila, could see beyond us in the direction of Iba Field, and that these plumes of smoke were from burning P-40s there — the Japanese were already tearing our American fighter force to pieces. But while we smiled, listening for whatever crazy thing Don Bell would next say, a private, standing just outside the tent, said, in an awesome, admiring voice:

"Oh, gee! Look at the pretty navy formation."

"It froze me. I could hear a drone. 'Navy, *hell!*' someone shouted. '*Here* — they come!'

"We turned over tables in the confusion of piling out of that tent, but we're not yet frightened rats, we're still human beings, still organized.

"There they came, the drone rising — right over the hill as Don Gibbs had predicted — in an enormous V of Vs — about 70 Mitsubishi bombers — at about 18,000 to 22,000 feet altitude — coming right at us.

"We all started for the shelter of a big drainage ditch nearby. I stood looking up for a few seconds because I wanted to see what kind of bomb pattern this formation would lay down just as, many times before back in the dry bed of Muroc Lake in California — our practice bombing range in the Mojave Desert — I've watched a formation of our own to see how good they were.

"I hadn't long to wait, because the nose of that leading V had passed the bomb-release line and now came the first unmistakable whistle, and then the dull cr-r-rump! The first bomb of their pattern had hit way up the field, 3000 yards away.

"But now was the time to run for our lives because the formation was overhead, like a huge cloud with giant hailstones falling from it.

"So I ran, for the nearest foxhole. It was shallow, two feet deep, built to hold one man, but two of us jumped for it and not until later did we realize there was a man already in it. We could then think of nothing except this earthquake roar and grinding and the whistling of a mighty storm moving down the field. Each of those Jap planes would drop

a train of about 12 bombs, which made probably 500 bombs that were to cover the field in about the time it's taking me to say a few of these sentences. Meanwhile we were worming as low as we could in that shallow hole. Now it began. The hard dirt quivered like a steel-tired truck thundering over cobblestones, or bucked and pitched like a bronco. I kept feeling if I could only stay on a little longer I would live, because death was very close now — the grinding roars and whistles — the quivering pitching earth — was coming closer, was thundering over us. And then quite suddenly was gone — the bomb trains had crossed the field, the pattern abruptly ended a thousand yards beyond it, and the Japanese formation was moving off.

"As we raised up in our trench, everything was very still except for a rising crackle of fire; the smoke from our burning planes was just starting — the climbing columns had not yet blossomed into thick black plumes.

"But over this crackle we could hear another hum. Then we saw it — an approaching string of fighters — they must be our P-40s! We didn't know that all but a few of our P-40s had been bombed and shot down and their field ruined before the bombers came to us.

"So we stood there brushing the dirt from our clothes — one bomb had hit only 15 feet away from me — and watched this formation, coming in a long string like flying geese, and at only a little higher altitude — say two or three thousand feet.

"Can you blame us for feeling good — to see some of our own gang in the air at last? And also a little sore — because, damn it, if they'd been only a little earlier, they could have knocked hell out of that Jap V of Vs. Then all of a sudden someone yelled — 'Look! For God's sake, look at that red circle!' There it was — the Rising Sun of Japan — Nakajimas and some Zeros they were — each Jap leaning out as he circled to pick out which Fortress on the ground he would attack.

"A three-quarters circle they made — like cracking a blacksnake whip over our already stricken airfield, and then they began to peel off for the strafing.

"We had started coming out of our foxholes, but now we ran back — we're in the rat stage now — the whole idea being to get the hell out of the target area. Ahead of me I could see men disappearing into a ditch. I dived in and a soldier came tumbling down after me. I saw his whole hip had been blown away — he died before our eyes.

"Near our ditch is a Fortress snugly in a revetment — a curved sandbag wall to protect it from bomb splinters. One of the Nakajimas has picked out this particular Fortress as his prey.

"Again and again the Jap comes in, his flight path bringing him down as low as 15 feet above the Fortress's wings. There is a routine about it. As he approaches, his small-caliber wing guns open up with a rattle — filling the air with a skein of tracers. Then, when these white threads show him he is dead on his target, we hear him

open up with his 20-millimeter cannon — a slower, deeper thud.

"What antiaircraft we have is thumping away now, but it isn't doing much good; partly because of the black smoke, and partly because it was never designed to operate at such close range. So in our ditch we start a little war of our own. Every time that Jap strafes comes over, we bang away at him with our revolvers — I can't say we do any damage, but it gives us some satisfaction.

"Meanwhile from all over the field you can hear two sound sequences — first the high rattle of the Jap wing guns as the tracers feel for the target, then the slower pounding of the cannon as they drive the main punch home. The other sequence was more heartbreaking. You'd hear a rising, hissing p-p-ph-f-f-e-O-FFF! which means a tracer has gone sizzling into the gas tank of one of our Fortresses — followed quickly by a great roar, which means that the burning gasoline has exploded her bombs.

"The attack ended suddenly; the Nakajimas and Zeros rose from the field like crows from a well-picked carcass, and falling into formation, disappeared in the direction of their carrier, which lay somewhere out of sight off Luzon.

"Now we climbed out of the ditch and started back toward Operations to report. But first we had to walk around the wreckage of the poor old Fortress, still burning in her revetment, like a faithful old war horse standing in a flaming stall. We walked wide not only because of the shimmering heat, but because

it was a shameful thing we could hardly bear to watch, which no one will understand who doesn't love those big beautiful B-17s as we did.

"By some miracle Operations tent was still standing, and we saw in Major Gibbs' face the change I know he saw in ours as we looked out over the wreck of our field and the burning carcasses of what had been the mightiest fleet of four-motored bombers in the world.

"Frank," he said, 'I think you'd better go over and see if by chance your plane can still fly.' Old 99, remember, was out of sight over the runway hump.

"So I got on my bike, and what I saw I have already told about — about finding my crew, and going down the line talking to each one as he lay there, trying to explain it to them.

"I made my report, and the flight surgeon came back with me. While he was recording 'Killed in Action' after each name, I went down the line for the last time, looking for something of each boy's that I could send back to his family. A wrist watch or a diary. Or maybe a bill-fold with the picture of a girl, or of a young woman proudly holding up a baby. Always there was something. And when I came to Tex — it had to be his A & M ring to send to his mother. At first I couldn't get it off his finger, although his big hand was warm and soft as ever. Tex always had a good-natured stubborn streak in him. He liked to wrestle with you a bit before he gave in, and it was exactly this way now. It was just Tex playing horse with me, and yet I knew he really wanted

her to have that ring. 'Okay now, Tex, come on, boy, give it up now,' I said to him, and then with just a little tug it slipped right off.

"And now I wish I could say that all the rings and watches and pictures got back to the people who would have wanted them so much. But a few days later, when I was miles away, a bomb hit near the locker by my bunk, and the crumbled ashes of all those little things are somewhere in the embers of that barracks.

"But to go back — by now we could begin to count the damage. Of the entire field, there remained only a single strip of runway which could be cleared and used. You'll remember the 19th Bombardment Group had consisted of 35 proud Flying Fortresses. A dozen of them had been down at Del Monte Field in Mindanao and so escaped this attack. But of all the rest which had been here on Clark Field, only five could now be called airplanes. Even these five were badly damaged, and none could fly. But by pooling the five wrecks, replacing a wing here, a tail there and taking two undamaged engines from a third, our Group commander, Colonel E. L. Eubank, hoped we could salvage in all, of the two dozen which stood on the field that morning, three planes which might get into the air — when the runway was cleared.

"It was now late in the day, and the Colonel said there was nothing the pilots could do, and that we should leave the target area until morning. Another pilot and I found a room in a native house, and as I spread out my bedding roll, I

wondered about Margo, halfway around the world. Had she heard anything? And how long would it be before I could tell her that Eddie Oliver and I were all that were left of Old 99 she had waved goodbye to at Albuquerque six weeks ago?

“EARLY next morning I got back to the field and reported to Colonel Eubank who sent me over to be in charge of the field’s control tower. By this time, six of the Mindanao Fortresses had come up from Del Monte, landing on the 2000-foot strip of runway which was all that remained of Clark Field. Then they had been pulled off into dispersed areas while they were gassed up and loaded with bombs. The pilots of this half dozen were now assembled while the Colonel gave them their targets, and towering over the group was my old friend Colin Kelly — I could see his curly black head, tall, erect, his shoulders back as usual. I knew the boys would be headed out into plenty of trouble and I couldn’t help walking over to listen while the Colonel briefed Colin. I felt a little brotherly about him because he’d been one of my copilots back on March Field. Now he was headed out on his first battle mission. His target was transports reported off northern Luzon — pretty heavily defended, they would be. Colin looked tired from flying all night, had had little if any sleep — his ordinarily neat uniform was smeared with grease as though he’d been working on his engines himself — and we had time only to exchange waves as he headed for his plane and I climbed up into the tower.

“The tower was practically a sieve from bullets which had ripped through the corrugated iron during yesterday’s strafing. At the foot of the tower ladder was a little concrete cellar to use as an air-raid shelter. There was an alert at least once an hour all day — the bell seemed to be ringing constantly — and it seemed most of my time was spent shinnying up and down that ladder.

“My job of course was to handle the tower lights — give the boys the signal when they could come in to land, but the Colonel wasn’t taking any chances losing any more on the ground. He said when any Fortresses came back, to keep them in the air, circling the field, until he changed the order.

“Presently there comes scooting in one of those little low P-26s that were used by the Filipino air force — an old stick-and-wire job, practically a museum piece. I gave him the green light because I could see he was already so full of bullet holes I didn’t see how he could stay in the air — and out jumps this little Filipino fighter pilot. All he wants is more gas and more bullets for his little .30-caliber gun, and he’s back up in the air for more of it. Those kids did a magnificent job for their Islands with that decrepit junk.

“Everybody was jumpy, and those phony alerts were a constant strain — even though each one was called off 15 minutes later. I’ve since wondered if maybe fifth columnists weren’t turning in most of them. That morning our fighters (yesterday’s raid had left maybe 15 out of the two dozen which had been on Iba Field) were doing a magnificent

job. And learning, too — this was their first day of real fighting and there is just a hell of a lot about war that they can't teach you in maneuvers. Buzz Wagner, the best fighter of them all, will tell you that, or rather, would have told you before he died.

"He told me about it late that afternoon — or anyway part of it. The kid was so damned modest (he died a lieutenant colonel at 26) that I had to get most of it from his friends.

"Anyway, that morning Buzz with a single P-40 had done a job that ordinarily would be assigned to an entire squadron.* Buzz had been sent out in the early morning with guns loaded, and 30-pound fragmentation bombs under his wings, so he was ready to tackle almost anything he saw.

"He was out over the sea north of Luzon, when he spotted four Jap fighters high above him. He was tempted to dump his bombs — which would give him more speed and maneuverability, and go up there to tangle with them, but those bombs, according to his briefing, were destined for some planes the Japs had just put ashore on a field near Lingayen, so he kept on his course.

"But all of a sudden about three bushels of red-hot Jap tracers came whizzing by his cockpit — two of the four Jap fighters had dived to work him over.

"They were coming hell for break-fast so he pulled a cute maneuver — throttled back suddenly to let them go roaring on by him and then

*A fighter squadron is 25 planes.

opened up on their vanishing tails. His first burst put them both on fire. Those good old .50-calibers — the P-40 had six of them and when they speak, they do all the talking.

"Remember all this time Buzz hadn't dumped his bombs — they might easily have cost him his life but his job was to get to Lingayen Field where he had a rendezvous with Lieutenant Russell Church.

"As he approached Lingayen he saw Russ, who fell in on his wing, and then he saw his target — all those Jap planes on the ground lined up just like an ordinary peacetime inspection. I want you to get this — to see it isn't only the American air force which gets caught with its pants down and its suspenders trailing.

"So down they went — Buzz first, then Russ, just skimming the field. As the first target came into sight Buzz let go first one and then the other of his 30-pound fragmentation bombs — and looking back over his shoulder, saw Russ coming in behind him. Buzz went on across the field and then pulled up sharply to watch Russ's bombs go right down the line — Russ's tail was on fire from Jap ack-ack and he knew it but he stayed dead on his run, making direct hits on those neatly lined up Jap planes, and then — Buzz still watching — Russ pulled up at the end of the field in a slow half roll and — went in.* Buzz says it's just possible Russ was able to bail out — he couldn't wait to be sure, for now he was making his second run, all alone. He came in again through

*Air-force slang meaning his plane went into the ground.

the Jap ack-ack with his six .50-calibers pounding away at those parked planes — some were already burning. He crossed the field, and had banked to come in for a third pass when Jap tracers began whizzing past his cockpit from behind — he looked over his shoulder to see that the last two of those four Zeros were diving on him. Of course there was nothing he could do but jam on all the gas his engine would take, and try to get away.

"Inch by inch he pulled away from those Zeros — he looked back at the field once and saw about six good fires going — and Buzz said it was damned lucky he got back to the field, because he could tell the boys that a P-40 could outrun a Zero at sea level. Remember, though, he said outrun, not outmaneuver. In those days everybody was learning stuff that wasn't in the book, and passing it on.

"But of course that day," said Frank, "my job was the tower, not going on missions myself. A little after noon I happened to be looking up at the overcast toward the roar made by one of our planes which seemed to be trying to come in when suddenly I saw a parachute blossom just under the overcast — and another — and another — I counted eight so it must be a Fortress — but no ninth. Instead, I saw a dark object go hurtling into the ground. One of our Forts, but whose? I didn't find out until evening that it was Colin. He'd been out there following his briefing that I'd heard that morning, and had laid a direct hit square on the very biggest target any pilot could hope

for. On his way home, two Jap fighters, who had been following him, put a lucky incendiary into his oxygen system and of course it burned like cotton soaked in gasoline. But Colin wasn't rattled. He gave the regular orders for the other eight boys of his crew to climb into their chutes and abandon ship, which they did.

"Now a part of this procedure in a Fortress is that the pilot must be the last to leave. In the air force, this is more than a gallant gesture. Because somebody has to stay on the stick to keep her level and right side up while the other eight make their jumps. That somebody is the pilot, and that's one of the things you must be ready to do, in order to wear those pretty silver wings on your chest that the better-upholstered girls stare at in the better-upholstered bars.

"Well, Colin stayed on the stick as his plane dropped with its oxygen system flaming, and all eight got out, and I suppose carefully counted one-thousand-two-thousand-three-thousand like it says in the book, before they pulled their cords and their chutes blossomed. But by the time Colin's turn came, he was so close to the ground that he never had a chance to crack his chute.

"Of course when I heard all this I also heard about the whopping big target he'd hit and sunk. But I didn't think much of this at the time and I don't think Colin Kelly did either. If I know the boy he wasn't thinking, as he took that last plunge, about how many gross tons that Japanese ship displaced, or about how big his posthumous medal

was going to be, but was only worrying about his wife Marian and little son Corky and what a lousy thing it would be for them, and how that gay little girl could put together what would be left of a happy life for herself, and make a living for Corky, and how much he wanted to help her do it, only now he couldn't ever.

"A little later in the afternoon one of our fighters, with an aileron shot away, came fluttering in like a wounded bird. Teetering down the narrow landing strip, the plane caught a wing onto one of our slightly damaged Fortresses, tearing it off, and then cartwheeled off into the trees — killing a sergeant who had been working on a plane back there. The pilot wasn't hurt himself, but one more of our precious few P-40s was gone.

"That night was a weird one — and I spent most of it up in that tower. We'd rigged up a jack-leg system of landing lights, and it worked about half the time. When we finally did get a plane onto the ground, two men with flashlights would walk at each wing tip, as it taxied to the dispersal area, to keep it from tipping over into bomb craters.

EXT DAY it was plainer and plainer that we would have to abandon Clark. Here we were covered with bomb pits, right under Formosa, with almost no fighters left to defend us, and little enough ack-ack.

"So the following morning the evacuation began. They gave me one of the planes they had patched

up and Al Mueller and I made two trips back and forth to Del Monte loaded down with members of the ground crews who were to service our planes at Del Monte.

"I'll never forget my last trip out. It was at night of course — daylight was no longer safe. We were taking off at three in the morning, and suddenly a mechanic told me that there was a bad leak in my fuel line. So what in hell to do? I could wait while they ripped a fuel line from one of the semi-wrecked Forts standing around on the field, and installed it in mine. But by then it would be well after dawn, and if we encountered Jap fighters, there I'd be, with sergeants stuffed into every corner of the plane, so that we wouldn't have room to swivel a machine gun in our own defense.

"Or we could tape up our leaky line, get the hell out of there, and pray we didn't catch fire in mid-air. We made it all right, but it turned out to be my last trip, because the next day the Japs came back and put out of commission what was left of Clark Field. That's when I lost everything I owned, including the little watches, diaries and wallets which had belonged to the crew of Old 99.

"So here we are now at Del Monte — about 15 Fortresses in all, but patched up and in such bad repair we were lucky if we could get half a dozen off the ground at any one time.

"But otherwise it was a lovely set-up. A pretty turf field right up against the big pineapple cannery; a country club with swimming pool, turf tennis courts — even a few

white women which set all the boys staring — but not an anti-aircraft gun or a fighter plane to protect us for hundreds of miles around."

"But dear," said Margo, "you're forgetting your first cable."

"No, I'm not," said Frank. "I got it off as soon as I could — gave it to someone who was going in to Manila on December 17."

"All it said," Margo explained, "was: BELOVED DOING ALL RIGHT UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WIRE EDDIE'S BROTHER. Of course I knew that Eddie was Frank's navigator on Old 99. But what about the other boys? Why hadn't Frank told me to wire their families that they, too, were safe? Tex's mother, for instance — and the families of all the sergeants. It wasn't like Frank to forget. I couldn't understand it."

"Yes," said Frank, "but how could I say it all in a cable?"

"Well, we were getting more and more uneasy. Here, on this beautiful field, we saw people who didn't seem to know a war was on. The only military around was some kind of a transportation outfit. The first day we were there I got hold of a couple of privates and gave them orders to dim out the headlights of every car — no matter whose — that approached the field. But when the boys, carrying out my orders, stopped a staff car, the transportation officer decided he'd stop all that nonsense.

"But before the Japs did come, the old 19th Bombardment Group — or what was left of it — got in some mighty hard licks at them. For instance, there was the Legaspi Bay mission. Our Intelligence reported

a big concentration of Jap ships moving south toward us down the coast of Luzon. That meant the handwriting on the wall for us, particularly if one was a carrier with Zeros which would presently be in range to strafe us on the ground — remember we had not a single American fighter within 500 miles of Del Monte Field.

"It was up to us to take off and do what we could. We'd been working like hell, and had six planes which we thought were in shape to complete the mission. . . . But at that time I was a planeless pilot. So it ought to be Harry's story — he was navigator on Jack Adams' plane."

"Well," said the navigator, "the six of us were to start at 10 o'clock, and Jim Connolly rolls out first, and gets a flat tire right on the runway — throwing one wing into the ground and crumpling it. That left five, and it wasn't so good, because there is safety in numbers in Fortresses — the more fire power you can bring to bear against the Zeros, the more. Forts will get back home.

"But anyway we started — the pilots were Shorty Wheless, Pease, Lee Coats, Vandevanter and Jack Adams — I was his navigator.

"We are flying in formation and steadily climbing to the agreed altitude of 25,000 feet. About an hour out of Del Monte, Shorty Wheless drops out of formation — we guess it's engine trouble and he can't keep up this rate of climb — and half an hour later Pease. As we approach our target, Lee Coats drops out — his motors we can see are weak — he can't make the altitude.

"That leaves just my pilot, Jack Adams, and Vandevanter to go on in alone. When we thought there would be six planes, we had planned to divide into two flights of three planes each. There were just two planes now, so Jack decided he'd

pretend he was one flight and Vandevanter would play like he was the other. The two of us against this big gang of Jap ships!

"Jack is to come in first. But the overcast is so thick we have to get down to about 18,000 before we can



see the target and there it is — a row of transports and naval craft escorting them. Remember, we're down to 18,000. That's not our altitude. The old model D Fortress is designed to perform best at almost double that height. But 18,000 is right where the Zeros do their best stuff.

"If you want to know your way around a model D Fortress, think of its nose as the head of a fish, made of transparent plastic. In the upper jaw sit the pilot and co-pilot, side by side. That's the cockpit. They can see ahead and to the sides but not straight down. Beneath them, reached by a little trap door, is the lower jaw of the fish which is the navigator's compartment, also made of transparent plastic. In it sit the bombardier and the navigator. They can see ahead and down, but not straight up.

"When we come in on the target, my job as navigator is temporarily over, so I go back to the bomb bay — where the bombs are hanging in racks on either side of a little aisle — and I'm helping pull out the firing pins of the bombs. It's dark in there, lit only by a little electric light.

"Now the bomb-bay doors are opened, and light comes up around the bombs. And now the bombs are away. Before those doors are slammed closed, I catch a glimpse of a gang of Zeros coming up after us.

"I tell Jack Adams and he heads for a cloud which we estimate is about 10,000 feet below us — sloping down toward it with full power on. Meanwhile the Zeros are gaining on us, and soon they begin shooting. While we are tearing for

that cloud, our gunners return the fire.

"There were five of them after us — climbing in on our tail. Our bottom gunner shot down the nearest one, but the other four kept coming in a tight formation. Jack Adams began wish-washing our tail up and down to give our top gunners a chance at them, and sure enough the top gunner picked off one. That left three.

"So then Jack throttled back suddenly and one Zero overshot us to the left, which made him a clay pigeon for our side gunner. Then still another came up under our stabilizer in the tail, and our bottom gunner got his second for the day — that made four Zeros down and one to go — and it was still going for us in spite of all we could do.

"To make it worse, that damned cloud turned out to be at 4000 feet altitude instead of 10,000. There aren't any standard sizes for clouds so you're never sure how far away they are, but we finally got inside this one.

"But when Jack started to pull out of our dive and level off, he found he couldn't do it. Because the Zeros had put slugs into No. 1 and No. 2 engines — we were losing speed and also altitude, dribbling slowly downward inside that cloud in spite of all we could do.

"That last Zero had followed us in, and every now and then would give us a burst. I'll never forget the sound of those Jap slugs, bouncing around inside the plane. They'd come ripping through the aluminum skin as easy as if it were human skin, and they'd hit a piece of steel armor

plate and ricochet — they sounded like somebody had slung a handful of BB shot every time a burst went through us. Pretty soon, as we dribbled on down through the bottom of that cloud, the co-pilot yelled that we were to prepare for a crash landing. Jack was looking for a nice beach to set her down on, but there wasn't any beach — only jagged rocks with white surf wrapped around them. So Jack nosed her in toward land, and then right ahead of us we spotted a big clump of trees, about 60 feet high. Well, there wasn't time for anything but a prayer, but Jack pulled her nose up over those trees, and then made as nice a belly landing in a rice patch as you could hope for.

"You've forgotten that one remaining Zero? Well, I hadn't, because it had followed us all the way down. I crawled out as fast as I could and started running. The funny thing was Bill Railing the co-pilot was either stunned or felt comfortable right where he was. Anyway he stayed right in his seat while this Zero circled and then came past with guns blazing. The slugs beat a tattoo along the length of the Fort's wing, with old Railing dreaming away there, all relaxed in his seat, right in the middle of them, and believe it or not the boy wasn't even scratched! It goes to show it doesn't make much difference which way you run or whether you run at all."

"THE OTHER two had quite a time too," said Frank. "Vandevanter, who went over the target just three minutes after Adams, also

got chased into a cloud by Zeros, who circled it and kept him stuffed in there quite a while, firing at him every time he stuck a wing out.

"But probably most exciting of all was what happened to Shorty Wheless — only you've all heard about it because the President himself used it in a speech. You see Shorty had had to drop out of formation because of weak motors. He went in on the target more than a quarter of an hour late, after the first two planes had stirred up a hornet's nest of Jap fighters, and they were sitting up there waiting for Wheless. They hit him well before he got to his bomb-release line — about 18 of them, as the President said — and shot hell out of the plane. So badly that Shorty figured the best thing to do was keep right on flying straight, over the target. He was afraid if he tried a sharp turn to avoid them, one of his frayed control cables would snap.

"When he'd got out beyond and shaken them off he found they'd also nipped a cylinder or so of his motors which cut his power way down and he was losing altitude.

"So then he began his long glide back down to Mindanao — wondering every minute if maybe something else would give out so that he would drop straight into the sea. He didn't have a prayer of getting on to Del Monte, but he did a beautiful job of beaching her. As luck would have it, he put her down almost at the front door of a hospital, which was very fortunate because the boys were badly shot up inside — plenty of streaks along the underside of her belly, from blood

which came out the bullet holes in her aluminum skin.

"We had some troubles of our own on Jack Adams' ship," resumed Harry, the navigator. "When I picked myself up off the ground after that Zero finished strafing us along the wing, we found one sergeant had picked up a cannon bullet in his leg. I had a bullet crease myself — nothing much.

"And I guess you can say that at this point my leave of absence from the air force starts. Because we didn't see the rest of the 19th gang until I got to Australia in March, and in the meantime the 19th had been chased off of Del Monte Field, and later what was left of them were thrown into the Java war. Meanwhile, plenty had happened to me.

"Within three minutes of the time we crash-landed in the rice paddy, we were surrounded by a gang of Filipinos, all waving the longest, sharpest knives you'd want to see. But pretty soon we convinced them we weren't Japanese, so they all got helpful, told us we were on Masbate Island, and rigged up a pretty comfortable stretcher for the wounded sergeant.

"You know there's a hell of a lot of things that happen to you in the air corps that they never tell you about in the recruiting posters. It isn't all just dozing along in a plane, while pretty little tracer bullets whiz past your windshield. Every now and then you run into troubles that they never warn you against, like the thing I'm coming to.

"Because these natives, wanting to honor the American officers who were fighting for their country,

brought me a donkey to ride. To refuse would insult them, and yet I didn't dream the kind of a deal I was getting into. The first half mile wasn't so bad, and I even thought I was lucky I wasn't walking and getting sore feet, like you do in the infantry. But pretty soon I began to realize that there are worse things than having sore feet.

"Because this thing I was on was kind of underfed and had a prominent backbone. Also there was no real way to control it, because it would lag back for a mouthful of grass and then, because there was a certain female jackass ahead, it would suddenly start trotting to catch up, and when it would trot I would pound along that backbone, up and down, and no way to help it or to lighten ship.

"We got to a village after a while, where there was a doctor who looked after the sergeant's leg. I just let him dress my bullet crease, because as for my real wounds, I knew I was beyond all human aid anyway, and would have to rely on prayer and a soft rocking chair if they had one.

"They didn't, and it was almost a week before we got off that island in an outrigger canoe. We landed on Panay, and when we reported to General Chynoweth, we were told that the old 19th Bombardment Group had left Mindanao for Australia; so they grabbed us and attached us to a Filipino field artillery regiment, giving Jack Adams, Bill Railing and myself each a battalion to command, which we thought was a considerable honor, since we were only lieutenants.

"Then we looked them over. They were all about high school age, and half of them didn't speak English. The field artillery part of it all consisted of the name, plus six sights for old World War French 75-millimeter field guns. The guns themselves had been sunk on a supply ship in Manila Bay. The sights had been shined up and were in prime condition.

"Our bunch was sent to a place on a river called Carmen Ferry where two roads came up from Davao city in the south, which was held by the Japanese. If the Japs attacked, we were supposed to keep them from crossing the creek. But most of our business was with Filipinos who lived in Davao, and wanted to cross to visit relatives up-country. We'd say:

"'Where you goin', Jo?'"

"'Visit family in northern regions,' the guy would answer.

"'How the Japs treatin' you in Davao?'"

"'Japs treat um fine — have plenty money — brought their own pesos.'"

"'Jo, you a spy?'"

"'Sure.'"

"'How much the Jap pay you?'"

"'Hundred pesos.'"

"'What they want to know?'"

"'How many men you got, how much arms.'"

"There wasn't much you could do with that kind of people. Of course you couldn't shoot 'em, for they didn't mean any harm. They were just simple farmers, and the Japs had told them that spying in a war was an honest way to make quick money.

"So we'd let 'em through, and when they went back we'd tell 'em, 'We got 50,000 men and 1600 cannon,' and let them go back to Davao with this.

"I didn't care much for that country — particularly the pythons. I was sleeping in a trench and toward morning when it got chilly they would come snuggling up to you in the dark. They were about as thick as your leg. I didn't care for it. Mind you, I'm not criticizing the snakes — they were gentle and considerate. But it just wasn't home-like, and added up to one other reason why I was tired of being on the ground. Maybe it's as safe as they say, but you never feel that it is.

"So I was tickled to death when word came to go back to old Del Monte Field, where the planeless aviators were being assembled for evacuation to Australia. Lieutenant Pease, of our own 19th Bombardment Group, came with a Fortress one night, and ferried me over, along with 15 other planeless aviators. It sure felt good to be in that plane again, with the backbone of that jackass and all those cuddlesome pythons disappearing back in the horizon haze. I was never cut out for the infantry."

"**AND HARRY,**" said Frank Kurtz, the pilot, "when you did get back to the 19th in Australia, boy, were we glad to see you! We'd given you up for dead when you didn't get back from the Legaspi Bay mission, with the others. Vandevanter had seen you headed for a cloud followed by five Zeros. We

thought you'd never got to that cloud.

"So now, there was the old 19th in Australia. Incidentally, 48 hours after we had arrived, Radio Tokyo broadcast, 'The American Flying Fortresses are now operating from Batchelor Field near Darwin,' and they were 100 percent right.

"How they knew it we never learned for sure — probably the information was radioed from Jap pearl fishermen who had been thinly scattered along this Australian coast and who, when war broke out, went back and hid in the bush.

"The country itself is as desolate and sparsely populated as the worst parts of west Texas and New Mexico, and Port Darwin sits there on the rim of Nothing At All. It has wide streets, a band which plays in the park, and a zoo with a few emus, kangaroos and koala bears. No fresh vegetables, everything imported in cans. There you have Darwin.

"Batchelor Field, 40 miles back in the brush, consisted of a couple of runways hacked out of the mesquite (it was hard to get tools for grading or dynamite for stumps) and a hangar run by the Royal Australian Air Force — the RAAF.

"Well, it was nice, for a few days, to be out of danger — to start getting our dozen planes overhauled. Only peace had its drawbacks. Australia didn't yet know there was a war on, and the RAAF kids, though they were very nice to us, seemed to talk another language. You see, we'd been through hell, and we knew hell was steadily mov-

ing down on us. But these Australian fliers greeted us almost as casually as though we'd just dropped in from a routine cross-country hop.

"That first morning we went out — officers and men together — and began digging foxholes to hide in, just in case the Japs hit us soon. The Australians marveled. They said how democratic it was. It never occurred to them to dig any for themselves.

"As quick as we could, we began flying missions. Del Monte was still in American hands, so we could still use it as an advance base — touching it as lightly as you would a hot stove. But the missions were terribly long. It was 1700 miles from Darwin back to Del Monte — almost as far as from New York to Denver. We'd leave Darwin in the morning, fly all day, land at Del Monte after dark to be safe from the Japs, service the plane, eat, catch a little nap, and then gas up in time to be off for an early morning bombing of the Jap invasion fleet off Luzon. Then back to Del Monte — it was daylight now and risky as hell, so get in quick, gas up, load bombs and get the hell out fast and away to an afternoon target, coming back toward Del Monte in the darkness, thank God, when no Jap pursuits are hanging around, arriving about midnight, a cat nap again, gas up and you're off for Australia.

"Think of the pilots and crews going through that grind, day after day, maybe 18 hours straight.

"And yet the thing we dreaded most was Christmas. It was right ahead of us now — Christmas in defeat and on this barren, hot, dusty

desert field, with no word or mail from home."

"Christmas wasn't easy for me," said Margo. "Things looked worse and worse in the papers. On Christmas Eve I went downtown in the car with some friends. You'd never have known there was a war on — it could be any other Christmas Eve — the red and green electric lights strung down the street, the crowds, the packages and holly in the windows. Then I noticed the newsboys calling something over the noise of the cheerful holiday crowd. There were big headlines, JAPANESE SURROUND MANILA. The last cable Frank had sent was from there.

"I told my friends I thought I'd be getting home. I held in until I got clear up the front steps. Then I went up to my room and shut the door and had hysterics. I don't care. They're my own hysterics and I kept them to myself. After they were over I got out what I called my Christmas presents and looked at them. They were some sea shells Frank and Tex had picked up on the beach at Wake Island on the way out and mailed back to me, in November. Then I got out the old cable from Frank and again wondered why he hadn't wired me to tell Tex's family or his girl that he was all right. Frank and Tex seemed so far away now, and all I had was this wrinkled cablegram and the little shells."

"It was all I could get to you, honey," said Frank, "and at that I'll put my Christmas up against the one you had. We knew there would be no letters for us, so it was natural that on this dusty sun-scorched

Christmas day some of us should wander over to the Australians' radio shack, to see what little word from home we could pick up on the air.

"I should say that part of us were gone on a mission into the Philippines: six Fords including Al Mueller's, and they now should be on that long, dreary nine-hour drag back to Batchelor Field. We hoped none of them would be shot down on Christmas day.

"The Australians were damned nice to us. They handed us their Christmas cards to read, and then they'd say, 'What part of the States are you from, Yank?' so we could tell them about our own wives or best girls if we wanted to, and most of us did. But we kept wondering about that mission, although we didn't talk about it. And of course we didn't know they had run into serious trouble, hit by Zeros at high altitude, and that Al Mueller's plane had been given a burst of machine-gun fire right through his radio compartment. Sergeant Killin, his radio operator, was shot through the top of the head as he was helping the gunners reload, and two others had been badly wounded. Since this was at high altitude, it was very serious. Because maybe the boy topples over so that his oxygen mask falls off. There isn't much you can do for a wounded man during combat at high altitude. The most you can do is to clap his oxygen mask over his face so he won't turn blue and die of suffocation at 30,000 feet, and hope he won't bleed to death. You can't stop fighting to bandage him.

"But to get back to Al Mueller's plane. When you have wounded men aboard, you try to get down to at least 10,000 feet as soon as you can, so they won't be under the strain of breathing through oxygen masks. But there were Zeros still below them; and Al knew if he broke away from formation and dived down alone, he stood a very good chance of being picked off. So he did the right thing — stayed with the formation, only it was a hell of a hard decision to make on Christmas day, with those poor wounded men in back, fighting for breath in the high air.

"We knew nothing of this yet, while the Australian radio operator was twiddling his dials trying to get us a program from the States. We hoped maybe we'd get just a homey description of Christmas day in a typical American town, and how the snow crunched under the feet of the people walking up on porches to deliver Christmas packages, and maybe hear the voices of some real American girls in a Christmas choir singing 'Holy Night' or some of the other old-time songs.

"What we got instead was a lot of politicians, doing their stuff on war aims. They were from all over the world, sounding off all over the dial, and we argued with those Australian kids as to which ones were the corniest, theirs or ours. They insisted theirs were, but we couldn't agree, because ours were all stuffed full of roast goose, optimism, plum pudding, hard sauce and production figures. The U. S. A. was the big shot, they let us know — it can't miss — so don't worry — just flick

it off, we'll take care of it, because we're turning out planes by the jillion per minute.

"Out there on Batchelor Field, with the hot desert sun sinking low, and with our maintenance men hollow-eyed from lack of sleep trying to keep just a handful of planes operating without even any spare parts, it didn't go down so good.

"Finally we turned it off, and one of the Australian boys brought out a fruitcake he had got from his girl, and cut the slices thin so that all the Americans could have a piece with their tea, and it was damned nice of him, and we almost felt good for a minute.

"But something was coming in over the CW* radio and the Australian with the earphones on, after writing it down, gave me a queer embarrassed look and handed it to me.

"It was from Al Mueller. He'd waited until he got out of the danger zone before breaking radio silence. He said he'd be in after dark with one body aboard and to have the ambulance on the stand-by at the field. That meant there were more wounded. It finished Christmas for us.

"**W**HEN AL's plane got in, it was so badly shot up that we decided to call it a wreck. We absolutely had to have a wreck on the field to serve as a spare-parts reservoir to keep the other planes in the air. The old Swoose, here," Frank jerked his thumb backward, "still has those tail surfaces we took off Al's plane. We needed every-

* Continuous Wave, or dot-dash.

thing but most of all, we needed bomb-bay gas tanks.

"You see the main gas supply of the model D Fortress is carried in her wings, but she also can carry auxiliary tanks hung on the racks in the bomb bays. When we are hit by fighters, these tanks are dumped along with the bombs, to give us the extra speed to get away. If they are empty of gas, that's all the more reason for dumping them. A tracer bullet often goes clear through a full gas tank without setting fire to it, but an empty tank is really full of a highly explosive mixture of air and gasoline vapor, and goes off like a bomb, as the Japanese well know. We'd had to dump so many bomb-bay tanks that they were now worth their weight in gold to us.

"Of course we were in terrible shape. The old 19th Bombardment Group had lost two thirds of its original strength in three weeks and we were now reduced to about a dozen planes. But there was one hopeful fact; of the two dozen odd we had lost, only two — Colin's and Jack Adams' — had been shot down in combat. The rest had been blown up on the ground or, like Wheless's plane, had been wrecked on the beach to save the crew when it didn't have the range to get home.

"And just about the time we were adding up this score and wondering what next, General Brereton landed on the field and we were immediately summoned to a meeting in Operations.

"He's a tough, quick, cocky, fighting little air force officer who doesn't like to sit down when he's laying out plans. Standing there

with his shoulders reared back, he lined us out.

"He told us the United States Army Air Force of the Far East, of which he was commander, was moving all its bombers to Java, and at once. Its main base would be on a field near the city of Malang. From here we would operate out of advanced bases already prepared by the Dutch on the outlying islands of Borneo and the Celebes. From these our first missions would all be concentrated on breaking up an immense concentration of Jap transports which was gathering at Davao Bay, on the southern tip of the Philippines.

"But as he talked we got curious. Just how big was this American Air Force whose task it was to smash the Japanese in the Philippine Islands, so they couldn't reach out to the Dutch East Indies? When we finally got the idea that the United States Army Air Force of the Far East consisted of only us, we didn't know whether to be sorry for ourselves, or for General Brereton for having such a pitifully small command.

"But there was big news for me. Ever since the loss of Old 99 I had been a planeless pilot — a kind of ghost walking — a head without a body. But now Lee Coats was to go with the General to Brisbane as engineering officer, and I was to take over his plane and crew for the Java war. Now at last was my chance to settle the score for Old 99.

"In the next week or so we were to be told that no longer would we fight on alone. Because soon Fortresses were to be flying out to reinforce us across Africa, Asia and

down the Malay Peninsula toward Java. Likewise we would no longer be without fighter protection, because P-40s were also on their way by boat — in all, it was explained, America planned to throw more than a thousand planes during the next three months into the Far Eastern Theater to pin down the Japanese advance.

"No wonder our morale rose, and we took off for Java with our dander back to normal. Suppose we were only a baker's dozen against the entire Japanese Empire? — that was only the tip of the spear point. The others would surely follow soon.

"So ten of us took off the morning of the last day of the year for Java with hopes high. We were sure all the mistakes had been made in 1941 and 1942 was going to be different.

"FROM AUSTRALIA to Java is a full day's work even for a Fortress, but the weather was fine, and all of us were feeling great. The ocean was a deep blue, and we were constantly passing over islands green and lush with jungle growth, which are practically steppingstones connecting Asia with Australia.

"The last one of all was maybe the most beautiful — the famous island of Bali, just before you get to Java, and as I saw it on the horizon, I couldn't help thinking about those pictures of it you used to see on the cruise folders — always on the cover was a color photograph of a beautiful golden-brown girl with a wicker basket on her head and a sarong gathered low around her hips and nothing much in between except a completely unselfconscious smile.

That smile plus a couple of other items used to sell a hell of a lot of first-class steamer tickets.

"I guess the crew was thinking about that too. Just as we crossed the Bali coastline I noticed the ship was acting funny and I got the idea that maybe the crew was shifting weight, so I sent the co-pilot back to find out what was going on. He reported the crew was in a big scuffle, crowding at the gun stations to peer down, and wrestling with each other trying to get one glimpse of what it showed in those travel pictures. He said even the bombardier and the navigator in the compartment below me were taking turns gluing an eye to the drift meter trying to see if they couldn't catch just one pair of those things between the airlines painted on the ground glass.

"Java in the late afternoon was as beautiful as anyone had ever said it would be — a lush green like the richest velvet you've ever crushed in your hand, except where the sloping sun glinted on the rice paddies, burning the pools of water a deep gold against the soot-black mud.

"We flew over the big seaport city of Surabaya and straight on toward the smaller city of Malang 66 miles away which was to be our base. They'd told me the field was well camouflaged but because they'd laid it out for me carefully on the map I had no trouble in finding it. It was a better job of camouflaging than anything we'd ever dreamed of in the Philippines. Looking down on it from altitude, it seemed to be a corn field with a railway line crossing it.

"As soon as we landed, the boys were in a lather to get into town, but first there had to be the usual pilots' meeting and it's always the same — I don't care who he is — captain, major, or lieutenant colonel — he's got to stand up there and dish out the old college pep talk about how we're here to do this and that, while the boys are snorting to get into town.

"Only this one wasn't so bad. Because at last we were going to do what we had for years been trained to do with our Fortresses. When those reinforcements came streaming in we could go out in big formations and drop a pattern that meant something. Instead of just one plane pecking at them we were to lay down that big, dense rectangle of bombs from which no ship can escape.

"Then it was over and we could now pile on the airport bus to take us into Malang, which for these boys who had known a month and a half of war without a break was a golden city. Because here was a place untouched by war — stores where you could buy things, movies, restaurants.

"We walked into the lobby of the Palace Hotel for our New Year's dinner together — it was run by a big fat red-faced old Dutchman named De Vries, but those guys could hardly look at the menu for just then his two beautiful daughters walked into the room. Their blonde hair was beautifully washed and fluffy, and in spite of the equatorial sun they'd kept that pink and white Dutch complexion. As those two girls crossed the room they kept

their gray eyes demurely down, with the barest flicker out of the corner of them for the American flyers. My boys were tired from the long pull, but when those girls walked in it was as though someone had thrown an electric switch, every kid at the table reached up to straighten his tie and the old gleam came back into their eyes.

"Later they were to find that Dutch dating wasn't as simple as it looked, because the first three or four times you had to take mama and papa along.

"As soon as we'd ordered, I asked the manager what was the best way to get in touch with America (I didn't know what the war might have done to the cables) and was completely floored when he asked me why didn't I telephone? Seems he'd talked to New York just two days before. So I rushed to the telephone, and there in the center of Java I gave the operator Margo's phone number in Omaha. It seemed crazy. Halfway around the world. Here in Java it was the evening of one day, and if the call went through Margo would be talking in the morning of the day before. God knows the old Fortress gobbles up time and space, flicking off the meridians like a boy rattling a stick along a picket fence, but the radio-telephone could turn night into day with the click of a receiver. I just couldn't believe the call would come through, but meanwhile I didn't have the \$27 for three minutes, and went back to the table, where we pooled our money."

"I was doing volunteer work at air corps headquarters in Omaha,"

said Margo, "when they told me the overseas operator was trying to reach me out at the house. I knew it could only be from Frank. Or about Frank. I ran out of the building. It was five blocks to the parking lot where I kept my car. I remember I decided I'd better stop running because if I was out of breath I couldn't talk.

"I remember the man in charge of the parking lot looking at me curiously and asking if something was the matter and didn't I want him to drive me home. I guess I must have been crying. I said no but please hurry and get the car out.

"When I got home the overseas operator in San Francisco said a tropical storm was delaying the call, and it might be an hour. It was three. Then I could hear them working, telephone girls talking all around the world, trying to help us, trying to set up a line. You get to love those operators — they're like nurses at the sickbed of someone you love — doing everything they can. Finally it's the girl in Batavia, Java, and then some town I'd never heard of — girls with queer accents — all helping you, and then a hotel switchboard and at last Frank's voice. I couldn't understand the words but that didn't matter at all — that was the least I cared for. Because you can get a cable and by the time you slit the envelope the boy who sent it may be dead in a trench or on a pine-clad mountain-side, but when you hear the voice you know he's alive.

"But the words were all chewed up by the crackling of that tropical storm — or it may have been a

storm over Finland — and I could hear the censor clicking in and out. And then somewhere a layer of electrons would bulge upward and Frank's voice would fade out entirely for a few seconds and then come back in. At last I understood he was trying to tell me where he was, and for me to call him back because he didn't have any money left.

"Now he was trying to spell out the name of the town! 'M — A — ' I would get that much and then it would fade out and I would get a terrible feeling of panic — that the little thread would snap, and I'd never know how to get in touch with him. But just then that sweet censor broke in and relayed the name to me — Malang, Java.

"Then Frank was trying to tell me the name of the hotel. And I was shouting, 'Frank, are you saying the Alice?'

"Like in San Francisco,' he was telling me.

"The Palace?'

"Yes.'

"Then I could hear a girl's voice with a Dutch accent telling him his time was up.

"And now it seemed I was floating on air and I wanted to run out and tell everyone I had a live husband who was in the Palace Hotel in Malang, and I knew he was alive because I'd heard his own voice two minutes ago. That nice feeling stayed with me for days, and made everything all right for a long time."

"THE NEXT DAY we got to work," resumed Frank. "We were scheduled to leave this main base at Malang and fly to our two ad-

vance bases: Samarinda, on Borneo, and Kendari on the Celebes. Samarinda lay up a lush tropical river, but we weren't to fly there direct — Jap recco planes might spot us, and locate this little advance field in spite of its camouflage.

"So we mustn't navigate straight for Samarinda Field. We were to take an irregular course to the coast of Borneo, then fly so many minutes up the river, then drop down to low altitude and at this point we should be right over the field and so close down we could see it in spite of the camouflage.

"Another thing. If we ran into some fighter planes that looked like American Brewster fighter planes, we were not to start shooting. We were to flash them the identification signal of the day on our Aldis lamps, because they really were Brewsters, bought before the war by the Dutch government, now flown by Dutch pilots. There were 12 or 15 of them in all.

"That morning I took my new crew up to a practice workout. I didn't know them and they didn't know me. They'd had gunnery practice of course, back in the States, but this mission tomorrow would be the first time they'd fished with live bait, and there's quite a little difference. I talked to them about what to look out for, and then we practiced jerking the transparent windows which are in front of each gun, as you always do just before you go into action.

"They took it pretty well but I could see they were looking me over, too. You see, the air corps is a pretty democratic place, and once

you're off the ground whatever rank you've got sparkling on your shoulders doesn't count for much until the men see for themselves that you know your business. Which is the way it should be.

"Another thing was that they'd all been fond of their former pilot, and I suppose he felt about them the way I'd felt about my old gang on 99. Anyway while we were up there manning battle stations and firing a few practice bursts, Sergeant Schadl, my new crew chief, said to me, looking at me hard while he said it:

"'You know, Lieutenant, we had a damned good pilot; there's no better in any cockpit.' It was undoubtedly true, but I didn't like it a bit, and Schadl didn't intend that I should. I'm glad to say, though, that after the second mission he came around and said he'd talked a little out of turn.

"Next day we headed out over the Java Sea toward Borneo and, following instructions, found a likely looking river and, in the late afternoon, made out Samarinda Field. It was the best camouflage job we'd ever seen; better than Malang. We'd had practically no time for camouflage in the Philippines. As we came down low we could see that the field was covered with wooden sawhorses that would knock hell out of any plane that tried to land through them. Only when you circled the field, out came a crowd of natives on the run — I suppose they were wild men of Borneo the Dutch had tamed — and they would remove the sawhorses only from that particular runway you were sup-

posed to use — and the minute your wheels had touched the ground they'd start re-covering the runway behind you. They didn't intend that the Japs should sneak in and take that field by surprise. We took our hats off to the Dutch; they'd done everything to defend their islands that any people can do with its bare hands.

"As we taxied up to the revetment up came a pretty blonde Dutch nurse in a starched white uniform, looking anxiously at us just in case we'd been hit by Zeros and some of the boys were wounded. She spoke beautiful English and when she heard the American boys were to use this field she'd volunteered for duty in the middle of this steaming jungle. The boys soon found out she was strictly business but she was sweet to everyone, and as competent as she was cute. After that it was nice to know that, if some Jap put a slug through you, that little Dutch girl would be waiting there at the field, standing beside the ambulance with the doors all open.

"Anyway, we were soon in pilots' meeting where we lined out the mission for Davao Bay. We knew it was a long pull out there and back, with the target more heavily defended than anything south of Formosa itself. Also, it made you mad to think that this heavily defended Jap target was in our own Philippines, where our boys were still fighting. It was even on the same island of Mindanao with old Del Monte Field. So why put it off? Let's get going out there where we can paste them.

"SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT we are on our way. We had been told to expect heavy weather out over the sea, and we certainly get it. My co-pilot Colovin and I fly alternately — our eyes smarting and streaming from the strain of staring through the windshield at those green running lights of the planes ahead. The formation flies through broken clouds but of course at night we don't see them. We only know that suddenly the lights ahead vanish, muffled in the mist — and as suddenly reappear again. At about four o'clock in the morning I send word back through the plane for the boys to put out their cigarettes; we are going to transfer gas. The crew chief turns those two valves which pump all the gas out of the bomb-bay tanks into the now partially empty wing tanks. If we get hit by Zeros, we may have to drop those bomb-bay tanks, and we'll need every precious gallon if we're going to get home from this long flight.

"Our plan is to strike Davao at dawn, and I wonder if our navigators will get us all to the target together and on time. If we're late we will run into a dawn patrol of Japanese fighters, waiting up there above us. On the other hand if they get us there too soon, we may have to circle for an hour until it gets light enough to see the target. In that case some of the boys won't have enough gas left to wait until daylight. They'll have to turn back, and a few of us will have to go in on that target alone.

"Now the weather seems to be clearing. Our formation is a V of

Vs, stepped up. I'm bringing up the rear with Jim Connally, which, I might point out, is a dirty spot, because in those days you could expect most Jap attacks from the rear. Also you are the last to release your bombs.

"We have been climbing steadily - a few hundred feet a minute, and it's getting chilly. So I ask the sergeant to turn on the heat — and pray that it won't go out on us tonight when we'll be needing it. There's nothing worse than going over the target numb with cold. The bombardier's fingers should be warm and nimble as a violinist's — they must be if he is to hold that hunk of enemy in his bomb-sight cross-hairs. His fingers, plus steady smooth piloting which I've got to deliver, will decide whether we're going to hit tonight — maybe sink a transport with a few thousand Japs on it.

"A gray is stealing over the sky and the stars seem a little pale which means dawn isn't far off, and I begin thinking of Jap fighters. Nothing is said but I know the other boys are thinking too. Do the Japs know we're coming? They have a trick of setting big flying boats far out on the water. These things perch on the billows like gulls, and when they hear the roar of our motors, they radio a warning back to the Jap base. Maybe we've passed over such flying boats, and even now the Jap fighters are spiraling up off Davao ahead.

"Now we're at 30,000 feet, and only about 20 minutes from the target so I order the boys to man battle stations. Even with the growing

tension there is now a feeling of relief. Because at last we're settling down for business and thank God the weather is clear. Now it's just cracking dawn, and we've left the sea and are flying over Mindanao. Maybe if we are shot down we could escape some of those 30,000 Japs living around the city of Davao, over whose farms we are flying — and crawl through the underbrush of creek bottoms to Del Monte Field, which the Americans still hold.

"Following our leader, Cecil Combs, we're going to beat hell now — way over 300 miles per hour. Why are we pulling so much power? Shouldn't we save our engines? But Cecil is probably right; he wants to go over the target fast, and save men and planes even at the expense of considerable engine wear. The rub is that if either Jim or I should be slowed down by engine trouble, the rest of the formation would be out of sight before they missed us, and we'd be left to face the entire Jap air force. Still, Jim and I are back here because they know we can take care of ourselves.

"Now we come to a previously agreed point where we are to make a 120-degree turn and come directly in on Davao. As we bank sharply I get my only glimpse of the target, which ordinarily the pilot never sees in detail. From where he sits he can only see the sky and the distant horizon; it's the bombardier who can look down, who pulls the plane in over that tiny pinpoint they are to attack. But now, with my wing cocked high I get a glimpse out of the tilted side window — the city

still asleep, the upper Bay of Davao silver in the first dawn light, and then — oh lovely, lovely sight — a big boat sitting well offshore surrounded by a protecting circle of destroyers, all motionless. We've caught them asleep with no steam up — the Japs are snoring — this is what we've been waiting for!

"But now comes a change. Over my interphones I hear Stone, bombardier of the lead plane, calling to Combs who is leading us.

"Do you mind if we change over, sir?" he asks. 'I see our real target now.'

"Combs agrees, and we bank up once more, now heading apparently for Lower Davao harbor. Again I get one glimpse and now understand the reason for the change — the most tremendous concentration of ships I ever saw in my life. Everything — big boys, cruisers, transports, submarines, destroyers — bunched in there dotting the water so thick we couldn't possibly miss — but now we're on our bomb run, and I'm steadying the plane down to go on the PDI.* To you it's just one of many wavering needles on this big instrument panel. But it's hooked up with the bombsight in the compartment below. Every time the bombardier's sensitive fingers move a fraction of an inch on his controls, the change is registered in that PDI needle on my instrument panel. I can't see the target, of course, but if I follow the needle I can't miss it.

"Now our nerves are tightening up. I glance fleetingly ahead and see Cecil Combs going over the target.

* Pilot's Direction Instrument.

Since we're bringing up the rear, Cecil is about 9 miles away and his big Fortress looks about the size of a wren. That sky ahead is filled with dirty soot-gray AA puffs, making a spotty layer above him. The Japs on the ground have cut their fuses just a little too long to pick off Cecil, but I know that in a few seconds more I'm going to get a closer view of this AA. I pray Cecil's bombardier won't miss. 'God damn it, Stone, now lay 'em down the alley, boy!' But that kid won't miss; he's one of the best bombardiers in the business. Now he's laying his train, Pearl Harbor style, on those Japs. Only again I'm raging. Here we are, with a Pearl Harbor set-up for a target, but only ten of us, while the Japs hit Hawaii with many scores.

"The earphones are crackling with the excited cross talk of machine gunners, all peering out their windows on the lookout for Zeros. My job is to stay glued to that needle, making corrections on my run. It must be as carefully timed as a violin duet. My bombardier needs the gentle touch of a violinist, and I must follow with equally gentle pressures on the rudder. If he gets excited and, in correcting an error, moves his controls too far, then, following that weaving needle, I'll push a pedal too far and we'll throw the Fortress out of her groove.

"I'm almost praying he won't do this. 'Come on, boy,' I mutter to him, 'don't over-correct!'

"Now I take the risk of just one glance up from the needle, to see the second flight just going in on its bomb-release line. The AA fire,

which was high for the first flight, is now breaking below the second flight. That means they'll see they've bracketed us, and about the time we go over, they'll have us square.

"Just then I hear a gunner shouting over the interphones:

"'Fighters, coming up at 9 o'clock!'* I can't see them yet, but my own gunners are talking: 'They're coming up in a long, slow spiral — like hornets out of a nest — coming up so straight you can even see their bellies — they look like they're hanging by their props!' I picture them like American Grummans — corkscrewing slowly almost straight up — the blur of their propellers chewing into the air like gimlets — a long curl of them which goes back to the air field below.

"But the hell with them — they're my gunners' worry. The bomb run is my job. The AA puffs ahead are right on our level now — they *have* bracketed us — and I'll have to push my cockpit right into it if we're to stay on our bomb run — and of course we are. Please God, let us get to our bomb-release line, and after that if we get hit, the hell with it.

"Then I get mad again. Because it said in our schoolbooks that the Jap AA fire couldn't hit anything above 18,000. Here we are at almost twice that altitude — and they're putting it right up to us.

"Suddenly the plane's nose lurches upward and to the left, and hardly have I straightened her out when

* Lay your watch down on the table in front of you. At 12 o'clock the hour hand points straight ahead. At 3 o'clock it points to the right. At 9 o'clock it points to the left.

she tries to make another twist. It's the blast from the AA fires — invisible billows of air sent out by each explosion, and now it's like bouncing in a Model T over a Missouri dirt road. My eye keeps glued to the needle, and I'm praying for my bombardier.

"Just then I get the click from him. Our bomb-bay doors are open now — I feel the slight drag on the plane, and then that double click which means he's telling me: 'Ship level, Frank, please.' And I don't answer except with my feet so firmly but gently on the rudders, giving him that absolutely level bombing platform he has to have — because half a degree off up here means an error of hundreds of feet down on the surface.

"And at last the precious amber light glows on my instrument panel, which means he's now actually flicking the bombs off, one by one — four big blue 600-pounders at half second intervals. I keep my feet so softly on the rudders that they hardly touch.

"Then he calls, 'Bombs away!' And at that split second we quit working for the government and begin to work for our wives and families. Because that means the last bomb has left the plane, and our objective is now only to get home safely. Although you might say the government has some interest in this too, because of the money it has invested in training the nine of us, and the fact that we are flying a plane worth a third of a million dollars.

"But now our job is to get out of there. I pour on every ounce of

power we have, going into a banking dive to pick up speed, and try to get away from the Zeros.

"All our planes now are pulling in together, trying to get a tight formation instead of a loose one, so we can bring more fire power to bear on any Zeros which catch up with us. The lead element is slowing down to let Jim and me catch up.

"We're all still wondering where the fighters are. Will the ones we saw hanging by their props over Davao catch up with us? Do they have others in the air which are about to intercept us on our way out? And by the way I don't say 'on our way home' because we aren't headed in that direction. We're sure that a few Zeros have been detailed to fly under us — watching where we go. If they can find out, our base will be strafed in a matter of days. So, as long as they might be skulking below us, we follow a crazy course.

"Presently we've gone so far that any skulking Zero would have to turn back, so now we begin to drop down to lower altitude, where the boys can take off their oxygen masks and light a cigarette. The crew chief starts handing out the sandwiches and hot coffee — and never did coffee and cigarettes taste so good. I don't smoke myself but it was good to sniff it in the cockpit and know the gang was relaxing. Maybe you're disappointed that there wasn't more excitement and that nobody was killed? Well, we weren't. We'd done our job and got out of there alive, and that's the biggest thrill of all, if you happen to be in combat yourself and not reading about it.

"I CALLED down to the bombardier and the navigator to come on up and tell me what we'd done to the Japs. Gulping coffee and between chews of sandwiches, they told me.

"They said it had been a sight to watch. A few of the Jap cruisers and destroyers had managed to get under way, and their wakes laced the water in great spirals and swirls as they tried to dodge the bombs. Aside from these few, they said, we'd caught the Japs absolutely flat-footed. If there had been enough of us we could have blown a chunk out of their fleet they would never have recovered from.

"As it was, they had watched four direct hits on a Jap battleship — seen pieces of debris flying in every direction and smoke starting to billow up. In addition to this our squadron had sunk three smaller craft — two cruisers and a transport. They could see one of the ships keeling slowly, and another's nose was tilting up from a direct hit on her stern, which was already under before we went out of sight.

"They said our bomb pattern had churned the whole area white with spouts of foam, that thousands of skilled personnel must have been killed or drowned, and that we had torn hell out of the docks.

"We landed in Samarinda just before lunch — there is that gorgeous Dutch nurse waiting for us — and the sweetest sound I heard that day was the clump! of those ambulance doors when they slammed them shut and drove off empty when we told them no one was hurt.

"That night we got some rest, in

those clean-scrubbed Dutch barracks at Samarinda, because it was too much to fly right back over the Java Sea after the morning workout."

"I think it was the night I tried to telephone you in Malang," said Margo. "The hotel operator said you were out on what she called a trip — a few days, she said it would be — and that you'd left word you'd notify her as soon as you got back. But I knew what a trip meant if she didn't. And I could see it was beginning all over again for Frank. And if the trips were so long, it could only mean they were pounding the Japanese at long range from advance bases."

"Well," said Frank, "it soon developed that our smash at the Jap fleet in Davao had been almost too successful. Because Davao was no longer a safe base, the whole fleet was reported moving down toward Macassar Strait. Evidently they intended to clean out Bornco, not only because of our advance bases there, but because they wanted its rich oil fields."

"And who was going to stop them? It was up to us to try, because we seemed to be the only striking force the United Nations had in that area."

"Soon enough we were off at dawn to smash at them again, and this time it was like trying to fly inside a giant bale of cotton. The fog seemed tightly packed against your windshield, a dull flat gray-white, like the cotton I imagine they'd spin winding sheets out of. Jim and I were in the rear position again, thinking how easy it would be to run into a plane ahead — a crash that

would send both planes spinning down through this winding sheet into the sea. In this game of blind man's buff with death, Jim and I finally lost all contact with the others. When we came out into somewhat clearer weather and found the fleet — a long line of transports moving in pairs, convoyed by cruisers and destroyers — we had to go in alone. Harris, my bombardier, gets his sights square on a cruiser, but it is impossible to stay around and confirm the damage because suddenly my No. 1 starboard engine starts banging around on its mount, rattling the whole plane. We are a crippled duck, a long way from home, but on the three remaining engines I manage to dive back into a fog bank, where I won't make such a good target.

"After that it was touch and go whether we would ever make it back to Java, and I know that every one of us was wondering how long he could keep swimming — if any of us could swim after a crash landing in the sea. We were losing altitude every minute but, using every trick in the book to keep her up, we got as far as Surabaya. Came limping into the little field there in the late afternoon."

"Something more than our own safety had been worrying me as we dribbled slowly down during those long hours. There had been only two of us today, against that invasion fleet. What about those thousand American planes which were supposed to be coming along? If they didn't come soon, it wouldn't be a question of throwing the Japs back. Maybe we couldn't even hold

Java. I'd never had time to think that far ahead before.

"After landing, I got Colonel Eubank on the telephone at Malang. He was most anxious; I was the only one he'd heard from. I could only tell him what I thought were the results of the mission. It turned out later that the other planes had all come down at Kendari and Samarinda.

"He told me to take my crew and stay overnight at the hotel in Surabaya and come back to Malang the next morning. It was the first time we'd seen the big beautiful metropolis of Java except from the air — months since we'd seen any big city. Here were stores, and glittering bars, movie houses, and the picturesque natives and the Dutch — a pageant of the Far East. But we were tired beyond any words I have to tell, from our eleven and a half hours in the air. The manager of this hotel wanted to make a big occasion of it. It was the first time they had seen the uniforms of those American aviators who were going to save Java. But after what we'd seen that day down through the mist, I wasn't so sure we would do it. There had to be more of us — and soon. So we told him no — no party. All we wanted was bed."

"I got Frank on the phone that night," said Margo, "after that fantastically long mission. I knew from his voice he'd just been through something tough and was terribly tired. It was wonderful to talk to him, but yet sitting by the telephone afterwards, I got terribly depressed. It was as though a piece of real war had come through the telephone receiver from halfway round the world into the peaceful town of Omaha, and was still with me in the room.

"What could I do to help Frank? Nothing! I knew from the papers that the Japs were closing in on Singapore, but nobody over here dreamed that Java wouldn't hold. I'd been thinking Frank was safe after he left the Philippines — almost out of the danger zone.

"Later on I was to get letters from Frank — a page about how desperate things were getting — how they needed proper maintenance, liaison, and most of all reinforcements — and then at the bottom a line — 'For God's sake, censor, let this through — it's the only way we have to tell people!'

"Yes, the censor let it through, but what could I do, reading it in Omaha? For by that time, Java had fallen."

To Be Concluded

THE SECOND PART of *Queens Die Proudly* continues the gallant and inspiring battle record of the 19th Bombardment Group — Java, Timor, New Guinea, New Britain, Australia. In the whole campaign this heroic unit was to lose 65 percent of its personnel, and to become famous as "the most decorated outfit in the U. S. Army."

Concluded in the May issue of *The Reader's Digest*.

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72nd YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

MAY 1943

VOLUME 42, NO. 253

Secret Mission to North Africa

By Frederick C. Poynton



IN HIS London headquarters General Dwight Eisenhower stared at the War Department cablegram marked "*Most secret.*" It put up to him the gravest decision of his career. In essence, it said this: *A group of pro-Ally French officers in Algeria suggest that five officers from General Eisenhower's staff come secretly and at once to a rendezvous near Algiers with information as to what the United Nations will do to help them face a threatened Axis invasion.*

The General reflected. On "D-day" at "H-hour" (November 8, 1942, at 1:00 a.m.) American and British troops would make amphibious landings in North Africa. A secret rendezvous with the French could get information that might save many lives among the youngsters even now beginning to file aboard transports. But there was a terrible risk involved. The secret

*H*itherto undisclosed details of one of the most unusual adventures in military history.

mission might be discovered, thus warning both the Vichy High Command and the Nazis of what was afoot. In that case the great operation might end in horrible disaster.

General Eisenhower turned to the man across the desk—six-foot-three Major General Mark Wayne Clark, his Deputy Commander.

"I think you can do it, Wayne," he said quietly.

The decision made, Eisenhower and Clark went at once to Number 10 Downing Street. Over lunch, Prime Minister Winston Churchill heard the plan, welcomed the idea. It was an adventure after his own heart, one he might well have

gloriously lived himself a half century ago.

"Done," he said. "You'll have our fullest coöperation."

Whereupon Clark hastily departed to hand-pick the four men to go with him: Captain Jerauld Wright, United States Navy, a crack shot; Colonel Julius Holmes, who knew French and knew Algeria; Colonel Arch Hamblen, an expert on shipping problems; and Brigadier General Lyman Lemnitzer of G-3, the operations branch.

Each was instructed: "Leave your office as if you would be away no more than an hour. Take what a musette bag will carry. No papers of any kind. We leave tonight."

Besides the musette bags they carried Garand-type carbines, tommy guns and a small quantity of gold — not the \$18,000 reported erroneously in later newspaper accounts, but about \$600 to be used in case of trouble. At 7:30 a.m., October 18, two big planes roared into the air. The historic mission had started.

Meantime, coded cables had flashed orders to Captain D. E. Fawkes at a British naval base to provide a sub and four so-called kayaks — small boats made of wood and canvas, which would be used to put the passengers ashore. The commandos contributed the services of three officers who were expert in this kind of business: Captains G. B. (Jumbo) Courtney and R. P. Livingston, and Lieutenant J. P. Foote.

Late in the afternoon the Clark party arrived at the base. Fawkes listened attentively as the scheme

was outlined. Then he said bluntly: "It's very dangerous. We can put you ashore, no trouble there. But the kayaks are cockleshells. If a sea springs up you can't launch them, can't get away."

Clark nodded. This was a risk he had already considered and accepted.

Fawkes continued: "General, this sounds like an Oppenheim secret service thriller where the hero goes to a haunted farmhouse that shows a light at midnight."

Clark grinned. "How the devil did you know that?"

For a farmhouse *was* to show light if the coast was clear to land.

The moon was rising as the five Americans and the three British commandos, led by the submarine's commander, Lieutenant N. L. A. Jewell, boarded a little 750-ton undersea craft. With them they took blue flashlights — which would not throw beams observable from the side — to signal in Morse code after they landed; and a small portable "walky-talky" wireless set which they could use to communicate with the submarine, secure in the knowledge that the Germans could not pick up what was said. The Diesels rumbled and the sub got under way.

At 4 a.m. of the second night they sighted the rendezvous signal light on the African shore. But it was too close to dawn to risk a landing. They submerged again to wait for evening. Through the periscope Clark could see the old Moorish-type farmhouse perched on the edge of an abrupt slope. Behind the farmhouse was the main highway to Algiers.

They could see no sign of life anywhere.

Colonel Holnes studied the scene with mixed emotions. "The last time I saw that highway," he remarked, "was when my wife and I drove along it on our honeymoon."

For 15 hours the tiny submarine remained below the surface. The air became so foul a struck match would not ignite. The men found themselves gasping, gulping. Their heads pounded; the slightest exertion brought utter fatigue. But night fell at last, and the submarine surfaced. The men climbed to the conning tower, the night air clearing their heads, and waited for the signal light to gleam again.

Eight o'clock came, then nine o'clock. The farmhouse remained dark. There were a lot of praying words used in an unprayerful way. Would they have to take 24 hours more of this mechanized sewer pipe? Lemnitzer groaned, "Something's happened. There'll be no light."

"There will be a light," said Clark, "and I'll bet \$10 on it."

All except Holmes accepted his

wager. Clark went below for a brief nap. At 11:10 Holmes shook him awake. "You win. The light just came on."

The crew got the kayaks through the torpedo hatch and launched them. Keeping close together, the party headed for shore through a chop that drenched them with chill spray. Some 500 yards from the beach they stopped. Suppose the Vichy-controlled police had been warned and were lurking in the bushes ashore? Were they about to walk into a trap? Somebody had to go first and make sure of the ground.

Julius Holmes spoke French the best, and knew some of the people ashore, so he and commando Captain Livingston headed in. If all was clear, the others would follow. Ten minutes later Holmes' boat grated on the gravel beach. Carabines ready, the two men got out and moved cautiously along the beach.

Suddenly they heard someone moving in the brush. They whirled, guns leveled.

A voice said in English, "Who's there?"

"Who're you?" countered Holmes.

"I'm Ridgeway Knight."

Ridgeway Knight was an American vice-consul who had taken part in the arrangements for the rendezvous.

"I'm Julius Holmes. Where's Bob Murphy?"

(Murphy, the American Consul General in North Africa, had been instrumental in bringing about the meeting.)

"He'll be along in a minute. Everything's okay."

FREDERICK C. PAINTON fought in France in the first World War until put out of action by wounds. When he recovered he served on the staff of *Stars and Stripes*, the AEF newspaper. Since then he has been a newspaperman and a free-lance writer, contributing both fiction and nonfiction to the magazines. During the past year he has specialized on the training activities of the U. S. Army, and he is now in Africa, on assignment for *The Reader's Digest*, to watch that army in action. His trip to Africa proved unpleasantly exciting; a submarine torpedoed the troopship he was aboard. Escort vessels saved all hands not killed in the explosion.

Holmes turned to Livingston. "Make the signal."

Livingston blinked his blue flashlight seaward. The signals were, "K" for "kerrect" if all was well; "F" for "foney" if there was trouble. He made the "K" signal in Morse, and presently the other kayaks came out of the night and the other six men stepped ashore. Then the signal, "All's well," was made to the submarine, and its Diesel drone died away as it stood offshore.

To hide the boats, the wet shivering men hauled them up to the farmhouse and piled them in the kitchen. Then they shucked off their clothes, spread them out to dry, and after a slight meal — excited men rarely get hungry — dozed until the French party arrived at 7 o'clock, and the conference began.

The information obtained was priceless. It included the tonnage capacity of the ports of Casablanca, Algiers, Oran, Tunis; the French navy's plans for preventing a landing; a list of the places where French army resistance would be tough, and where it would be only token. Special information on airport runways later proved to be of inestimable value.

The sun climbed the sky and started down, and still the men talked, and figured, and marked the maps.

But General Clark's luck was running out at last. Jerry Wright heard a sound that brought him quickly out of the house. The wind was whistling round the house's red-tiled roof. Waves as tall as a man were roaring against the shore. Wright knew that no kayak could

ever be launched in that foaming tumult. He went gloomily back inside.

Meanwhile, two Arab servants, who had that morning been dismissed by the owner of the farmhouse for safety's sake, had gone to a nearby town and visited the Commissioner of Police. They reported that they had seen strange men carry big bundles (the boats) to the farmhouse. The place had once been a smuggler's hide-out; perhaps it was being thus used again. So presently a police car was humming along the highway toward the rendezvous. . . .

THE SUN dropped into the sea, and lights behind the shaded farmhouse windows lit up the conference room. The discussions had about reached an end. Only one point remained to be settled.

One of the French officers said, "It will be necessary to have some leader here whom we will all follow. I suggest General Henri Honoré Giraud."

"But he's in France," objected Clark, "practically a prisoner."

"He must be rescued and brought here. He is the only officer who can gain the loyalty of the many conflicting factions."

Clark agreed, and promised that Giraud should be rescued and brought to North Africa. (The promise was kept — but that is another story.)

Then, in the next room, the telephone jangled. The conferees jerked erect, looked at each other. The house owner answered the call, and a moment later came rushing into

the conference room, his eyes wide with fright.

"The police! They'll be here in five minutes!"

Most of the French officers — the top ones — hurried out. To be discovered here in these circumstances meant being shot for treason. Motors roared, gears clashed, and they were gone.

Clark's men hastily stuffed maps and papers inside their undershirts. They were trapped between the Vichy police and the stormy sea. And now the police car roared up, its lights gleaming against the white walls of the farmhouse. Where could they hide?

Clark was all for taking literally to the woods. Murphy objected; if the police got suspicious and made a search, the Americans were bound to be discovered.

"There's an empty wine cellar," said Murphy. "You go down there. I'll get rid of the police."

Clark didn't like it: a cellar seemed like a rat-trap — no room to maneuver. But there was now no time for anything else. They could hear the gendarmes piling out of their car. Gripping carbines and tommy guns, the eight officers filed down into the wine cellar. Murphy pulled the doors down flat, put boxes over them, then turned to meet the police.

He had one stratagem that might work. The conference table was littered with half-empty wine bottles and cigarette stubs. Two French lieutenants in civilian clothes took their lives in their hands to pretend a drunken party with Murphy and Knight. They began singing snatches

of drinking songs, laughing and talking loudly. That was the scene the Commissioner of Police walked in upon a moment later.

Down in the cellar — it was only 10 feet square — Clark disposed his party behind the stairway and along the walls so that casual observation from above might not discover them. But if the police did come down to take a look, then what? General Clark's whispered orders were blunt: his men were to shoot to kill. Upstairs the situation rapidly worsened. They could hear Bob Murphy arguing with the Commissioner. He and a few friends, Murphy protested, were having a little party. Since when was that a crime? What would Monsieur le Commissaire think if American police invaded the privacy of French citizens in New York? But the voices were coming closer, until they seemed at the very cellar door.

And now the tense silence in the cellar was broken by choking gasps. Jumbo Courtney was trying to suppress a fit of coughing. The strangling sounds seemed to his companions loud enough to be heard in Algiers. Jumbo struggled desperately.

"By George!" he gasped. "I'm afraid I'll choke."

"I'm afraid you won't!" said Clark, grimly. "But here, chew this gum."

Jumbo fumbled for the gum, chewed desperately. The spasm passed. Silence settled on the cellar. The men could hear their own hearts thudding.

Above, Murphy was still arguing vociferously. Snatches of drunken song came from the gallant French

lieutenants. A minute took a century to pass.

And then the voices upstairs changed tone. The Commissioner of Police was not so brusque. Holmes heaved a sigh. "Bob's got him," he whispered.

The Commissioner had decided there was no smuggling going on. Nonetheless, he said, he'd have to report to his superior. And, yes, without a doubt his superior would return to look into the matter further.

Just then Jumbo started to have another spasm of coughing.

"Chew that gun," Clark whispered tensely.

"I am, sir, but all the sweetness has gone out of it."

"I don't wonder," whispered Clark. "I chewed it an hour myself before I gave it to you."

This was considered very funny — but much later.

At last, however, the footsteps faded away, and they heard the police car leave. Clark and his party ascended, anxious to get to the subnarine as soon as possible. But the surf still pounded on the beach. Jerry Wright said, "I'd hate to have to launch a whaleboat in that sea."

Yet the mission was now a success — if they could only get away with the information.

Clark said: "We'll try it."

A wireless message was sent to the submarine: "Stand in as close as possible. We're in trouble and will embark immediately."

They carried the kayaks down to the wind-swept beach. It took a bold man even to consider going into

that roaring sea with a fragile craft hardly bigger than a child's toy boat. Clark stripped to his underclothes and, carrying his outer garments, walked out into the breakers with Livingston. They managed to get into the heaving little boat, and drove their paddles deep. Then a huge wall of water broke over them, the kayak upended, and Clark and Livingston vanished into a white fury of foam.

A moment later, battered, turned end over end by the undertow, they came rolling along the beach, full of sand, salt water and artistic profanity. The others retrieved the kayak, but the paddles and the General's clothing were being carried away by the current.

Somebody yelled, "Get his pants!"

Wright shouted, "The hell with his pants. Get those paddles!"

They got the paddles. The pants are still somewhere in Africa.

Even Clark was forced to admit they couldn't launch a boat that night. And he realized that they might be stranded here for days if the wind continued. But he refused to return to the cellar, police or no police. They would take to the woods where a man had a chance to shoot his way out.

So they hid themselves and the kayaks among the palms, shivering men in underwear, bitterly cold. The next day high-command officers did sentry-go in their shorts. The wind continued unabated, preventing escape.

The police returned at 11 that night. The group in the woods, guns ready, hid tightly. Murphy greeted

the police again, smiling his charming smile, talking rapidly and smoothly. In the end the police did not search the woods. They were not satisfied; they said they would return in the morning; but for the moment they were staved off.

By 4 a.m. the wind seemed to have lessened somewhat, though the seas were still mountainous.

"We'll try it again," said Clark. His wireless to the submarine this time was imperative: "Stand in as close as you possibly can."

Jumbo, Knight and the two French lieutenants steadied the first kayak. Clark and Wright climbed in. Cautiously the four walked the frail craft out into the pounding surf until Wright saw a comparatively smooth stretch. "Now!" he yelled.

The four men heaved the boat forward, Clark and Wright paddled with all their strength. The light kayak climbed the side of an on-coming wave, hung for an endless space almost perpendicular — then suddenly went over the hooked crest and cleared the surf.

Captain Wright, steering for the submarine, swore hoarsely, "By God, 30 years in the navy and I wind up in command of a kayak!"

Meanwhile the others were trying to float their boats. General Lemnitzer and Lieutenant Foote used the same four-man system of launching, but their kayak capsized almost at once. Men and boat were hauled ashore. They tried again, and this time, miraculously, got clear.

Holmes and Livingston got off without accident, but Arch Hamblen and Jumbo Courtney overturned on

their first attempt. They were the last to reach the submarine, and just as they did so a gigantic wave caught their kayak, lifted it high and swept it down upon the sub. Crew members snatched the men clear, held them while the water poured in a torrent off the submarine's back. The wave broke the kayak in two and swept it away.

The danger was instantly apparent. A broken boat ashore with its contents scattered along the beach — it had contained letters, uniforms and a musette bag holding the gold — would be a complete betrayal of the Americans' presence. They flashed Murphy a warning to clear the beach of all debris.

Murphy, Knight and the two French lieutenants searched the beach early in the morning, destroyed all the boat fragments and other debris.

The sub turned her bow north at a painful four knots — her top speed submerged. Clark, anxious to get his information to London as soon as possible, decided to risk breaking radio silence. He sent a message to the nearest British base, giving the sub's course, speed and position, and asking that a plane be sent out.

At 3:20 p.m. a Catalina flying-boat droned low overhead. An hour and a half later Clark and his men landed at the base and flashed the news of the great success. Then they boarded planes for England. The plane carrying Clark ran into every kind of difficulty, as though Fate at the last minute was reluctant to see him through. For hours they were completely lost in fog. The

plane iced up so badly that at one time it staggered along, barely aloft. The General calls this flight "the biggest thrill of the trip."

In England, where the other plane had arrived right on the nose, there was consternation. But Clark's plane finally nosed safely down through the soup. You could have bought all that remained of her gasoline for a dime.

IN HIS North African headquarters, where he now commands the American Fifth Army, I gave this manuscript to General Clark to

check for accuracy, and asked, "Just what did your risky mission accomplish?"

He considered a moment.

"Well," he said, "I'm convinced that the information we gained saved thousands of American and British lives. I won't name a figure, because nobody can say accurately. Furthermore, French troops are now fighting bravely and well on our front line because of plans made in that conference. So far as I'm concerned, these are ample rewards for the venture. It was worth the risk."



Comedy of Errors

❶ IN A training camp washroom at 5:45 in the morning, a corporal was shaving. A private at the next basin remarked: "Wonder how the news from Tunisia is this morning." The corporal looked at him sourly: "Listen, when I joined the army, I put all that behind me, scel!"

— *The New Yorker*

❷ A WOMAN in the midst of divorce proceedings was complaining to a friend about the boring conferences she had to endure with lawyers. "Oh," said her friend, "don't talk to me about them! I've had so much trouble over my property that sometimes I wish my husband hadn't died."

— Walter Winchell

❸ A DRAMATIST employed to write stories from the Bible in radio form was astonished, at the end of a broadcast, to hear the announcer say:

"Will Cain kill Abel? Tune in at the same time tomorrow morning and find out."

— Albert R. Perkins in *Vogue*

❹ A DIGNIFIED Briton was taking home a pair of his wife's shoes which the shoemaker had repaired. No wrapping was supplied, of course, and he was carrying them loose. A man opposite him on the bus watched him closely and said as he got out: "Not going to let her gad about — eh, guv'nor?"

— *Manchester Guardian*

4 "Big Sam" specialized to comic and heart-lightening enthusiasms made him a legend in his own lifetime

The World of A. Woollcott

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams



TO Mr. Pickwick's rotundity add a pinch of Sheridan Whiteside's waspish temper and a dash of Bernard Shaw's diabolic wit. Lace plentifully with the milk of human kindness, add a cupful of treacle—and you have the recipe for Alec Woollcott. Not that these ingredients are likely to combine again, now that our beloved and effervescent friend is gone. For when the "Times Square Seidlitz Powder" (as George Jean Nathan called him) ceased to bubble, something unique and sparkling faded from the American scene.

When Alec Woollcott was a little boy in New Jersey he always wanted to be kidnapped like Charley Ross; he would sit by the roadside for hours patiently waiting for the smiling man with the bag of candy. Later the lonely child grew into a famous

raconteur and critic, but the need for self-dramatization persisted. Tirelessly, eloquently, he devoted himself to the portrayal of a character known as Alec Woollcott, and succeeded in charming an entire generation with his vagaries, japes and enthusiasms.

Nature was a cruel stepmother to Alec Woollcott. He was a puny, nearsighted child; an attack of mumps at 13 transformed him into an obese, waddling youth. The oddity of his appearance was emphasized by the bizarre costumes he favored. At Hamilton College he wore a red fez, owlsh glasses and a turtle-neck sweater of a loathsome, putty hue. This garb, coupled with his flamboyant vocabulary, made him the natural butt of campus horseplay, to which he responded with dogged and ineffectual belligerency. "He never shirked a fight and never won one," reports Alex Osborn, a classmate. Later, as a member of the AEF, he showed the same fearlessness under fire. During one particularly heavy bombardment at Thiaucourt, he lay in a shell crater volubly explaining to a top sergeant the subtle differences between the Camilles of Duse and Bernhardt.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS and Alexander Woollcott were contenders for the title of "Hamilton's Most Famous Alumnus." They first met on the campus of their beloved college when Woollcott was a freshman and Adams was already a trustee; and their friendship continued till Woollcott's death. Mr. Adams has written many novels, of which *Revelry* and *The Gorgeous Hussy* are the best known. Millions of Americans remember him gratefully as the author of the rollicking movie, *It Happened One Night*. He is now working on a biography of Woollcott.

It was as dramatic critic on *The New York Times* that Woollcott won his reputation as "the most insulting and insulted man on Broadway." His reviews were salty and ruthless; players and producers feared his lash. It was said that if he were mysteriously murdered, the police could hold at least 2000 New Yorkers on suspicion. Once when he was dieting, one victim of his criticism said to another: "I see where Woollcott has dropped 100 pounds." Asked the other: "On whom?"

Yet Woollcott's tongue and pen were not always barbed. The night he saw Thornton Wilder's moving play, *Our Town*, the producers found him seated on a fire escape in the theater alley sobbing. "Pardon me, Mr. Woollcott," one of them said. "Will you endorse the play?"

Woollcott rose to his feet. "Certainly not!" he blubbered. "It doesn't need it. I'd as soon think of endorsing the Twenty-Third Psalm!"

Woollcott had a gargantuan appetite for friendship. Edna Ferber once remarked that he had 800 intimate friends. A brilliant company of artists, writers and actors thronged his apartment, which Dorothy Parker dubbed "Wit's End," there to take fearful and affectionate lashings from their host, lolling day-long in gaudy pajamas. "Hello, Repulsive," was his favorite greeting; "Get the hell out of here, you bore me," his fond farewell. Not everyone could take it. Edna Ferber, her first passion having cooled, stated that she

was "getting damned sick of this New Jersey Nero who mistook his pinafore for a toga." Another bosom friend, surfeited perhaps with Woollcott's monologues, called him "an exploding gravy-bomb." Yet they all clung to him, magnetized by the mad waggeries that went on at Wit's End, with "Big Nemo" as ring-master.

Woollcott dearly loved to gamble; high-stake games of cribbage, poker and anagrams nine letters long were his favorite relaxations. He suffered acutely while losing, and would warn his companions: "My doctor forbids me to play unless I win." At a meeting of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club—a gang of poker bandits which included Heywood Brown, Herbert Bayard Swope and Franklin P. Adams—Woollcott once lost \$3000 and flew into a tantrum of heroic proportions. Yet he could drop \$200,000 in the stock market and remark with equanimity: "A broker is a man who runs your fortune into a shoestring."

This overgrown Figaro took a prankish delight in embarrassing his friends. Dorothy Parker's husband, Alan Campbell, once gave Woollcott's name as a reference when opening a charge account at Wanamaker's. Woollcott obliged with the following: "Gentlemen: Mr. Alan Campbell, the present husband of Dorothy Parker, has given my name as a reference in his attempt to open an account at your store. I hope that you will extend this credit to him.

Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make shameful the petty refusals which she and Alan have encountered at many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand your share of the expense?"

In self-defense, perhaps, Woollcott cultivated a deliberate rudeness toward importunate hero-worshippers. Once after a lecture in Utica a member of the audience rose to recall: "When we were kids I used to ride on your sled." Woollcott glared at the man. "I never owned a sled — and if I did, you couldn't *buy* a ride."

A women's club group presented a citation to Woollcott, who accepted it silently and bowed. "Only a bow?" chided the chairman. "Won't you say just one word?" Woollcott nodded, fixed the group with a cold stare, and uttered one word: "Coo."

This acerbity gave way to sympathy and understanding when Alec sat down for a heart-to-heart talk with a friend. Then all exhibitionism dropped from him. As he once confided to me: "Sam, I never pose except in public."

Conversely, he never performed a kindness except in private. Almost secretively he sent three young men through college, and he was constantly handing out cash to actors and writers who had seen better days. Nor would he accept repayment. "Pass it along to someone else who needs it," he would grunt. Once he received \$1000 for an hour's talk,

and promptly gave half of it to The Seeing Eye, his favorite philanthropy; the remainder he donated to a local school of which he knew nothing except that some good people were struggling to support it. Dorothy Parker, by no means given to saccharine sentiment, said of Woollcott: "He has done more secret good than anyone I know."

Like Horace, Woollcott had a kind of Sabine farm — an island on Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, to which he retreated for contemplation and rest. But he could not bear to be alone for more than half an hour, so he would dispatch letters and telegrams summoning his friends with such tempting calls as: "The autumn colors can't last, and neither can I. Come." In response to such an invitation, Harpo Marx once arrived at Woollcott's place in an aged and decrepit jalopy. Woollcott stared at it. "What's this?" he asked. Harpo said: "That's my town car." Alec nodded. "The town, I take it, was Pompeii."

At Bomoseen the chief outdoor sport was croquet. The host wielded a mean mallet and took a perverse delight in transforming this spinsterish sport into a greensward Monte Carlo. The stakes ran high, and the losers — frequently Moss Hart and George Kaufman — would sit on the sidelines audibly saying mean things about their host. But when the game was over they would tenderly lift his boneless 230-pound carcass into a rickshaw and drag him coolie-fashion around the island.

Woollcott, a gallant trencherman and lover of rich pastries, limited his exercise to a morning dip in the lake. Once, viewing a ski meet at Sun Valley, he took out a memo-pad and wrote: "Remind self never to go skiing."

The man was terrifically sentimental, especially about birthdays and Christmas. He sent telegrams or letters to many of his friends on their birthdays, and was deeply hurt unless he received similar remembrances in return. To insure a good haul, he sometimes sent out the following letter to 20 selected friends: "Another milestone in American literature is approaching. January 19th is my birthday, in case a sudden flood of sentiment should seek expression in gifts of cash or certified checks."

The so-called proprieties bothered Woollcott not at all. The Gotham Hotel in New York, where he lived during the last few years, had a rule barring dogs. One day his friend Ina Claire came to call, and the desk clerk announced her. "Send her up," said Woollcott. "I can't," said the unhappy clerk, "she has a dog." "Either Miss Claire's dog comes up," said Woollcott, "or I'm coming down. And I'm in my pajamas." The dog came up.

Even at the White House, where he was a frequent visitor, Woollcott's manners were uninhibited. Mrs. Roosevelt referred to him as her "most interesting guest," but the President sometimes showed annoy-

ance at Woollcott's brashness. "Did you get that last batch of mystery stories I sent you?" bellowed Alec across the room at the President. "No," said FDR shortly, quietly adding to his secretary: "I did, but I'm not going to give him the satisfaction of letting him know it."

Mrs. Roosevelt once said to him quite seriously: "Alec, I don't understand how you find the time and energy to do all the things you do, and get around to so many places."

"My Days!" murmured Woollcott, suppressing a chuckle.

His influence on public taste was enormous; a blurb from Woollcott could "make" a book or play. James Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* was kicking around the remnant counter when Woollcott discovered it; an enthusiastic radio puff lifted it to the top of the best-seller list. Woollcott's own anthologies, *The Woollcott Reader* and *While Rome Burns*, were tremendously successful; the latter sold over 250,000 copies. Other critics, envious no doubt, pointed out that Mr. Woollcott's taste sometimes ran to fudge. The most envious among them, hearing the Town Crier read touchingly from *Little Women*, referred to him as "Louisa M. Woollcott."

Often condemned as a sentimentalist, Woollcott was in reality the enemy of exaggerated whimsy; in *Shouts and Murmurs* he broke many a lance against overcuteness, especially in advertising copy. He blenched at such coy nomenclature as "Dry-

Dees" (a comfy diaper, invented oddly enough by a Mrs. Allsop) and "No-Tum-Suk" (a preparation to discourage babies from sucking their thumbs). But his special hate was reserved for "Bekkus Puddy" (a breakfast food) and a chain of grocery stores called "Heepie Cheepie." Yes, the age can be grateful to this man who dared give simpering advertisers a kicksy-wicksy in the pantsy-wantsy.

In 1932, when he was 45, Woollcott made his stage debut in *Brief Moment* — and stole the show. Next season he got a larger part in *Wine of Choice*. The play wasn't doing so well, so the cast agreed to take a pay cut. That is, all but Woollcott, who, judging correctly that the customers came to see him, demanded a *raise* in salary. He got it, too — a feat which caused Harpo Marx to observe: "Alec is a dreamer with a fine sense of double-entry bookkeeping."

His greatest role in the theater was that of Sheridan Whiteside in the West Coast production of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Moss Hart and George Kaufman, the authors, endowed the central character with the more poisonous aspects of Woollcott's personality. It delighted Alec to portray himself nightly to packed houses, and to read reviews describing him as "despot" and "sadist." Once, however, while making a curtain speech, he said: "It's not true that the role of the obnoxious Sheridan Whiteside was patterned

after me. Whiteside is merely a composite of the *better* qualities of the play's two authors."

Burdened with ills of the flesh, Woollcott made a comedy of them and refused to abate the tempo or intensity of his life. Until the last he was his own infuriating, affected, brilliant, generous self. Advised by his doctor that coffee and conversation were bad for his heart, he continued to drink 40 cups a day and talk with undiminished unction half the night. When his friends protested this recklessness, Woollcott said that he could see no profit in a life spent in cotton wool. The end came, last February, much as he would have wished it; almost in the very act and excitement of his favorite occupation — talking. Only the day before, he had made arrangements for a new series of broadcasts in which he was to celebrate obscure acts of heroism and courage in everyday life.

Alexander Woollcott's importance is not as a radio commentator, actor or critic. His secret — though he made no mystery of it; indeed, he spent his days trying to convey it to the world at large — was his extraordinary rapture with life. He was forever seeking new adjectives and new means to describe life's incomparable sparkle, so that everybody to whom he talked might at least partially live it with him. He insisted upon making every hour an adventure in friendship and originality.

Where Is All Our Food Going?

Condensed from The American Magazine

Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

Lend-Lease Administrator

FOOD SHORTAGES have begun to be felt in the United States, and the pinch will grow more severe in the year to come. This seems almost incredible in America, the land of plenty. Did we not raise the biggest crop of foods in our history in 1942? What has happened to this vast supply?

It is hard to understand, and when people don't understand a situation, rumors flourish. The rumor I have heard most frequently is that Uncle Sam, acting under Lend-Lease, is spreading our good American food about the world with a foolish and lavish hand. "No steak at the butcher's today. I hear they are sending most of the beef to Russia." . . . "Butter and eggs are awfully high and scarce. They say we're sending just *shiploads* to England."

Such rumors are mostly innocent, grumbling talk, but in them lurk the elements of danger, cruelty and death — danger to our success in the war; cruelty to millions of our allies who are now living close to starvation; and possible death to many thousands of American boys through prolongation of the war.

The best way to deal with such

rumors is to give the facts. As Lend-Lease Administrator I will, so to speak, open up the books and tell you just how much of each kind of food we are sending abroad, to which countries it is going, and why.

Let's look first at beef, which has probably caused more talk than anything else. In 1942 we Lend-Leased and sent abroad, chiefly to England, 18,000,000 pounds of beef. That seems a lot — until we look at America's total 1942 supply, which was over 9,000,000,000 pounds. In other words, out of every 500 pounds of beef at home, Lend-Lease sent one pound abroad.

Nor is that all the story. We have large forces in Australia and New Zealand. To save time and shipping, these two countries, through reciprocal Lend-Lease, supplied our troops last year with 25,000,000 pounds of beef — 7,000,000 more than we furnished to all Lend-Lease countries.

Then where has our beef gone? It has gone to our armed forces at home and overseas, and to those (chiefly war workers) who now have more money to spend.

The armed forces in 1942 bought about 11 percent of our entire beef

supply, some of it as reserve for future campaigns. Our hard-training, hard-fighting men in the services need beef, like beef and eat a lot of it.

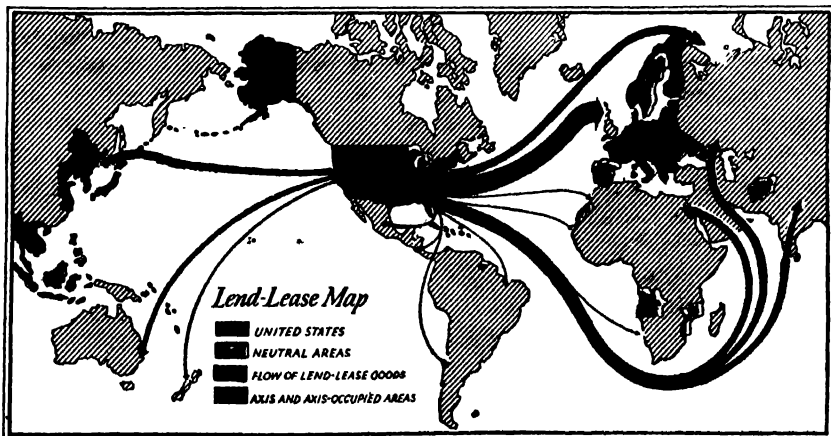
In 1939 the average American factory worker earned \$23.02 a week. In November 1942 vastly increased numbers of workers were making an average of \$39.78 a week. They could not spend this extra money on such things as cars, radios and refrigerators, so they are spending it for food, and for choicer food. Farmers also have larger average net incomes, and are buying more store food. Americans, when they have more money, buy more meat, milk, cream, butter, eggs and poultry.

We have sent no veal abroad. In 1942 we sent about 4,000,000 pounds of lamb and mutton (less than half of one percent of our supply), but our troops have received more than that from Australia and New Zealand. Lend-Lease, however, has sent our

allies certain other foods in quantities large enough to affect our shortages at home. The great bulk of Lend-Lease foods shipped in 1942 consisted of pork, milk products, edible fats and oils, and eggs. In the first part of the year most of the food went to England; then the emphasis began to shift toward Russia. China has made no request for Lend-Lease food supplies.

Last year we shipped more than a billion pounds of pork to our allies, ten percent of our American supply. That was a lot of pork — enough to fill 55 big freight steamers carrying 10,000 tons each.

It helped to strengthen and encourage the Russian army in its prodigious battles. Russian soldiers appreciate an occasional treat of American pork sausage; lacking butter, they often spread American lard on their black bread; in subzero weather soldiers fighting in isolated posts frequently carry a chunk of American



fat-back as a battle ration to eat with their bread.

Incidentally, practically every bit of food we send to Russia is for the Russian army.

In milk products, Lend-Lease shipped during 1942 the equivalent of some two billion quarts, or one thirtieth of our total milk supply. Most of it was sent as condensed or evaporated milk, dry skim milk and cheese. We are sending these large amounts of milk products for two main reasons: because our allies are very short of them and badly need milk nourishment to maintain health and fighting fitness, and because cheese and dried milk are economical forms in which to transport food value in terms of cargo space.

The facts about butter are simple: In 1942 we shipped via Lend-Lease about 17,000,000 pounds, or less than one in every 100 of our supply. All of it went to the Russian army. It is enough to give each Russian soldier American butter on his black bread once a week.

That is no luxury. Heat-producing fats are essential to men fighting in Russia's withering winters.

We also shipped to England and Russia large quantities of lard, vegetable oils, cottonseed oil and peanut oil, valuable as a source of warmth in both countries. This partly accounts for our shortages in fats, but another important factor is their use in making explosives.

Last year we sent abroad, chiefly to England and Russia, the equivalent

of 450,000,000 dozen eggs, or ten percent of our supply. Most of it was shipped in the form of dried egg powder. This product contains practically all the nourishment of fresh eggs but takes up only about one seventh as much space. It keeps well, requires no refrigeration and is easy to handle. It is not a luxury food, but it has been most welcome. The Englishman gets an average of three domestic eggs-in-shell each month. Our dried eggs supply him with the equivalent of an additional four eggs a month. Lend-Lease is also shipping — in smaller quantities — canned and frozen fish; canned vegetables, fruits and juices; and corn and wheat products.

That is the picture. In 1942 we sent our allies less than six percent, by value, of our supply. But it was of incalculable value to them.

At present we are sending more of some items and less of others than this time last year. No exact predictions can be made, because we cannot be sure just what shipping will be available. Nor can we say how soon or how deeply we will enter the starving countries of Europe. Wherever we go, we must be prepared to move in rapidly with food in the wake of our armies.

Whatever happens, Lend-Lease hopes to take a much bigger share of our food supplies than it did last year. Russia's problem is acute. The Germans have been in possession of the Ukraine, the Crimea and the North Caucasus — lands producing

two thirds of Russia's normal food supply. The foods we send may make all the difference between whether the Russians advance or retreat.

Government food experts estimate that our armed forces will take about twice as much food this year as in 1942. This means more severe shortages and stricter rationing. Even so, Americans will continue to have one of the most nutritious diets of any people in the world.

Our sending of food abroad is not

an act of charity. It is plain decency, common sense, and self-interest. Less than three quarters of a billion dollars' worth in 1942, and a relatively small part of our supply, that food was one of the most important weapons in this past critical year of war. It has helped England and Russia to hold out. It has so tipped the balance as to bring victory years nearer than it might otherwise have been, thus saving the lives of countless thousands of American soldiers and sailors.



P A T T E R

Young bride to husband: Of course it doesn't taste like your mother's cooking. In her day she could get it out of cans.

(Cartoon by Lachty)

Oscar Levant's description of the point system: I point to what I want and the grocer says I can't have it.

(WOR broadcast)

I like my new job. Having a wonderful time-and-a-half (Phil Baker) . . . WAVES — the girls who go down to the sea in slips. (Charlie McCarthy)

A Princeton student left class to go to the washroom the other day and missed his entire sophomore year.

(Bennett Cerf)

At a USO dance a girl noticed a sailor wearing an unusual identification bracelet. She took hold of his wrist and read the engraved warning: "Hands off! He's mine! Margaret."

(Naomi Sweeney in Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*)

It takes two to make a marriage — a single girl and an anxious mother.

(Duffy's Variety — WJZ)

She thinks an ounce of suggestion is worth a pound of lure.

(Mary Meyer)

Pen portrait: Westbrook Pegler, frothing at the typewriter.

(Jay Franklin)

English slang version of cradle-to-grave security programs: womb-to-tomb plans.

(Newsweek)

An Ellendale, N. D., paper headed the wedding this way: ELLENDALE GIRL MADE SERGEANT; ALSO WEDS.

(Editor & Publisher)

Advertisement in a South Carolina newspaper: Lost. Fox terrier. Reward offered: one can of sliced pineapple, ration value 16 points.

When a customer ordered the \$3 dinner, the waiter in a Washington restaurant responded: "On white or rye, sir?"

(Leonard Lyons)



Life in These United States



WHATEVER you may think of the Machine Age and its significance, it was recently my privilege to hear a really eloquent minority report on the subject. A wonderful metal contraption in a restaurant window was stirring up pancakes, plopping them onto moving griddles, turning them at the proper instant and all but eating them. To me the exhibition seemed pretty clear proof of mankind's continued progress, and I was having some more or less profound thoughts about it all when I noticed a buxom colored mammy in the little crowd of spectators.

The gestures of the dear old lady, indicative of deep sorrow, even of horror and utter despair, were accompanied by a steady flow of mutterings. Edging closer, I found that she was repeating over and over to herself: "Dey'll nevah be light! Dey'll nevah be light! *Nevah in God's worl'* will dey be light!"

Will Cuppy

THE NEWCOMER to our quiet corner of Maine didn't quite fit in. His car was a little too big and shiny; his clothes were a little too Country Club; his advances were a shade too effusive—and just a touch condescending. However, when he asked where he might get wood for his fireplace, we told him pleasantly to try at George Ticknor's, down the road.

So he stopped his car in front of Ticknor's place and blew the horn. After a while, he blew it again, longer. Eventually George strolled around from the back of the house. When he got

within earshot our new neighbor called, an edge of impatience in his voice: "Look, I'm in a hurry. I hear you take orders for firewood."

George Ticknor looked the man over—the man and his car. Finally he spoke:

"Well, I do have some firewood. And sometimes I accommodate my friends. But," and his voice grew crisper, "I dunno's I ever took orders from anybody in my life."

Whereupon he turned his back and walked away. The essence of Maine, I like to think. — Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

ON A mountain road near Wooton, Kentucky, I met a big woman leading a tiny donkey loaded with rugs.

"Did you make all those rugs?" I asked.

"Yes, I did, an' a heap more. Last year I wove a cow."

I followed her to the Community Center to learn the meaning of her amazing statement. There I saw the director examine the rugs and say to her, "Well, Molly, you've made some mighty pretty rugs. I'll take 20 of 'em. Now tell me what you've been hankering for while you've done all this work."

"Well, Mr. Deaton, I was a-hopin' I had wove a porker."

And a porker she got. She put it in a gunny sack with holes for its nose and feet, swung it up on the donkey's back, hoisted herself on board and rode off up the mountain trail.

"And what about the cow she says she wove?" I asked the director.

"Well, ma'am, the women up Wooton Creek come here for old cloth. They dip it in dyes they have made from berries and root juices, and then weave these rugs from patterns handed down for generations from their Scottish and Irish ancestors. Last year this woman made 45 rugs. She had her heart set on a cow, and she got a choice one. She was telling the truth when she said she 'wove a cow.'" — Zylpha S. Morton

IN JULY 1940 I enlisted in the air corps and was sent to Barksdale Field, Louisiana, for my basic training. When I headed for the mess hall, I found several other newcomers sitting outside it waiting for the doors to open. As I joined them, a tall, skinny fellow, fresh from the hills of North Louisiana, got up to look through the window to see what we had for supper. After considerable scrutiny he turned to the crowd and said, "Oh, boy! Pie for supper." Someone asked, "Sure 'nuf, what kind?" At this the discoverer, with a pained expression and no little indignation, answered, "'Tater pie, of course; how many kinds of pie you think they 's?"

— Master Sgt. Joseph H. Muth

IN A barren farming region of the Southwest I came upon a place that stood out like an oasis. Russian olive and cottonwood trees clustered about the little house, freshly painted white with blue doors and trim. Zinnias and marigolds grew in neat beds.

I introduced myself to the owner, and tried to draw him out. He told of the methods he had used, but that didn't explain the contrast between his place and those of his neighbors.

"I guess you're just a natural-born farmer," I said at last.

"Shucks," he answered, "I'm no farmer. I'm a stereotyper. Came here for my health. I'm O.K. now. I could draw down \$80 a week as foreman in the old shop if I was a mind to."

He paused, then said hesitantly: "I guess you'll understand. See that gravestone over there?" He pointed to a clump of shrubbery, and I saw the little stone. "My wife's there. She died a year after we moved out here. But *she's* made this place. It's not study and it's not hard work that have done the job. It's because my heart is in this farm. There's a verse I learned in Sunday school: 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' She was my treasure. . . . And, buddy, I'm no guy to speak at patriotic rallies, though I served in the last war, but I wish everybody in the U. S. A. would think where their treasure is."

— Nelson Antrim Crawford

AT THE last big election, in a town in New Mexico, an old Mexican was standing near the curb on the public square, watching a political rally. The principal candidate was a notorious rabble-rouser. He hopped about excitedly, giving orders to his henchmen, complaining of this and that, waving his arms to real or imaginary friends in the crowd, and in every way trying to call attention to himself.

"Who is that?" I asked the old Mexican.

"*Es un hombre de muchas pulgas,*"* he replied, in as pat a political comment as I've heard in many a day.

— Stanley Walker

* "He's a man with many fleas."

LAST YEAR I visited an isolated mission station maintained by the Baptist Church for the benefit of the fishermen, trappers and moss-gatherers living in the great Atchafalaya Swamp of Louisiana. While I was there, a shrimp lugger laden with both passengers and produce glided past. The wife of the head of the mission looked after it with joyous eyes, and then turned to me.

"That lugger will go on down the bayou to Plaquemine," she said, "and, if they're a mind to, the passengers can get on a river steamer there that'll take them straight to New Orleans. At New Orleans they can get a bigger steamer that'll take them across the Gulf; they can go to Mexico and South America; and then they can go on and on. *Why, you can go anywhere on earth from a bayou!*" — Frances Parkinson Keyes

SOME YEARS ago I was spending the summer in a part of Maryland not noted for the fertility of its soil. I stood watching an old patriarch laboring with his son and two granddaughters in a cabbage patch. It was hard to find the young plants among the rocks. I should have known better than to address the proud old Scot as I did:

"Tell me, what *can* you raise in these rocky hills?"

With a withering look at me he straightened. Slowly he wiped the back of one gnarled, sweated fist across the firm lips, and then he spat the answer: "Men!" — Murray I. Wagner

"It *COULD* only happen in California!" I gasped, when a magnificent limousine driven by a liveried chauffeur pulled up, and out popped a perspiring

youngster in a messenger boy's uniform with a telegram for me.

It was an invitation to a cocktail party the next afternoon. The hostess would send her car around for me.

At the appointed hour, the car came. It was the same car and chauffeur of the day before. "You see," explained my hostess, "our son Teddy decided to spend his summer vacation working for the telegraph company. Every morning they start him out with a stack of messages, and every evening by five he's in need of help with a pile of messages still undelivered. His father gets furious, but I lend him the car and that is how our fellow townsmen have a delivery service of such splendor for their telegrams."

Last month I stopped by on my way through the same town. Three years seemed to have made no difference. The same magnificent limousine pulled up. Out stepped my hostess. From a stack of messages in her hand she gave me one.

"Teddy's in the marines," she explained. "His father's in Washington. Our chauffeur is a major, and the telegraph company is terribly short of help. Sign here, please." — Milt Gross

IN 1923, when Herbert Hoover was president of Better Homes in America (before it had become a department of Purdue University), that organization offered a prize for the best definition of a "better home" to be written by a school child. The award was won by a Tennessee mountain lad, who wrote: "A 'better home' is a place my dad is proud to support, my mother loves to take care of, and ~~we~~ like to be in. It is a place to grow old in." — Marie M. Meloney



Our Plan for Postwar Germany

Condensed from The American Mercury

Kingsbury Smith

IF AMERICA's official planners have their way, the German people are to be given one more chance after this war to prove they can become peaceful, cooperative members of a sane society of nations. But this time the Germans will have to learn to be good the hard way. Strict control for an indefinite period of years, under a policy of stern but just treatment, is the objective envisaged by Washington officials.

These plans, of course, are still in a state of formulation. Some of the views expressed in this article represent ideas rather than concrete plans. New developments may change them. With these reservations in mind, the following is presented as the American program for the post-war treatment of Germany:

After the occupation of Germany by Allied forces, under the terms of unconditional surrender, the first step will be the establishment of a military government by the commander of the occupying forces. Its purpose will be: first, to safeguard the occupying forces and to maintain a favorable military situation; and second, to preserve law and order among the civilian population.

As soon as Germany has been completely occupied, a supreme Allied military and civil government should take over. This government would control the administration of Germany; supervise the total disarmament of its air, land and sea forces; direct the decentralization of its industries and readjustment of its economic life.

While it is anticipated that the preliminary military government will be a joint Allied undertaking, the American government is preparing to handle the problem alone if necessary. Army officers and civilian experts who have had considerable experience in government, speak German well and have been acquainted with that country in the past are being trained to act as "civil affairs officers." The War Department alone is planning to train more than 1000 top administrators to help govern Germany.

These American *Gauleiters* are being prepared at the U. S. Army School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia, created in May 1942. Two classes of 150 each have already been graduated after a four months' course.

The course includes not only the laws, customs, economy and psychology of the German people, but the preparation of definite plans for taking over specific areas. For example, if an American general should occupy Hamburg, a plan will be available for establishment of military government there, along with the trained administrators who helped prepare the plan.

These Americans are being taught that the best results will be obtained "by a policy of justice, honor and humanity," that a military occupation "marked by harshness, injustice or oppression" will leave "lasting resentment" in the hearts of the German people and will "sow the seeds of future war."

Special military police for Germany also are being trained by the War Department at Fort Custer, Michigan. Our navy, too, is preparing contingents for service in Germany. In addition, keymen in the State and Treasury Departments, the Board of Economic Warfare and several other governmental agencies are being carefully selected for special training as technical experts.

It is intended that these administrators and technical experts will continue to work with the supreme Allied government that succeeds the military government.

THE MILITARY government's first step, American planners believe, must be the quick roundup, trial and punishment of war criminals. It is

feared that otherwise the people of the conquered territories, where Quislings and local Nazis have coöperated with the Germans, will take matters into their own hands. One Fighting French spokesman estimated that a million people might be killed in France alone unless proper preventive measures are taken.

Another reason for swift and pitiless action against the war criminals is to convince the German people that their leaders can no longer escape retribution for starting wars.

Plans are now under way for the establishment of a United Nations commission to investigate war crimes. Its members may also serve on the United Nations court which will try the higher German officials, including Nazi party leaders responsible for the barbaric slaughter of Jews in Europe. It is intended that every high-ranking Nazi, including Hitler, Göring and Goebbels, shall be brought to immediate trial.

As for Hitler, it is considered highly probable that he will commit suicide. If he is captured, the American government will favor trying him before a United Nations tribunal on charges of mass murder, with execution by a firing squad if found guilty.

German army generals who permitted war crimes in occupied territories under their command will not escape punishment. And the American government has been compiling an "atrocities list" of Gestapo men, SS troops and other German agents

charged with perpetrating crimes against the peoples of conquered countries. Other governments are compiling their own lists.

There are to be no deals of expediency with Nazis, and all party leaders will immediately be removed from public office. On the other hand, since many German public servants were compelled to become associated with the Nazis in order to exist, it is intended to retain much of the civilian personnel of the public services and police forces of Germany — men who can be relied on to do their work loyally under strict control.

PARALLEL with these early occupational moves will be measures for the immediate and total disarmament of Germany, except for small arms required by the police force to maintain civil order. German civil aviation will be allowed to train only a small number of pilots. The number of airfields will be limited and placed under close Allied supervision. Allied air forces will be stationed at the main German airdromes.

Because discharged soldiers of a defeated nation are ripe for revolution, many German soldiers will be kept mobilized temporarily and used as labor battalions to help rebuild the devastated areas not only of their own country but of the countries invaded or bombed by Germany.

As part of the disarmament of Germany and the drastic reduction

of its overdeveloped war industries, it is considered necessary to remove a great deal of machinery. Most of this will be given to the conquered nations, to replace the machinery either taken or destroyed by the Germans. German industries left intact will be prohibited from manufacturing munitions or implements of war of any kind.

Germany will not be permitted to rearm, secretly or otherwise, for a very long time. There will be no "token" army that can be used as the nucleus for training an officer class, nor will the Germans be allowed to hold maneuvers with unarmored troops using mock guns and tanks — one of the mistakes the Allies made the last time.

While our officials are determined that Germany shall never again become the dominant military power in Europe, it is not planned to deprive the Germans forever of sharing in the work of an international police force. When they have proved that they have permanently renounced their belief in militarism as an instrument of national policy they can be allowed to play their proportionate share in the collective security system that is designed to maintain world peace. This is something they cannot hope for, however, in less than a generation of good behavior.

AMERICA'S PLANNERS intend to limit relief measures in Germany to the minimum required to prevent revolution and chaos. There is no

disposition to play Santa Claus. Furthermore, the people of Nazi-conquered territories have a priority on our relief resources. In the interest of lasting peace and a stable world order, however, it is felt that we must prevent famine, disease and economic chaos in Germany.

This will mean food and medical supplies during the emergency period after occupation of the country. It may mean seeds and fertilizer to help them plant crops. The sooner they can grow enough to eat, the sooner we can stop sending food. When harvest time enables them to start feeding themselves, the surplus above that needed to maintain subsistence will be diverted to those European countries whose farm lands were destroyed by the Nazi military machine.

Our emergency food relief measures will be directed chiefly to German children, probably under American Red Cross auspices. The American flag will be prominently displayed at distributing centers. We want the children to know where the relief is coming from.

It is in basic matters of statehood, however, that the German people are to be compelled to pay most severely for the criminal folly of following Hitler in his mad movement of world conquest. The American planners feel that Germany must be drastically decentralized as a political and economic unit, *even to the point of breaking up the country into separate states or regions.*

This idea is not dictated by revenge, but by a genuine desire to find a solution for Germany's militarism. It is felt that most of the good that has come out of Germany, such as its literary and musical culture, developed when that country was not practicing nationalism. Therefore Germany must not be allowed to remain a single, powerful industrial and political unit.

During the probationary period, political parties which advocate extreme nationalism will be prohibited. Close watch will be maintained to make sure such political movements do not develop underground. Disobedience will bring immediate and drastic economic sanctions, followed, if necessary, by military force to break up the movements and liquidate their leaders.

In the economic field, it is intended first to reduce and decentralize Germany's industries. Germany's cartels will be broken up, and surviving industries will be placed under strict Allied control. At first, the benefits which Germany derives from her agriculture and the rest of her economic life will be limited to a point that will assure self-subsistence and permit rehabilitation of devastated areas. Later, as the German people give evidence of good faith in helping in the peaceful reconstruction of Europe, the benefits will be increased until they enjoy full equality of commercial opportunity.

It is believed that Germany must be allowed a limited amount of for-

cign trade to enable her to obtain raw materials, such as cotton and oil, needed for peaceful purposes. The American planners consider Germany to be the workshop of Europe, and there is no disposition to scrap the workshop. The intention simply is that it shall be used for peaceful and not warlike purposes.

SOME American planners believe that an educational campaign will have to be undertaken in Germany to erase the stamp of Hitlerism. They favor the establishment of an international educational commission, including responsible German members, to draft a program for teaching factual world history to adults as well as children. For this purpose it is hoped to enlist in Germany the aid of the radio and the

press, and of religious organizations, Catholic and Protestant, in converting the German people to a policy of peaceful coöperation with the rest of the world.

The American planners are not resigned to the idea that the German people cannot be made peaceful and contented members of a sensible society of nations. But if their plan is to work, the government will need the overwhelming support of American public opinion. Unless America accepts its full share of responsibility in making the plan work, it will collapse. Germany will become a prey to the vengeance-seeking peoples of Europe — and the seeds of the third world war will be sown. We cannot have lasting peace if the people of any large nation, and especially the Germans, are treated as pariahs.



Drawn and Quartered

WEST POINT's Drawing Department is intended to teach young officers-to-be engineering drawing, map reading, and photo reading, but every so often some cadet attempts to express a sprightly artistic originality. On one occasion a cadet, required to make a drawing of a bridge over a rural stream, playfully sketched in a couple of children sitting on the bridge rail. Naturally this did not meet with the approval of his instructor who sharply directed him to "take those children off the bridge."

The next time the instructor made his rounds, he found that his orders had been obeyed to the letter — the children had been transferred to the riverbank. "No, no!" he protested. "Get rid of them!"

On the third trip the instructor found that the children had indeed been done away with. In their place stood two pathetic little tombstones.

— Kendall Banning, *West Point Today* (Funk & Wagnalls)

“There can be no atheists in rubber rafts,” writes one of Rickenbacker’s companions in the famous Pacific ordeal

Other Hands Than Mine

Condensed from “We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing”

Lieutenant James C. Whittaker

In collaboration with Charles Leavell

THE STORY of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Colonel Hans C. Adamson and their six companions, who drifted 21 days in tiny rubber rafts in the southwest Pacific, is not only one of courage and endurance: it is also a story of *faith*. How great a part this played in their ability to survive the ordeal is here revealed by Lieutenant James C. Whittaker of the U. S. Army Air Corps Transport Command, co-pilot of the ill-fated Flying Fortress.

FOR ME, our terrible 21 days on the Pacific represent the greatest adventure a man can have: *finding his God*.

Before that adventure I was an agnostic; an atheist, if you will. But there can be no atheists in rubber rafts, any more than in the foxholes of Bataan.

When our Flying Fortress ran out of gas and we prepared for a crash landing on the sea, Second Lieutenant John J. DeAngelis, our navigator, said, “Do you fellows mind if I pray?” I recall feeling irritation, then. How ashamed I was to remember that thought in the days to come!

On our second day in the rubber rafts I saw Private John F. Bartek, the flight engineer, reading his Tes-

tament. None of us kidded him. Maybe we had a premonition of just how much that little pocket Book was to mean to us all.

On the fourth day Bartek again got out his Testament. Our three rafts were connected by long ropes, and we pulled them together for a prayer meeting. We said the Lord’s Prayer, and Colonel Adamson read from Bartek’s Bible. My feeling was that it wouldn’t do any good but it wouldn’t do any harm either. Captain William T. Cherry, Jr., pilot of our plane, then read a text: “Therefore take ye no thought, saying: What shall we eat? or What shall we drink?” I would believe *that*, I said to myself skeptically, when I saw the food and drink!

By the sixth day it was obvious that we were out of the lanes of patrol planes and ships, and might never be found. We were getting weak from hunger. That evening I joined passively in the prayers. We all prayed for food. Then Cherry, who always addressed the Lord as “Old Master,” said, “Old Master, we are in an awful fix, as You know. We sure are counting on a little

something by day after tomorrow, at least. See what You can do for us, Old Master."

Cherry then fired off our evening flare in hope that something might happen. It did. The flare's propulsion charge was faulty and the flaming ball fell among the rafts. We could see barracuda chasing a school of fish attracted by the glare. In their efforts to escape, two fair-sized fish leaped into our raft. Each of us had a small piece of raw fish for breakfast next morning.

That afternoon I joined more wholeheartedly in prayer service. I could now say half the Lord's Prayer without stumbling. I shall always remember this particular service — and what followed.

Cherry prayed: "Old Master, we called on You for food and You delivered. We ask You now for water. If You don't make up Your mind to help us pretty soon, I guess that's all here'll be to it. The next move is up to You."

I think now that Cherry's prayer had everything in it a prayer should have — a petition to God, a resignation to God's will, and an implied belief that the petition will be granted.

Not long afterward I saw a darkening cloud off to our left, from which a bluish curtain descended. It was rain — and moving toward us! "Here she is!" Cherry shouted. "Thanks, Old Master!" In another minute we were deluged by sheets of cold water. We cupped our hands

to guide the life-giving rivulets down our throats. After drinking, we filled our mouths and blew the water into our Mae West life jackets for future use.

On our ninth day the Lord provided a few bites of food — a little shark about two feet long, which Cherry caught on a bare hook.

At prayer service on the tenth day, Cherry led the Lord's Prayer and then each man prayed individually. There were open confessions of past sins. I don't mind acknowledging that I made resolutions. And I have kept them. Formerly I couldn't be with anyone 20 minutes without an argument; I saw little good in anyone, and believed chiefly in Jim Whittaker. Now I accept everyone as being decent and good until he proves himself otherwise.

Rickenbacker always addressed the Lord as "Our Father." Rick has never professed to be a religious man, but he has the kind of religion that makes this world a better place to live in. One man, when his turn came, prayed that the Lord would let him die and end his suffering. Rick yelled, "Cut that out! Don't bother Him with whining. He answers men's prayers, not that stuff!"

On our 13th day came the first of two miracles that were to cleanse me of agnosticism forever. The sun was scorching hot. In midmorning a rain squall appeared, but it passed a quarter of a mile off. For the first time I found myself leading the others in prayer.

"God," I said, "You know what that water meant to us. The wind has blown it away. It is in Your power to send it back again. It's nothing to You, but it means life to us. Order the wind to blow that rain to us who will die without it!"

There are some things that can't be explained by natural law. The wind did not change, but the receding curtain of rain began to come slowly toward us, *against* the wind, as though an omnipotent hand were moving it.

We drank, and caught a store of water. That God-sent rain helped us endure the next four terrible days.

Of the seven survivors I was the only one whose lower body was not a mass of salt-water ulcers. Our tiny daily dole of water seemed only to intensify our agonizing thirst. Hunger had weakened us until the slightest effort was exhausting. Our clothing was disintegrating, and the blazing equatorial sun burned us unmercifully. All of us now had touches of delirium. I am sure that only my new-found faith in God sustained me.

At prayer service on the 18th day I prayed as never before — this time for rescue. The end of the service found me with something like my old fortitude. I felt now that help was coming.

Soon after dawn the next day we saw a plane approaching. We shouted and waved. The plane droned by about three miles away without see-

ing us. If we didn't weep it was only because there wasn't enough moisture in us to form tears.

On the 20th morning Cherry cut loose from the rest of us, arguing that if the rafts were spread over a larger area there would be a better chance of one of them being seen. That seemed logical, so I untied my line too. On my raft were DeAngelis and Staff Sergeant Reynolds, who had been our radioman.

At dawn on our 21st day I was awakened by DeAngelis. "Jim," he said, "it may be a mirage, but I think I see something!"

About 12 miles from us were palm trees! The other two rafts were nowhere in sight. Getting out our aluminum oars I began what was to be a 7½-hour pull. During these hours I experienced the second of the two divine miracles. What I did in the struggle to reach that island couldn't have been done without divine help.

My raft-mates were in a pitiable condition. DeAngelis spelled me during the row, but was so weak that he could manage only a few minutes at a time. Reynolds lay in the bottom of the raft; his eyes had sunk an inch and a half into his skull, and he resembled a death's-head.

When we had almost reached the island a perverse current caught us and began to carry us out to sea again. I cried out to God to give me strength, shouting above the rising wind in the fear that He might not hear me.

Half an hour later it was evident that I was making progress against the current. And then came a new difficulty: a squall that almost blotted the island from our sight. I cried, "God, don't quit me now!"

He didn't. In the final burst to reach the reef, I was *bending* those aluminum oars against the waves. It was not Jim Whittaker who bent them. I didn't have the strength to bend a pin. I was not conscious of exerting any effort; it was as though the oars worked automatically and my hands were merely following their motion. There were other hands than mine on those oars.

Today, fully recovered, I would hesitate to tackle that stretch of water. Yet, exhausted from three weeks of thirst, hunger and expo-

sure, I accomplished a feat that would have tried a well man.

We were at the reef now. Carefully we inched the raft across the sharp coral and into the calm water beyond. At two o'clock on that 21st day we touched the island. We were saved.

As soon as we were on shore, we knelt down and gave thanks to God for our landfall.

I HAVE TOLD this story as often as I could, to airplane workers, steelworkers and shipbuilders — the story of the rafts, and of how during those blazing days out there I found my God. I will tell it again and again, so long as I live. It was the greatest adventure a man can have. It is the greatest story a man can tell.

No Greener Pastures

4 ON THE Osage River in St. Clair County, Missouri, lives an old farmer of high native intelligence. Without benefit of a knowledge of reading and writing, he successfully manages his fine stock farm. A few years ago, a conscientious young man came to the district to teach school. He soon made the farmer's acquaintance and, noting his keen mind, offered to teach him evenings after work. The offer was accepted somewhat dubiously, and a date was set for the first lesson. The session went off well enough, but when the teacher was leaving, the farmer thanked him for his kindness and said he needn't come back. Greatly distressed, the teacher asked why.

"Wal, son," the old fellow replied, "you mean well and you tried hard, but you're just clutterin' up my mind."

— Contributed by Fred D. Hays

Newsbreaks and Wisecracks

Excerpts from
THE
NEW YORKER

OTHER WOMEN in the town went to meetings about this and that, and Nancy Riddale stayed in New York to take poison gas and bombs once a week.

— From a story in *Redbook*

Sluggish liver?

ELMER A. JOHNSON, featured soloist and member of the WTAG-NBC orchestra, learned the Hawaiian guitar from native Hawaiians . . . and, among other things, was born on a boat in the middle of the Baltic Sea, while his mother and father were vacationing in Sweden.

— Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram*

Independent little customer, wasn't he?

WEARING cowboy boots bought in the U. S., he piloted a British Spitfire, and he did his share to make the air uncomfortable for 123456123456 Nazi fliers.

— Cincinnati *Post*

Guess the war's about over.

WHAT is more beautiful for the blonde to wear for formal dances than white tulle? My answer — and I'm sure you'll agree with me — is "Nothing."

— Worcester (Mass.) *Evening Gazette*

Afraid we're kind of old-fashioned.

HE [Lowell Thomas] lectured on the Palestine and Arabian campaigns (1919), accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour (1922), and has spoken over the radio without intermission since 1930.

— *Modern Encyclopedia*

Fed intravenously, we presume.

MRS. LYON is the daughter of Mrs. John William Jones and the late Mr. Jones of Martinsville, and of the late

Congressman John R. Brown and the late Dr. J. M. Smith. She has spent the last two years in New York City.

— Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer*

Let's not get off the subject.

SHE started with an ugly old bed, with wooden head and footboards. Her husband cut the footboard off, and from then on she was on her own. She padded the headboard with an old quilted bedpan, then drew around it to make the pattern for the slip cover.

— Washington *Times-Herald*

She should never be on her own. Wrong type.

MR. K. . . never married. He was a member of the Church of Christ, but in later years, due to his illness, did not take an active part in church affairs.

Surviving are two sons, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

— Nashville *Tennessean*

A man can't be in church all the time.

HE SAID that despite the governmental efforts of the last nine years, Ohio has far less rainfall than it formerly had.

— From an interview with Louis Bromfield in the *Times Book Review*

Well, maybe they haven't got it coordinated yet.

THE bride's sister, Eleanor Windsor, will be her only attendant and the bridegroom will be either Malcolm R. Pitt, Jr., of Stamford or Sewall Corcoran of Stamford. — Bridgeport *Herald*

Reminds us of the finals at Forest Hills.

Jack & Heintz

Condensed from *Life*

Robert Coughlan

THE LOW POINT of Bill Jack's life, as he looks back, was on Christmas Eve, 1906, in Columbus, Ohio. He was out of work, down to his last dollar and a half. Someone told him that the Marmon motorcar company was taking on men, so Bill sent a dollar home to his wife and child in Cleveland and hooked an Indianapolis-bound freight. Next morning he went to the Marmon plant, and got a job.

Subsequently Bill Jack returned to Cleveland and worked as a machinist. Later, for five years, he was business agent of the International Association of Machinists, building the union up from 61 members to more than 3600. After that he opened a plant of his own. He prospered, expanded, sold out, started other businesses. He manufactured goods ranging from business record systems to Diesel engines. In time he became a millionaire. Three years ago, with his two sons and an engineer named Ralph Heintz, he founded the firm of Jack & Heintz, Inc., of Cleveland and Bedford, Ohio, now turning out airplane starters, gyroscopes and other flight instruments at the rate of \$84,000,000 worth a year.

The firm of Jack & Heintz became a public issue a year ago when a Congressional investigating committee looked into it and found a wonderland where workers got free fight tickets, watches, monthly banquets and huge bonuses, and Bill Jack's own secretary earned \$39,356 in a year. Later, stories of another sort began to filter into the papers — stories of the firm's enormous output at low cost, of its getting the Army and Navy “E.”

When Bill Jack resigned as business agent of the machinists' union he set forth in the union paper what he considered a sound relationship between labor and management. He believed in the closed shop, in conciliation to prevent strikes, and in the importance of “the human equation.” Given high pay and personal respect, the workingman, he said, would turn out more production. Today Bill Jack operates on the same set of beliefs. “I remember how I wanted to be treated when I was at a bench,” he says, “and I try to treat our people the same way.”

In his hands this theory has resulted in a managerial technique that embodies many of the qualities

of college football, a health farm, More's Utopia, a revival meeting and bingo. After a week or two in this atmosphere, the average new worker has the ecstatic, somewhat stunned look of a Father Divine follower. In this interval he has been told that he is not an employe, but an "associate." He has been given a complete physical examination, including a mouth X-ray, and bad teeth have been pulled or filled. He has a \$2500 life insurance policy, a \$2500 accident policy, a health insurance policy covering his family, and a minimum guarantee of \$25 a week for eight weeks if he gets sick.

He has a new pair of \$15 comfort shoes, and two sets of coveralls with his first name embroidered over the right breast and "Jahco" over the heart. He has free laundry service. He has been eating nutritious hot lunches, topped off with vitamin pills; and he can amble over any time and have coffee and doughnuts on the house, drinking from a cup with his name embossed on it. If he gets tired he is encouraged to stop work and go to the steam room for a Turkish bath and massage. If an old-timer feels the need of sunshine and a real rest, he and his wife can take a free two-week vacation — in winter at Honeymoon Isle, a resort off the west coast of Florida, or in summer at Harbor Island in Lake Huron's Georgian Bay.

At work he hears music all day long, and can request his favorite songs. If he wants to sing, he can

sing; if he wants to smoke, he can smoke. On his birthday he will get congratulations from his associates over the public-address system and a rousing recording of "Happy Birthday to You."

Furthermore, he probably has more cash in his pocket than ever before in his life. Jack & Heintz's hourly wage rates (there is no piece-work) start at 85 cents for women, 95 cents for men. Whereas most war plants work three eight-hour shifts and a six-day week, the associates voted last year to operate on a two-shift basis, with an 11 1/2-hour working day seven days a week. They have just one day a month off — the last day — when the plant closes and all the associates gather at a huge banquet given by the company in Cleveland's Public Auditorium.

With this working schedule, they roll up an enormous amount of overtime at time-and-a-half rates, and the lowliest apprentice earns about \$400 a month. On top of this, an associate gets a \$50 "production bonus" every few months if the plant has met its production quota. At Christmas he can look forward to a plant-wide bonus which last year averaged \$300 per man, along with a basket containing a 15-pound turkey and assorted delicacies.

Several times a day Bill Jack cuts in on the music, from a microphone that stands beside his desk. His remarks always start off with an imperative, "Bill Jack calling!" A muffled cheer filters back from the

plants. Then, perhaps: "All associates, big news today! We got another big new order! I don't know *how* we'll do it yet — but we'll *do* it! (Cheers.) The boys out there on the fronts — boys from our families, our own associates — they're depending on us. Now, I hear the associates in the steam room haven't got all the business they can handle. There's nothing like a good steam bath to fix you up when you're tired, or to keep off a bad cold. And another thing. The Chief tells me license plate 116 has been cutting in and out of traffic leaving the plant. Better not do it today, 116, because the roads are wet and you'll go in the ditch. Now, remember we got a war to win. We gotta get going! Thanks a lot. See you later." After one of Jack's discourses, the five gleaming, glass-and-brick Jack & Heintz plants seem to shiver slightly as 4000 men and 2000 women hew to their work with fierce energy.

The waiting list for jobs at Jack & Heintz has been as high as 34,000, and from time to time other employers try to convince Jack that he is ruining the local labor market. He always answers with the suggestion that they try out his system in their own plants.

He can support this proposal with impressive arguments. According to unofficial estimates, Jack & Heintz turns out more production per worker and per square foot of floor space than any other factory in the United States.

In many factories today absenteeism runs as high as 10 and 15 percent. At Jack & Heintz there is virtually none. Counting absences for illness, the number of man-hours lost is only a tiny fraction of one percent. For the two-month period just ended, attendance was 100 percent. The associates put in more than 80 hours a week, yet most of them gain weight. Jack attributes this partly to their peace of mind, partly to the vitamins, steam baths, health shoes and so on.

Another reason for high output and low costs, Jack believes, is that all the associates have a feeling of personal responsibility for meeting the quotas. Any associate who shirks finds himself highly unpopular among the others. There are no time clocks, but a man who comes to work late gets the "wolf call" — a nerve-shattering combination of howls and yelps. If a man loafs or does slipshod work, fellow associates notify him that he must reform or get out.

Full of the spirit of coöperation, the associates use the payroll deduction system to invest 15 percent of their wages in War Bonds — probably a nation-wide record. On the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor they bought an extra \$200,000 worth of bonds.

The most spectacular response to any of the collection campaigns so far was for the Infantile Paralysis Fund. The Public Auditorium, where the associates' monthly banquet is held, is also the customary

scene of the President's Birthday Ball, and last January the ball committee asked Jack to move the banquet forward or back a few days. Jack asked how much money the ball usually raised. "With luck, \$2500," the chairman answered. "If I can get \$5000 for you, will you get another place instead?" Jack asked. The committee would be happy to do so. Jack seized his microphone, told the associates that the President was behind the Paralysis Fund, that it was a good cause, and that he hoped they'd contribute. Hats were passed and 48 hours later the Fund was \$45,902.02 richer. The committee, flabbergasted, canceled the ball entirely.

Jack works seven days a week, like the others, and from 15 to 20 hours a day. Although he is now 54 and his face is heavy with fatigue most of the time, he somehow gives the impression of youth. His step is springy and he moves rapidly. He attributes his durability to his hardy Scotch ancestry. His father, a native of Glasgow, lived to be 102.

Bill Jack was born in a tough industrial section of Cleveland. At six he was hawking papers. Later he hauled laundry for his mother, who took in washing, and carried lunch buckets to men working in the mills. At 12 he quit school and got his first regular job, and by the time he was 20 he had held down more different jobs than he can now remember.

The Congressional committee which investigated Jack & Heintz

last year charged that the company was evading the excess profits tax by disbursing corporate profits among its employees. The company's case looked bad when it was revealed that the navy had asked for a price reduction on starters and had been refused. Jack's explanations sounded improbable to the hardheaded Congressmen.

One demanded criminal prosecution, another that Jack & Heintz's patents be seized. Editorial columns all over the country accused the firm of profiteering.

What the editorial writers had no way of knowing was that the \$600 price was some \$200 less than the navy had been paying for a comparable starter. And the War Department, far from being dissatisfied with Jack & Heintz, had asked it to undertake the difficult job of producing automatic pilots. It is now turning them out at twice the rate and 65 percent of the cost of a similar pilot made by the firm that originated them. A few months ago the Army Air Forces put Jack & Heintz on its "Quality Control Classification A list, denoting complete approval."

Last year Jack turned down an offer of \$10,000,000 for a controlling interest in the company. "I've got enough money already," he says. "It's worth a lot more to me to see those boys out there happy. I'd go all the way for any of them, and they know it." The associates feel the same way about him.

Why Don't We Really Try to Bomb Germany Out of the War?

British figures show that it might be done this year, if we freed air power now for offensive action in its own right

By

Francis Vivian Drake

RECENT information from England discloses details of the actual damage inflicted on Germany by the RAF Bomber Command in 1942. This information provides for the first time an integrated picture of air power used as a primary offensive weapon against a whole nation over a given period.

The punishment dealt to Germany in 1942 was serious. And it was achieved by a very small bombing force, compared with America's present production.

Last year not a single U. S. Air Force bomber flew over Germany. The RAF Bomber Command did the whole job — although it comprised only ten percent of total RAF strength. In order to pull off one of its rare 1000-plane raids it

had to scrape its hangars bare of everything that could fly, and borrow planes and pilots from reserve squadrons and bomber training schools. Nevertheless, the facts now released indicate that if the RAF *had* been able to sustain its 1000-plane raids from June on, Germany might have been industrially paralyzed by last Christmas. They indicate that Germany *could* be knocked out before next Christmas, if the right steps were taken now.

The plan of destroying Germany from the air does not come from armchair strategists. It is the conviction of high air officers, and of the professionals who look at Germany night after night through their bombsights, analyze photographs after every raid, study Intelligence reports, assess actual destruction.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur T. Harris, chief of the RAF Bomber Command, has said: "If I could send a thousand bombers over Germany every night, Germany would not be in the war by autumn."

Major General Ira C. Eaker, commanding the U. S. Eighth Air Force in Britain, summarized his view as follows:

There are enough airdromes in the British Isles, now built and building,

FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE, an Englishman by birth, has been an aviation expert for 30 years. He studied aerodynamics under the British designer, Handley Page, and from 1915 to 1917 served as a pursuit pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. Wounded in 1917, he was sent to the United States to instruct American and Canadian pilots. After the war he went into business in New York and became an American citizen. At the start of the present war, Mr. Drake urged in several magazine articles the immediate construction of large numbers of long-range heavy bombers.

to accommodate the air forces needed for the destruction of Germany. By destroying the enemy's aircraft factories you can put an end to his air force. By destroying his munitions plants and communications you can bring his armies to a halt. By destroying his shipyards you can make it impossible for him to build submarines. There is nothing that can be destroyed by gunfire that cannot be destroyed by bombs.

These are the findings of British and American air chiefs. But little attention has been paid to them by top military authorities. There are still only a handful of U. S. bombers in England, and the RAF Bomber Command, far from being increased this year, has actually been reduced to support operations elsewhere.

Both Harris and Eaker are plugging the new military principle of *vertical* assault, which is based on the premise that modern mechanized war is best won by attack against the industrial generator that supplies the enemy front lines. The air commanders believe it is more effective—and cheaper and quicker—to eradicate the enemy by going after his heart with bombs than after his feet with gunfire.

In the vertical attack on Britain, it was a beginner's mistake that barred the *Luftwaffe* from victory. The Nazis first exposed slow, relatively unarmed, small-load bombers in daylight to the full fury of British fighters. Their losses were so great that they then could not mount mass night attacks on a decisive scale. The RAF quickly learned from the *Luftwaffe* performance that *decisive* vertical assault depends on the

ability to drop huge tonnages in concentrated areas without prohibitive loss. They revised their bombers and techniques accordingly, and RAF performance in 1942 demonstrated the tremendous potentialities of the new system.

A glaring example of the cost of lateral attack is the Russian conflict. Regardless of millions of casualties, the opposing sides are still locked in combat over approximately the same territory in which they were operating 16 months ago. Again, a successful North African campaign can represent only the first step toward German citadels. The Southwest Pacific campaign has been necessary to kill off a Japanese offensive against Australia, but as an offensive itself it can be only the first of a series of stepping-stones on the long road to Tokyo.

None of these fronts can hurt the essential war production of the enemy. On the other hand, the following table shows how the infinitely smaller and cheaper vertical bombing campaign of 1942 has already seriously impaired the German war plant:

Raids against Germany.....	221
Tons of bombs dropped on Germany.	37,000
Estimated number of plants destroyed.....	2,000
Estimated number of houses destroyed or seriously damaged	558,000
Estimated number of people evacuated.....	750,000
Estimated portion of German war industry wrecked.....	7 percent

This damage was inflicted by a handful of fighting men—*fewer than participated in the Dieppe commando raid*. They operated with less

bombers at any one time than the United States now produces in a month. If this underpowered unit could destroy seven percent of industrial Germany, what would it take to step up the destruction until Germany could no longer keep her front lines supplied?

Intelligence reports reveal that the seven percent destruction caused by 37,000 tons of bombs has put terrific pressure on Nazi war plants already burdened with the strain of maintaining the Russian and North African fronts. Experts believe that with 40 percent destruction — the bomb equivalent of 225,000 tons — Germany probably could not continue the war. Some British authorities estimate that 33 percent destruction, or 180,000 tons of bombs, would suffice.

Airmen check these findings another way. Plotting the entire area of German war industry, about 1000 square miles, they find that the critical parts occupy only about 400 square miles. About 600 tons of mixed block-busters and incendiaries demolish a square mile. This implies that 240,000 tons will smash the entire critical area by the RAF method of night bombing.

The American program of precision bombing by day, with its very high degree of accuracy, is presumably capable of inflicting greater industrial damage with less waste than the RAF method of area bombing at night. Should the American plan prove workable, the quantity of bombs required to demolish German war industry might be considerably reduced.

However, since the American

method requires daylight and good visibility, our bombers are hampered by fighter attack and cannot penetrate the heart of Germany, as the RAF has been doing night after night, unless they are sent in sufficient force to overcome successive waves of German fighters.

With the tremendous armament carried by our Fortresses and Liberators, a force of several hundred could probably take care of itself. But so far the U. S. has not had enough bombers in Britain for such heavy raids. The large-scale precision bombing of Germany therefore remains untried.

It may well be that British and American methods can be combined. In any event, the real point at issue is the concentration of enough bombers, day or night, to drop whatever tonnage is necessary to paralyze German industry.

Bomb loads carried by American and British bombers range from two and a half to eight tons. The average load is four tons at mean radius. Thus, to drop the 240,000 tons of bombs believed sufficient to cripple Germany, 1000 bombers must fly over the targets 60 times. Because of weather conditions, an average of 10 raids a month is the best that can be counted on. It would take, then, a series of 1000-plane raids a maximum of six months to deliver the decisive blow to Germany's heart.

Such continuous bombing requires a backlog of two planes on the ground for every one in the air, to allow for servicing and repairs. Thus, maintenance of 1000-plane raids involves a permanent force of 3000 bombers. The RAF 1000-plane

raids on Cologne, Essen, and so on, provided an encouraging figure on replacement costs. Prior to these raids, the loss rate inflicted by the enemy averaged about 10 percent. The 1000-plane raids, however, showed a combat loss rate of only four percent, due to the wholesale disorganization of enemy ground defenses.

Night bombing involves a probable additional write-off of two percent in take-off and landing accidents. This brings the total loss to six percent; with 1000-plane raids it means 60 planes a mission or 600 a month.

Summarizing the evidence so far, it would require a maximum of 240,000 tons of bombs, delivered by a total force of 3000 heavy bombers, with maximum replacements of 600 bombers a month, to smash German industry in six months.

Have we sufficient bombers for such a campaign?

U. S. and British production of heavy and medium bombers, complete with crews, armaments and all essentials, *now exceeds 1000 per month*. It will rise as the year advances. All of these planes are suitable for bombing any target in industrial Germany.

But this fact does not mean that enough bombers will be assigned this spring, this summer or even this year to do the job. At present, both the U. S. and British Bomber Commands are starved for planes. General Eaker described his outfit, in March 1943, as only "a token force." Allied air power is still being used as a defensive weapon, to prop up other fronts, instead of a great

decisive weapon in its own right. It is dissipated throughout the world in lesser campaigns, none of which in itself can conceivably end the war.

This is because our military habits of mind are governed by the traditions of naval engagements and marching men. Victory is anticipated only in these terms, and air power is seen only as a weapon of support for great fleets and armies. If this mental approach can only be changed, a bombing force can readily be assembled --- as the Allied air commanders wish --- to go to work on the direct destruction of Germany. Without reducing allocation of long-range bombers necessary to *maintain* our other fronts, the following U. S.-British Joint Task Force can be set up:

Total force	3000 bombers
Average force per night	1000 "
Replacements per month	600 "
Percentage of joint production for period involved	60 percent
Average flying nights per month	10
Average tons of bombs per night, depending on distance of target	4000 tons
(Coventry raid, worst night)	210 "
Average tons of bombs per month	40,000 "
Tons of bombs per year (Blitz on London, total for 11 months)	480,000 "
	7500 "

Operating bases in the British Isles are already available. Ample fuel supplies are also ready, and task force consumption would be less than two tankers a month. Other surface-borne equipment is only a fraction of that required for a big

land offensive, and can be moved through our shortest supply artery — that to Britain.

The whole operation would require less than half the total 1943 bomber production, and would leave many *more* bombers for China and Africa and other fronts than they have ever had. And let it be remembered that with such a task force we might win not just outlying campaigns — with it we might win the European part of the war before the end of 1943.

Early this year we read such headlines as: "U. S. Blasts Wilhelms-haven" or "RAF Hammers Ruhr" or "Round-the-clock bombing" of Germany. These headlines were entirely misleading in their implications of scale. The bombers took advantage of an unusual stretch of good weather to put in a series of savage attacks; but the individual raids were actually smaller than many undertaken in 1942, and mere continuity of bombing should not be casually confused with continuity of *heavy* bombing. Until we read "1000 Allied Bombers Attack Reich," and read it several times a week, we shall know that no decisive air offensive is under way.

The plan of the Allied air commanders to smash Germany's war industries is more practical than any other possible program. Except for some miracle, some internal Nazi collapse we dare not count on, there is no alternative for early victory. A vertical assault is the only great offensive that would not impose a dangerous strain on our already

difficult shipping situation. The North African expedition, a minor campaign compared with the invasion of Europe, required 8,000,000 tons of ships. Shipping losses last year were 8,000,000 tons against our total production of 8,000,000 tons. This year our program calls for 16,000,000 tons, but Nazi submarines are being launched much faster than we can sink them, and the menace increases every day.

Compared with the enormous losses we should suffer in any great surface offensive, an all-out air attack would be cheap. The 1000-plane Cologne raid, which cost the British 257 men, killed over 30,000 of the enemy. A six months' air campaign to bring about the end of German resistance would cost a maximum of only 30,000 men even if every man were killed in every bomber lost.

As things now stand, here are the military prospects for 1943: The President and the Secretary of War have prepared us for heavy losses in North Africa. Mr. Hoover has warned us that the war will last three years. Justice Byrnes has said, "We face an invasion of Europe which will involve casualties such as this nation has never endured."

But do we have to resign ourselves to the heartaches of great land offensives? There is an alternative, and 1942 has proved it sound. The air commanders who have produced the proof and the public which must produce the lives have the right to ask that the air alternative be tried *now* — no matter how far the land-offensive plans have gone.

Teaching Languages in a Hurry

Condensed from *School and Society*

Charles Rumford Walker

THOUSANDS of Americans — many of them in uniform — are learning plain or fancy foreign languages four times as fast as was thought possible before the war. We're doing this because we have to.

Naval units need officers who can speak Japanese, Malay, or what have you; on land we need men able to get along in Fanti, Ilausa and a dozen strange tongues Americans never knew existed. We need linguists for lend-lease missions to Russia and China, for technical undertakings in Iran and Iraq.

When war broke out we were dangerously short of linguists, even in Spanish and Portuguese, which are among the easiest languages for us to learn. The Board of Economic Warfare, for example, combed the nation for trade experts who also spoke Spanish, and dug up only 115.

New teaching methods are overcoming this shortage with dramatic speed. After nine weeks of intensive instruction in the language school at Laramie, Wyoming, one graduate was sent on a mission to South America. Two months more in a Spanish-speaking country, and he was giving

a course of lectures in Spanish on United States civilization.

Inspecting a class in Siamese at the University of Michigan, an army colonel who had spent 22 years studying languages in the Far East found the students in a brisk give-and-take conversation. They had been in the class only three months. "I don't believe my ears," he said. "They're talking like native Siamese!" An educated Russian, visiting a six-weeks-old intensive Russian class at Yale, exclaimed: "How gifted Americans are at languages!"

Of course, we are not gifted. The success of these classes is the result of hard work and keen interest, harnessed to a method which combines science and common sense. The method includes the use of a native as well as a teacher in the classroom. The native often knows little English. His job is to give sounds and words for the students to imitate. Later the native is questioned and tells stories, just as if he were a Japanese prisoner or a Swahili chieftain and the students were members of an American expedition — which is exactly what they may be when the course is over.

The teacher guides the class, shows how vocal cords can be made to produce difficult sounds, explains only as much grammar as is necessary to speed progress. The object of these courses is not to pass an examination but to understand natives, and be understood by them, as rapidly as possible. In an intensive course at Columbia last summer, students mastered 2000 Persian words and phrases in nine weeks.

Hausa is a language spoken by some 5,000,000 people in West Africa. Last autumn, only a few weeks after Professor Zellig S. Harris had started his intensive course at the University of Pennsylvania, a new native teacher arrived and called him up. The professor was out, and a student answered the telephone. During a 15-minute conversation in Hausa, he was able to give the native all the information he wanted.

You never hear exercises like "The nephew of my aunt walks through the good baron's garden" in these practical classes. Visit the University of Pennsylvania class in Fanti, the African commercial language spoken on the Gold Coast. You will find one student pretending to be a farmer, while a second is looking for a job. They are bargaining with each other in Fanti. At another university the native speaker assumes the role of a landed proprietor, a student that of an American task force officer. They have a lively argument in Arabic about buying food for transport pilots.

A cynical scholar has said that Americans may possibly learn Japanese before the outbreak of the *next* world war. Memorizing several thousand pictographs is, of course, almost a life's work. But speaking the language is a different story. Its structure is simple. Within the past year American students have gained a good working knowledge of spoken Japanese in three months or less.

Here are 20 students of Japanese in a room with a native speaker and an American professor. The professor begins the first class by making the students pronounce a short list of words that contain all the sounds in the Japanese language. Only two of these do not occur in English. The professor has the native repeat the two sounds over and over, and the students mimic him.

In the second or third lesson the students begin to memorize simple tool sentences, like "What is the word for that in Japanese?" These sentences, memorized until they are second nature, enable the learning process to proceed largely in the language being taught.

After six weeks of an intensive course a teacher sprang the following test without warning. "You are now in the Solomons," he explained, "and have just captured a batch of Jap prisoners. You are to question one of them. The native speaker will act as your prisoner. Go ahead!"

After a 15-minute grilling in Japanese the students reported: "The prisoner says they have no tea, meat

or vegetables, but there is some fish. However, it is in the river and we will have to catch it ourselves. There is a mountain which must be crossed to get to the Japanese airfield. There is a road, impassable for a car, but practicable for a horse. We went to the top of the mountain," the students continued, "and sighted ships, which the prisoner identified as Japanese. He also told us the size of the army facing us -- 500,000 men."

Under the auspices of the Inter-American Training Center, 1200 government employes in Washington are learning Spanish from native speakers. The list ranges from army officers to stenographers, and includes experts from many government departments. Here you may study a language four hours a week or 15 hours a day, according to your need.

All children master the fundamentals of a language by the time they are five. Which suggests there isn't anything very abstruse about language learning. They all learn to speak before they learn to read. In traditional language courses, about three fourths of the student's time is spent learning rules of grammar and applying them by conscious logic. This leaves far too little time for practice. The habit of searching

in the files of one's mind for rules kills both interest and native linguistic ability. In learning a language everlasting practice and repetition are the most important factors.

These war courses may well revolutionize language teaching in American colleges. They've already begun to do so. For instance, in the new "Foreign Areas" program at Yale *all* language courses are taught by the new method.

Students from the intensive classes go right on learning in their leisure hours. Many practice on each other at meals and invite the native speaker to join them. Last summer the boys at Penn took their Moroccan on a tour of Philadelphia, explaining the mysteries of a night club to him in Arabic. In a student hangout near Brown University, a professor found most of his class drinking beer and lustily singing the Japanese version of *Mademoiselle from Armentières*.

Graduates of the intensive courses are demonstrating that they can talk and be understood by natives in any corner of the world. They are giving us new weapons to help win a global war. And when the time comes these weapons will be even more valuable in winning a global peace.



Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean.

— Mark Twain

Trouble on the Street Corners

Condensed from Common Sense

Eleanor Lake

A YEAR AGO, 75 percent of the venereal infection in the armed forces in the United States could be traced to professional prostitutes. Today, 80 percent of it comes from young casuals and amateurs.

Back of that shocking statistic lies one of the greatest social problems in America today: the frightening rise in delinquency among teen-age girls. During the past year, for instance, delinquency has doubled in Dayton, Ohio, almost tripled in San Francisco and almost quadrupled in Oklahoma City. Reports from cities and towns throughout the country show similar increases.

These "victory girls" and "cuddle bunnies" who go uniform-hunting in railroad stations and wander down Main Street late at night looking for pickups are just ordinary kids who have been swept along by a torrent of wartime excitement and free spending. When they run afoul of the law and are asked why they are delinquent, their answers are amazingly naïve. The most common are: "Because there's nothing else to do in this town," or, "Because it's my patriotic duty to com-

THIRÉ IS an alarming increase in venereal disease among boys and girls in many parts of the country. The consequence to the nation will be tragic unless increased effort is given to the *moral* prevention of infection.

Sexual morality, however, should not be based merely on the threat of venereal disease. We hope that our young people will conduct their sex lives on a high plane, not because they fear infection, but because they understand and respect the dignity of the human body and the creative purposes of sex. The major responsibility for developing this healthy attitude rests on the home, the church and the school.

— R. A. Vonderlehr, Assistant Surgeon General, Division of Venereal Diseases, U. S. Public Health Service

fort the poor boys who may go overseas and get killed."

These youngsters swell the venereal disease rate as tragically as if they were hardened professionals. And their youth is appalling. In one of the new Public Health rapid treatment centers for women, four fifths of the inmates are girls in their teens; in another, two thirds are under 20 and many are between 12 and 15. In

Chicago, all of 18 girls arrested on the streets in a cleanup drive were under 18 years old, and all but two were already infected.

"Girls of 14, 15 and 16 are paying the biggest price," says Dr. Janet Nelson of the USO. The post surgeon at a large midwestern air base reports: "Good-time girls of high school age are the army's biggest problem today as a potential source of venereal disease."

In Little Rock, Arkansas, a citizens' committee investigated the local situation. For a fortnight committee members watched bus stations and hotel lobbies; talked to girls in honky-tonks; walked through nearby country roads. They counted 600 young girls idling in stations or hotels, drinking in taverns, wandering down darkened streets. At a bus station near midnight they found 23 girls under 17 waiting to pick up service men, and at 2 a.m. two girls of 14 and 15 came out with soldiers who asked a taxi driver how to find a hotel room. Eight others, three of them under 14, still wandered the station looking for pickups. At a typical hot spot late at night, 80 percent of the girls were in their teens, 10 percent were under 15. Hotel lobbies were crowded with uniform-struck youngsters. "The girls in this town," said a high school boy, "are simply khaki-wacky."

There are similar conditions in hundreds of normal American towns. In Portland, Maine, 3500 sailors at a time hit town on leave, and there

has been an alarming increase in venereal infections. The police blotter coldly records human tragedies: a 14-year-old girl found in a hotel with a sailor; 15-year-olds soliciting on street corners; a 16-year-old staggering down a street at 2 a.m., drinking out of a bottle — just average cases among the more than 100 teen-age girls arrested in six months.

It's too easy to blame service men for our zooming delinquency. Men don't change when they get into uniform. And uniform glamour isn't the only, or the most important, cause of delinquency. The hard fact is that most girls go astray because their mothers are too busy or indifferent to keep them out of trouble.

In Hartford, Connecticut, a better-than-average American factory town, hundreds of youngsters are left alone all night by parents who work on the "swing shift" at war plants. They lose touch with the parents; there is no one to supervise the way they spend their time. When schools check up on truancy, parents admit that they don't know where their children are. The city's first war-boom year doubled venereal cases among youngsters in their teens. Hartford mothers, proudly winning the war on the production line, are losing it on the home front.

In jam-packed Warren Township, outside of Detroit, children who go to school on an afternoon shift have actually been sent out to wander the streets at night so that they will sleep late and not wake up their

night-working parents early in the morning. In hundreds of trailer towns and new housing developments near war plants, tired, irritable parents encourage their youngsters to go down to Main Street into juke joints at night—anywhere that will get them out from underfoot.

In the stress of war, leisure class mothers, too, have grown careless of their daughters. A Phoenix, Arizona, citizen's committee warned the community that the parents of girls 14 or 15 years old seemed either indifferent to the danger of letting them run loose at night or unaware of the risk involved in such negligence. Says an army doctor at a western camp: "We are now, for the first time, giving regular blood tests to officers as well as men. We've been getting too many venereal contacts among girls in socially prominent families near here."

Illegitimacy is rising steadily. It is up 66 percent in Dayton, Ohio; has doubled in Miami. The Florence Crittenden League, which cares for unmarried mothers, reports that more and more of them come from respectable homes. "The foundations of American family life," says Eleanor Glueck, delinquency expert of Boston, "are being threatened as never before."

Tragic as this record of carelessness is, these young delinquents of decent families have at least a home to go to when they are in trouble. America's most poignant girl problem is that of the lost girls, the run-

aways, the teen-age migrants who are flooding every war production center and camp town today. They come from farms, and from the new ghost towns of America—those which have been drained of young men by the army or war work. They come to get the production-line glamour jobs they see in the newsreels, but they are often too young and inexperienced to find such employment. The cities to which they flock don't know what to do with them; they are nobody's business.

The average age of such transient girls in Kansas is 17. In Portland, Maine, police have found 16-year-old farm girls sleeping in automobiles because they could find no rooms in town. Vice drive statistics everywhere show that at least half of the problem girls come from out of town.

Some of them have followed their beaus to the big city. Some are euphemistically listed as "soldiers' girl friends." They meet a man in one camp town, follow him to the next. Immature, lonely and bored, they find rooms in boardinghouses, seldom see their men.

Wartime delinquency is not merely a crop of wild oats, to be forgotten when family life is more stable. From these tragic youngsters will come our postwar crop of vice, disease and crime.

Around America, there are towns which have at least made a good beginning in finding the answers to the problem.

Answer One -- and it is only a partial solution -- is fairly easy. It is to do a clean, courageous job of policing. Vice suppression helps: more than 350 red-light districts have been closed in American communities during this emergency, with an accompanying decline in the professional vice that is always recruiting inexperienced young girls.

Curfews -- tried by many towns -- sometimes help, though they tend to hide rather than to cure trouble. Close supervision of eating and drinking places is necessary. In many a town, hotel and liquor men, anxious to keep their business clean, keep young girls out of bars and lobbies.

In St. Joseph, Missouri, all minors found by police in suspect drinking and dancing places must give their names and addresses. Their families are informed of the dangers involved, the hot spots are warned or punished. As a result, delinquency and illegitimacy have dropped.

Answer Two goes further toward the root of the problem. It is to give forgotten, restless girls the right kind of wartime responsibility and the right kind of adolescent fun. Fourteen-year-olds, like adults, need to feel that they are helping to win the war, that they have a responsibility as Americans. Children's jobs like tin-can collecting, however, will not satisfy them. The high school Victory Corps, the YWCA and other

organizations are training youngsters for important work such as that of nurse's aide.

And girls of this age need an adult kind of fun, a chance to meet boys in a protected and yet romantic atmosphere. High school girls are left out in most community recreation programs. It is no accident that Wichita and Buffalo, with outstanding recreation facilities for girls, have low delinquency rates. The town of Troy, Ohio, meets honky-tonk competition with its Recreation Rooms, where boys and girls find soft lights, cokes, Gene Krupa records and room to dance, minus the drink, tough talk -- and the dangers -- of the taverns.*

But the root of the problem lies in the American home. Back of every delinquent girl, every tragedy of promiscuity and disease, stands the shadow of delinquent parents. Every father in uniform leaves a double responsibility with his wife; every mother on the production line has a double job to do. America's mothers today must become more deeply conscious of the importance of family life; if they do not, too many of our mothers of the future will have a sordid background of immorality and venereal disease.

* A pamphlet, *Teen Trouble*, published by the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C., is available to those interested in recreation programs for adolescents. Price, 10 cents.



Well, sir, that was the craziest ball game ever played

You Could Look It Up

Condensed from "My World and Welcome to It"

James Thurber

IT WAS GETTIN' ON into September, and though we'd been leadin' the league by six, seven games most of the season, we was now in first place by a margin you could a got it into the eye of a thimble, bein' only half a game ahead of St. Louis.

Our slump had given the boys the leapin' jumps and half the time nobody'd speak to nobody else. Squawks Magrew was manager, and he was darn near crazy. He yelled at every body and wouldn't listen to nobody, without maybe it was me, who'd been trainin' the boys for ten year. All this, mind you, was 30, 31 year ago; you could look it up.

While we was waitin' for the train to St. Louis, after losin' a double-header to Pittsburgh, Magrew was drownin' his sorrows at a bar. Suddenly up from nowhere pops this Pearl du Monville. Now, most people name of Pearl is girls, but Pearl du Monville was a man, if you could call a fella a man who was only 34, 35 inches high. Pearl du Monville was



a midget. He might a been 15 or he might a been a hundred, you couldn't tell.

Well, Pearl and Squawks got to drinkin' and singin' at the bar and when it came traintime Magrew was holdin' the midget in the crouch of his arm like a football. "He's comin' along as a masket," says Magrew.

We lost the first two games to the battlin' St. Louis club, and that puts us in second place plenty. The next day, practice was just over and the St. Louis club was takin' the field, when I hears a strange sound from the stands. It was the fans ketchin' sight of Pearl du Monville. The midget had popped up onto the field dressed in a minacher club uniform and swingin' a kid's bat.

"Pearl du Monville has been made a bone-of-fida member of this so-called ball club," announced Magrew. "Maybe that'll shame you big babies into gettin' in there and swingin', knowin' I can replace any one of you with a midget. I fixed it

up with the front office by long-distance phone, and it's all legal and proper. It don't make no difference what size he is."

Well, sir, it'll all be in the papers 30, 31 year ago, and you could look it up. The game went along without no scorin' for seven innings, the fans payin' most attention to the goin's on of Pearl du Monville. He's out in front a the dugout, turnin' handsprings, balancin' his bat on his chin, walkin' a imaginary line. The fans clapped and laughed, and he ate it up.

When St. Louis makes one run, in the last a the eighth, I was sure that all was lost, specially when two of ours go out fast the first half a the ninth. But then comes a hit and two walks, and the bases are full.

Yes, sir, there you are; the tyin' run on third and the winnin' run on second, first a the ninth, two men down, and Hank Metters comin' to the bat. Hank was hittin' better'n anybody else on the ball club, and it was mighty heartenin', seein' him stridin' toward the plate. But he never got there.

"Wait a minute!" yells Magrew. "I'm sendin' in a pinch hitter!"

You could a heard a bomb drop. When a manager says he's sendin' in a pinch hitter for the best batter on the club, everybody knows he's lost his holt.

"Du Monville battin' for Metters!" hollers Magrew.

He pushed the midget toward the plate and he says to him, he says,

"Just stand up there and hold that bat on your shoulder. They ain't a man in the world can throw three strikes in there 'fore he throws four balls!" he says. "He'll walk you and force in the tyin' run."

I don't need to tell you Bethlehem broke loose on that there ball field. The fans yelled and whistled, and everybody on the field begun wavin' their arms and hollerin'. The plate umpire stalked over to Magrew like a traffic cop, waggin' his jaw and pointin' his finger. The St. Louis manager kept yellin' like his house was on fire. When Pearl got to the plate and stood there, the pitcher slammed his glove down onto the ground and started stompin' on it. He's just walked two normal-sized human bein's, and now here's a guy up to the plate they ain't more'n 20 inches between his knees and his shoulders.

The umpire told Magrew to go on and get a batter up or he'd forfeit the game to St. Louis. Then Magrew pulls some legal papers outa his pocket. The umpire looks at 'em like they was bills for somethin' he not only never bought it, he never even heard of it. Well, sir, they fought about him bein' a midget, and they fought about him usin' a kid's bat, and they fought about where'd he been all season. They was eight or nine rule books brung out and everybody was thumbin' through 'em, tryin' to find out what it says about midgets, but it don't say nothin' about midgets. The umpire

finely waves the St. Louis players back to their places and bawls, "Play ball!"

The St. Louis pitcher picked up his glove and beat at it with his fist six or eight times, and then got set on the mound and studied the situation. Even in a crotch-in' position, the catcher towers over the midget like the Washington Monument. Finely the pitcher slams in the first pitch, hard and wild.

"Ball one!" hollers the umpire.

The catcher goes out toward the mound and talks to the pitcher. This time the big right-hander tried a undershoot, and it comes in a little closer, maybe no higher'n a foot above Pearl's head. It would a been a strike with a human bein' in there.

"Ball two!" the umpire bellers.

The catcher walks out to the mound again, and the whole infield comes over and gives advice to the pitcher about what to do with a batter that oughta be in a bottle of alcohol 'stead of up there at the plate in a big-league game between the teams that is fightin' for first place.

For the third pitch, the pitcher stands there flat-footed and tosses up the ball like he's playin' ketch with a little girl. The ball comes in big and slow and high — high for Pearl, that is. They ain't nothin' else for the umpire to do, so he calls, "Ball three!"

Everybody is onto their feet, hoopin' and hollerin'. The St. Louis manager is makin' signs and faces

like he was a contorturer, and the infield is givin' the pitcher more advice.

Well, the pitcher decides to toss again. Nobody ever seen a slower ball throwed. It come right in over the plate in front of Pearl's chest, lookin' prob'ly big as a full moon to Pearl.

They ain't never been a minute like the minute that followed since the United States was founded by the Pilgrim grandfathers.

Pearl du Monville took a cut at that ball, and he hit it! Magrew give a groan like a poleaxed steer as the ball rolls out in front a the plate into fair territory.

"Fair ball!" yells the umpire, and the midget starts runnin' for first, makin' maybe 90 foot an hour. The ball's rollin' slow, on down toward third, goin' maybe eight, ten foot. The infield comes in fast. Everybody is standin' up, yellin' and hollerin'.

The catcher gets to the ball first, but he boots it out past the pitcher's box, the pitcher fallin' on his face tryin' to stop it, the shortstop sprawlin' after it full length and zaggin' it on over toward the second baseman. Ty Cobb could a made a three-bagger outa that bunt, with everybody fallin' over theirself. But Pearl is still maybe 15, 20 feet from the bag, toddlin' like a baby, when the second baseman finely slams that ball over to first. The baseman ketches it and stomps on the bag, the base umpire waves Pearl out, and

there goes your old ball game, the craziest ball game ever played.

Then I see Magrew. He starts after Pearl, runnin' faster'n any man ever run before. Pearl sees him comin' and runs behind the base umpire's legs and gets a holt onto 'em. But Magrew comes up, pantin' and roarin', and grabs that little guy by both his ankles and starts whirlin' him round and round his head. Nobody can stop him without gettin' their head knocked off. Then Magrew lets the midget fly. He flies on out toward second, high and fast, like a human home run.

The St. Louis center fielder starts runnin', and he makes a wonderful ketch. In his excitement the base umpire yells, "Out!" and that give hysterics to the Bethlehem which was ragin' like Niagry on that ball field.

Everybody was hoopin' and hol-lerin', with the fans swarmin' onto

the field. I seen Pearl du Monville strugglin' in the arms of a lady fan with a ample bosom, who was laughin' and cryin' at the same time, and him beatin' at her with his little fists and bawlin' and yellin'. That was the last I ever seen of him.

That night we piled onto a train for Chicago, but we wasn't snarlin' and snappin' any more. No, sir. A new spirit had come into that ball club. We got to laughin' and talkin' and kiddin' together, and 'fore long Magrew was laughin' with us.

Well, sir, we won all four games in that Chicago series, and we won the pennant, too. I and some of the fellas went out and bought a pair of them little baby shoes, golded all over, and give 'em to Magrew for a souvenir. We'd won by maybe two and a half games, maybe three. I don't recollect things as clear as I did 30, 31 year ago. But you could look it up.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 65 —

A LADY in Charleston, South Carolina, met the old Negro servant of a neighbor. After a few pleasantries, the lady said, "I'm sorry to hear about Aunt Lucy's death. You must miss her greatly. You were such friends."

"Yas'm, I is sorry she daid. But we wasn't no friends."

"Why, I thought you were. I've seen you laughing and talking together lots of times."

"Yas'm, dat's so. We is laughed and talked together, but we is just 'quaintenances. You see, Miss Ruth, we ain't never shed no tears. Folks got to cry together befo' dey is friends."

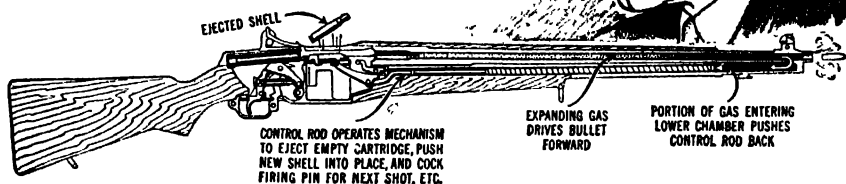
— Contributed by C. M. Oliver

John C. Garand, the quiet French-Canadian who designed the rifle American troops are using on every fighting front

The Man Behind the Gun

Condensed from The New Yorker

John McCarten



AS THE INVENTOR of the semi-automatic rifle with which the United States Army and Marine Corps have been replacing the old hand-operated Springfield, John C. Garand is responsible for the greatest advance in infantry arms in the past four decades. No other nation, as far as we know, has a rifle comparable in performance. The Garand can shoot over 100 rounds a minute, which is five times as fast as the Springfield can fire, and General MacArthur has praised it as unexcelled under combat conditions.

In military circles the Garand is referred to as "U. S. Rifle, Caliber .30, M1." The term is usually abbreviated to "M1," which means that it is the first accepted model of its kind, and that is how Garand speaks of his rifle. If he hears anyone call it a Garand, he looks uncomfortable. An unassuming man, he is

singularly temperate in describing the weapon that has made him famous. "She is a pretty good gun, I think," he says.

Garand is principal ordnance designer and assistant works manager of the government armory in Springfield, Massachusetts. As a civilian employe of the War Department he earns \$6000 a year, a great deal less than a private arms company would pay him. However, he says this salary is sufficient for his needs, and the armory is such a pleasant place to work that he wouldn't think of leaving it. As a voluntary patriotic gesture, he waived all commercial and foreign rights on the Garand rifle, thus giving up a fortune in royalties.

He is rather astonished at being regarded as a celebrated citizen and lives in terror of being asked to make a speech. His reluctance to say anything in public hardened into stead-

fast resolution after one appearance, in 1940, on the radio show called "We the People." A friend made a recording of his remarks and Garand discovered to his amazement that he spoke English with a French accent. Since he is a French-Canadian who did not learn English until he was 12, this is not particularly surprising. Garand, however, had been confident that he talked pretty much like an American. "Imagine!" he said recently. "I'm losing my French and my English is broken."

Now 55, Garand looks considerably younger. He is short and muscular, with a strong, square face and a shock of grizzled hair that arranges itself into a raffish bang. He carries himself with a purposeful air that disguises his persistent state of abstraction. His preoccupation with his work is almost absolute. When he isn't mulling over the design of a new gun, he is figuring out ways to speed up the production of rifles. He has one machine gun, two machine rifles, and three semi-automatic rifles to his credit, and he developed at least 20 of the various machines used in the manufacture of semi-automatic rifles at the armory.

Garand has a peculiar memory. He can recall a calculation he made while designing a gunsight many years ago and forget when it was that a Congressman proposed — unsuccessfully — that he be granted \$100,000 for having developed the M1. He is proud of the awards he has won for his work but is somewhat

confused about them. When he breaks out his medals he is likely to remark, "I got this one in New York from the engineers — no, it was Chicago, and it wasn't the engineers." He has to study his trophies carefully to determine which is which.

His attack on any problem, mechanical or otherwise, is direct and original. About two decades ago he decided that ice-skating would be a healthful outlet for his energies and went to New York every week-end to take lessons in fancy skating. He wanted to practice at home during the week, but he found that the ice on the outdoor rinks wasn't smooth enough. He solved that problem by partitioning off a section 12 feet square in the living room of his house, chopping a hole in the chimney to create a draft, flinging open the windows, and flooding the floor. The draft kept his rink frozen solid and he skated in happy privacy throughout the winter. When he was married in 1930, his bride persuaded him that it would be better all around to move his rink outdoors.

Garand had an austere childhood, but he describes it as a happy period. He was born Jean Garand on a scraggly farm near the village of St. Remi, about 20 miles west of Montreal. (He anglicized his first name when he took out his first United States citizenship papers.) There were 11 other children in the Garand family and no one, including himself, knows exactly how many were around when

he was born. "I came in somewhere around seventh or eighth," he says.

Before he was through the elementary grades his mother died, and his father moved his brood to Jewett City, Connecticut, where the children got jobs in the local textile mills. The Garand home was not far from a gun club; members left their rifles at the Garand house between shoots, and John and his brothers made good use of the guns. They not only shot game but practiced sharpshooting in their back yard by knocking pennies from between each other's fingers at 20 feet. One brother went into the shooting-gallery business, and John often worked as an attendant in the evenings. When there were not many customers he did some shooting on his own, and acquired a remarkable proficiency in shooting from the hip.

Garand's first job, at 14, was sweeping the floors in Slater's Mill. Before long he persuaded the foreman of the machine shop to teach him the rudiments of mechanics, and after a while he was promoted to a job in the shop. By the time he was 21 he had acquired a good many mechanical skills, such as forging, gear cutting and tool designing. But one Sunday morning the superintendent discovered him in the machine shop making a miniature water wheel for his own amusement and suggested that the company had better use for its brass. Garand moved on to a job with a Providence welding company.

In Providence he fell in with a group of motorcycle-enthusiasts, who persuaded him to buy a machine. He decided that standard motorcycles were too slow, and designed an engine of his own. With his rebuilt machine he entered many races and in 1912 won 19 times in 21 starts. When not racing, he used to ride up and down the highways waiting for a certain automobile racer who, driving high-powered Stutzes and Mercers, could outspeed almost any motorcyclist. But not Garand. "He'd go better than 85," Garand says with satisfaction, "and still I'd pass him on the stretch. I bothered him." Ever since that experiment with combustion engines, Garand has hankered to design a light motor for automobiles, and he intends to get around to it when the war is over.

In 1916 he took a job with a New York toolmaking firm. He resumed his rifle practice at the shooting galleries along Broadway, and he never had to pay in these establishments. By agreement with the proprietors, he began shooting just as the crowds were coming out of the theaters. Firing from the hip, he would set up a clatter on the bells of the bull's-eyes and attract customers.

For further recreation Garand spent one evening a week drilling with the 1st Field Artillery. He heard that the army was looking for better machine guns, and decided to design one himself. The design was not accepted, but it interested the government in Garand, and he was

presently installed as a gun designer in the National Bureau of Standards. In 1919 he was transferred to the Springfield armory.

Garand had a machine gun and four rifles accepted before he hit on the M1. The army does not wait for gunsmiths to come up with new ideas; it creates the new ideas itself and announces that at a certain date guns of a given specification will be accepted for trial. After each trial it stiffens its requirements until eventually it gets what it wants. It was 16 years after Garand had begun work on the semi-automatic rifle that the army finally agreed that he had produced the weapon it wanted.

The principle of Garand's semi-automatic rifle is that the gas generated by exploding powder in the barrel is used not only to drive the bullet forward but also to eject the used cartridge and push a fresh one into the firing chamber. Garand was the first man to apply this principle successfully to a service rifle. A Garand holds a clip of eight cartridges, as against the Springfield's five, and it doesn't kick as hard. It has 73 parts—some 35 fewer than the Springfield—and Garand likes to demonstrate its simplicity by taking it apart with a .30-caliber shell as his only tool.

Public recognition of his rifle has

changed Garand's life very slightly. He and his wife and two children still live in the modest two-story stucco house on the outskirts of Springfield in which he lived alone before his marriage. He instructs his daughter, who is 11, in figure skating and has taught his 10-year-old son to be a first-rate marksman.

Garand gets to the armory before eight in the morning and seldom leaves before five. The young ordnance officers who work with him are continually amazed at his knowledge of engineering. "He's had no real training in mathematics," one of them pointed out recently, "and yet he makes the rest of us feel like dummies." Garand's interest in engineering is so great that he reads almost nothing but handbooks on the subject.

The army doesn't permit him to discuss the work he has in progress, but it puts no restrictions on his comings and goings. Occasionally some melodramatic acquaintance mentions the possibility that the enemy might try to capture him. This notion amuses him. "What good would I do them?" he inquires. "They know all about the M1, and it would take them two years to tool up to mass-produce any other gun I might design. I think we ought to win the war in two years."



ONCE knew a man who said his prayer was: "Lord, give me this day my daily opinion, and forgive me the one I had yesterday."

— M. R. J. Du Bois, *Hoarded Sunshine* (Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor)

Your House, After the War

Condensed from *Fortune*

WHEN war broke out, the building industry was on the brink of a great transition, a new, *engineering* approach to housing problems. Today, in the construction of war plants and homes for workers, it is being geared to practices and materials it never used before. These two factors, after the war, will bring the long-promised *house that works*.

For example, good engineering could marvelously improve the bathroom. The shower would automatically deliver water of the desired temperature; enclosed in transparent plastic, it would not steam up the room. The bathtub would preheat itself. The taps in the washbasin would open by knee or toe pressure against a convenient lever or pedal and the basin itself be big enough to bathe the baby in. The towel rack would be a hot-water pipe to keep towels warm and dry. Electric heaters and sun lamps would be built into the ceiling. The floor would be warm enough to walk barefoot on. Soap would never turn to jelly, because built-in soap dishes would drain properly. The mirror could be pulled close to a man's face and would actually be equipped with enough light for him to shave with ease.

Bathrooms could be made in easy-to-assemble pieces, priced below the

cheapest home-installed jobs. Mass-production technique that made the automobile what it is today may make the bathroom what it should be tomorrow. Significantly, the nation's biggest housebuilder today is that master of mass production, Henry Kaiser, and he has announced his intention to build prefabricated houses after the war — which augurs well.

The kitchen of the future should have light-flooded work counters with windows (not cabinets) above them, pedals controlling the tap water, mechanical dishwasher-sterilizers, built-in pressure cookers. Today's refrigerator could stand a lot of redesigning; when you want anything it is invariably behind a phalanx of other foods. Egmont Arens, industrial designer, proposes a round refrigerator with revolving insides. His box includes lockers for bottles and frozen foods, a violet-ray compartment for tenderizing meats, an ice-cube ejector that works by the turn of a crank, and an ice-water faucet.

A kitchen recently designed by William Hamby has no stove at all. Each utensil, plugged into an outlet, acts as its own stove.

From the standpoint of noise the average house today is no better than it has been for hundreds of years. When a man sits down to din-

ner his ears ring with the clatter of dishes in the kitchen and the uproar of his progeny in their playroom. After dinner, when he wants to read or meditate, he can't get away from the din of radio or phonograph. When he makes a phone call everybody in the house must stop dead. Conversation is often punctuated by the jugular gurgle of a *cabinet d'aisances*.

The art of handling noise is to prevent it from bouncing back from walls, floors and ceilings. Housebuilders have not begun to catch up with factory and commercial builders, who control sound almost at will. Acoustical tile, which absorbs sound by trapping it in a multitude of small holes, can easily be adapted for the rooms of a dwelling.

In his New York City home, Sherman Fairchild, inventor and plane builder, used both a sound-absorbent plaster and an inexpensive type of wall construction. Slicing pieces of rock wool down the middle, he installed them fuzzy side out between the wall timbers, nailed them in place with slats, and covered them with open-textured grass cloth. Only a terrific clatter at one end of the hall reaches the other end. Bedrooms and study are pervaded by a hush so profound that city noises seem almost romantically remote.

The problem of phoning in relative quiet is easy to solve. Some of the open telephone booths in the New York subways are so effectively treated with sound-absorbent materials that a person can phone

even while a train is grinding by. The same idea can be conveniently adapted to the home.

Most rooms are miserably lighted. Chronic eyestrain is probably the commonest ailment in the land. The remedy is not simply to increase the intensity of the reading or sewing light; the contrast with the dark room beyond would make the cure worse than the disease. General illumination must be stepped up.

Rooms could be illuminated indirectly by a combination of fluorescent and incandescent lamps mounted in a cove a couple of feet from the ceiling. A newer idea is to use ceiling spotlights similar to those above the seats of streamlined railroad coaches. A half-dozen spots, each controlled by a separate switch, would provide adequate coverage for the room. Gone would be the necessity of wrestling with a lamp to get the light at the right angle, gone the often hideous impedimenta that make obstacle courses of living rooms.

The house can have an air-conditioning unit equipped with an air cleaner, using activated carbon as an absorbent for removing odors. The unit would also include a Precipitron, a device capable of eliminating dust from a house at an operating cost of less than \$1 a month. Invented in 1934 in the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, it consists simply of tungsten wires and steel plates through which the air is drawn. The wires positively charge the dust particles, which pass on and stick to the nega-

tively charged steel plates. Even tobacco-smoke particles are caught.

The Precipitron has been installed in steel mills, war plants and a few streamlined trains. It should eventually retail for less than an electric refrigerator. The money saved on cleaning and painting bills alone will doubtless more than pay for it.

Despite recessed radiators and thermostatic control, the finest house is only tolerably well heated. Most systems heat by convection — heating the air in one or more spots in a room and depending upon the consequent circulation to warm the whole room. They are inevitably accompanied by dirt and drafts, and the temperature is never even. Many architects and engineers are convinced that the answer is “radiant” heating, which warms the walls (or floor and ceiling) by means of concealed hot-air or hot-water pipes.

Radiant heating uses a conventional plant and controls. Installation cost in a new house need be no more, and operating cost is if anything less, than that of an old-style hot-water radiator system.

The immemorial elements of a house have been four walls and a roof. The analysts do not question the roof, but they are wondering about the walls. Designers anticipate a swing toward what might be called total flexibility, movable walls that could be arranged at the convenience of the householder. A young couple could create space for their first child by merging part of the living room with part of the bedroom. A big family could make a large rumpus room for winter by merging part of the living room with the spare bedroom. In hot weather the living room could be merged with the garden.

The housing industry is already preparing for these developments. Prefabrication plants are acquiring experience in mass production. Many products now being made for industry can later be applied to houses. And the magnificent achievements in war-plant construction — the dustless, draftless, air-and-sound-conditioned, almost perfectly lighted factories dotting the nation — are setting standards that builders of houses cannot ignore.



PROBABLY the simplest and briefest statement of war aims ever made was expressed by Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister, of the Czechoslovakian government in London. He said: “I want to go home.”

— Edward R. Murrow, *This Is London* (Simon and Schuster)

HATE

Condensed from *Liberty*

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Author of "Van Loon's Lives,"
"The Story of Mankind,"
"Tolerance," etc.

THREE MONTHS before, my friend had been in 'The Hague, quietly pursuing his profession as a physician — and working in the underground movement against the Nazis. Then, one day, he learned that an order had been signed for his arrest. He made an amazing escape, and reached America. Now he was sitting in my study.

We talked far into the night, and the conversation finally turned to the subject of hate. A strange topic for people of our nation, for Dutchmen have always been known as indifferent haters.

After the last war the Dutch opened their homes and hearts to the starving children of Germany, tens of thousands of whom lived for years in Holland. But when the Nazis invaded this peaceful land, the attack was led by those self-same boys, now grown to manhood. Dressed in stolen Dutch uniforms, they mixed with the Dutch soldiers and shot them in the back.

A large part of Rotterdam was obliterated by Nazi airmen after an armistice had been signed. Middelburg, loveliest of old Dutch towns,

was burned. I wondered whether such deliberate brutality had finally affected the Dutch character.

My friend poured himself another cup of tea. Then he said, "Most people who are talking about the world after the war completely overlook one thing which will be of the greatest importance."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the problem of hate, and of a national conscience so deeply offended that it can be appeased only by an act of revenge as gruesome as it is just. In the first weeks after the end of the war there will be an outbreak of hatred and fury in Europe such as the world has never seen."

"But let me tell you a story. It is a sort of folk story that Dutch people tell when they meet at night in what remains of their homes. When you hear it you will realize how successfully the Germans have educated their Dutch victims in hate."

Here is the story as my friend told it to me:

SUDDENLY the war was over, and Hitler was captured and brought to Amsterdam. A military tribunal con-

demned him to death. But how should he die? To shoot or hang him seemed too quick, too merciful. Then someone uttered what was in everybody's mind: the man who had caused such incredible suffering should be burned to death.

"But," objected one judge, "our biggest public square in Amsterdam holds only 10,000 people, and 7,000,000 Dutch men, women and children will want to be there to curse him during his dying moments."

Then another judge had an idea. Hitler should be burned at the stake, but the wood was to be ignited by the explosion of a handful of gunpowder set off by a long fuse which should start in Rotterdam and follow the main road to Amsterdam by way of Delft, The Hague, Leiden and Haarlem. Thus millions of people crowding the wide avenues which connect those cities could watch the fuse burn its way northward to Herr Hitler's funeral pyre.

A plebiscite was taken as to whether this was a fitting punishment. There were 4,981,076 yeas and one nay. The nay was voted by a man who preferred that Hitler be pulled to pieces by four horses.

At last the great day came. The ceremony commenced at four o'clock on a June morning. The mother of three sons who had been shot by the Nazis for an act of sabotage they did not commit set fire to the fuse while a choir sang a solemn hymn of gratitude. Then the people burst forth into a shout of triumph.

The spark slowly made its way from Rotterdam to Delft, and on toward the great square in Amsterdam. People had come from every part of the country. Special seats had been provided for the aged and the lame and the relatives of murdered hostages.

Hitler, clad in a long yellow shirt, had been chained to the stake. He preserved a stoical silence until a little boy climbed upon the pile of wood surrounding the former Führer and placed there a placard which read, "This is the world's greatest murderer." This so aggravated Hitler's pent-up feelings that he burst forth into one of his old harangues.

The crowd gaped, for it was a grotesque sight to see this little man ranting away just as if he were addressing his followers. Then a terrific howl of derision silenced him.

Now came the great moment of the day. About three o'clock in the afternoon the spark reached the outskirts of Amsterdam. Suddenly there was a roll of drums. Then, with an emotion such as they had never experienced before, the people sang the *Wilhelmus*, the national anthem. Hitler, now ashen-gray, futilely strained at his chains.

When the *Wilhelmus* came to an end the spark was only a few feet from the gunpowder; five more minutes and Hitler would die a horrible death. The crowd broke forth in a shout of hate. A minute went by. Another minute. Silence returned. Now the fuse had only a few inches

to go. And at that moment the incredible happened.

A wizened little man wriggled through the line of soldiers standing guard. Everybody knew who he was. Two of his sons had been machine-gunned to death by parachute troops; his wife and three daughters had perished in Rotterdam's holocaust. Since then, the poor fellow had seemed deprived of reason, wandering aimlessly about and supported by public charity — an object of universal pity.

But what he did now made the crowd turn white with anger. For he deliberately stamped upon the fuse and put it out.

"Kill him! Kill him!" the mob shouted. But the old man quietly

faced the menacing populace. Slowly he lifted both arms toward heaven. Then in a voice charged with fury, he said:

"Now let us do it all over again!"

MY FRIEND stopped. I shuddered. "Yes," he said, "every time I tell this story I, too, shiver. For a hatred that will give birth to such a story is the most terrible thing in the world. Now you know what four years of Nazi bestiality can do to the soul of a harmless and peaceful people. God grant that we may see the day when all this will be merely a dark and sad remembrance of that curse of hatred the tyrants left behind them when they descended into their ignominious graves."



Wisdom of the Solomons

☛ MARINES in the southwestern Pacific are sometimes shamefully out-traded by the natives. One young, enterprising marine, however, carved a few curlicues on a \$1 pipe he had bought at a corner drugstore back home, went to see the chief, and after some dickering collected \$75.

A few days later the marine was somewhat surprised to see his commanding officer sporting the pipe. "What'll you take for it?" asked the young marine, cautiously. "I wouldn't sell it for a fortune," replied the officer. "It's a tribal trophy several hundred years old and I had a whale of a time persuading one of the head men to sell it to me for \$125."

— Ray Tucker

☛ Army intelligence officers on Guadalcanal offered a bounty of \$100 each for live Japanese prisoners. Soon the soldiers began streaming in with so many prisoners that army funds neared exhaustion, and a colonel questioned a sergeant to find out how the Nipponese had been so easily captured. "Oh," said the sergeant, "that's easy. Those marines out in the bush haven't heard about this offer so we buy Japs from them for \$5 apiece."

— Contributed by Josef Israels II

Henry Kaiser and California physicians are proving that "good medicine" can be brought within reach of all

Tomorrow's Health Plan — Today!

By

Paul de Kruif

THE rhythmic flow of steel into Liberty ships is not the only exciting spectacle at the Kaiser Shipyards. The medical plan which is guarding the health of the men who build the ships is a triumph of group medicine; for seven cents a day — \$2 a month — workers in the yards get complete, unlimited treatment in super-modern hospitals. And for the workers' families the California Physicians' Service has a similar plan which offers complete prepaid care. By banding together, industry and private doctors have wrought stirring medical progress out of threatened disaster.

Three years ago the San Francisco Bay cities of Vallejo, Richmond and Sausalito were fairly well supplied with hospitals and doctors. Then Pearl Harbor triggered the mass migration to the West Coast shipyards. Vallejo's population quintupled in two years; Richmond mushroomed from 22,000 to 127,000. As the tidal wave of defense workers mounted, a dark undertow of disease and disability threatened these communities.

Men hurt in boatbuilding had to wait hours, even days, for medical attention. Women 'lucky enough to get' into a hospital to have babies

were forced to go home within three days. Doctors' offices became mad-houses; often appointments had to be made a week ahead. In packed hospitals there were frequently no available beds even for emergency cases. Medical chaos reigned.

Epidemics and loss of man-hours from industrial accidents threatened output. Henry Kaiser swung into action. He advanced — not donated — \$550,000 for a modern 170-bed hospital at Oakland. Then he called in Dr. Sidney Garfield, who had been his medical chief at Coulee Dam.

The setup at Kaiser's Richmond yard is a model of disease-fighting efficiency. At six first-aid stations, doctors and nurses treat industrial accidents and minor illnesses; at each station, ambulances and station wagons wait to rush hurt or sick workers to the 71-bed Field Hospital nearby. Here emergency surgery is performed and workers too ill to be moved farther are given expert medical care by physicians and specialists.

Cases not suitable for treatment at the Field Hospital are rushed to the 170-bed, air-conditioned Permanente Hospital, 12 miles away in Oakland. This is a "Mayo Clinic" for

the common man. It was rebuilt on ultramodern lines by Dr. Garfield out of an abandoned hospital. There are no wards in the old sense of that grim term; the patients are housed in semiprivate rooms screened by Venetian blinds to keep out the glare. Patients needing private rooms are given them. Down to the last item of gleaming equipment, the operating rooms compare with any in the land.

No time limit is put on the hospitalization period; all patients may stay until they are completely recovered. There is no stinting of X-ray examinations, transfusions, lab examinations or expensive drugs that make scientific medical care so prohibitively costly to most Americans. When insulin is found necessary for a diabetic, it is given free. Once the patient has paid his seven cents a day, money ceases to be a factor in the amount or quality of the treatment he receives.

All medical and surgical care is centralized under one roof. That's the reason for both its effectiveness and its economy. The doctors are all handy to the laboratories, X ray, surgeries *and to each other*. Costs are lower and consultation is easier than is the case when doctors practice individually, with a high overhead in separate offices.

The physicians of Dr. Garfield's staff earn from \$450 to \$1000 a month. This partly explains their high enthusiasm and morale. But another cause for their happiness is

that no money consideration comes between them and their patients.

One surgeon who has just made a close study of the Kaiser health plan explained it this way: "I've spent my life as an industrial surgeon, giving medical care under prepaid plans, and I've never seen such limitless treatment given for so little money. The Kaiser plan is really the Hippocratic oath — in action."

The volume of care given by the 60 Kaiser physicians is enormous. In one recent month, 116,285 treatments were administered for diseases of such variety as epilepsy, pneumonia, paralysis, gastric ulcers, chronic high blood pressure, appendicitis and heart trouble. Workers with old hernias, contracted long before they entered Kaiser's employment, were given expert surgical care. Cancer patients get radium, X ray, surgery; syphilitic patients receive the best of drugs and treatment — and no questions asked. Of the last 105 cases of pneumonia at Field Hospital, only five have died, a figure comparing favorably with pneumonia death rates in the best hospitals.

Talking to the patients in the hospitals, you begin to understand the bright promise of prepaid medicine, expertly managed. "Nothing's too good for us. It's so cheerful here. The food's fine. The docs and nurses are so kind. We're almost sorry we're getting better." That's the gist of their almost unanimous testimony.

One patient, Wilmer Patrick Shea,

an ex-marine, made this comment: "The health plan is tops. You get the best that science can give. I think the rest of the shipyard fellows feel the same, for it prevents a lot of them dying. We are urged to come to the hospital when we've got only a sneeze and a sniffle and maybe a little fever. Then they don't simply give us a couple of aspirins and tell us to forget it and go back to work. They give us the works, X-ray our chests, and at the first sign of pneumonia they begin treatment with this sulfadiazine."

The truth of the ex-marine's testimony is proved by the workers' mass acceptance of the Kaiser health plan, which is voluntary; 60,000 workers are already on its rolls, and most of the remaining 30,000 will join as fast as hospital facilities can be provided. Only one out of every 500 refuses the opportunity — chiefly because he has some other form of medical insurance.

The seven cents a day from each worker not only pays for the doctors and the total upkeep of the hospitals, but — together with income from workman's compensation insurance mandatory under state law — is rapidly paying off the \$550,000 advanced by Kaiser to build the hospital. Within two years after the hospital's opening, this sum will be completely paid off. Then, further "profits" will be used for the promotion of medical research and the endowment of more beds.

A flaw remains, however, in the

Kaiser health plan. Owing to lack of facilities, no provision is made for the workers' families. So now the doctors of California, who enthusiastically approve the Kaiser plan, through their own prepaid health plan — the California Physicians Service — are coming to the rescue in taking over the care of the workmen's wives and children. In the words of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, distinguished president of the doctors' organization: "Communities can get on a prepayment basis the best medical care there is. If Kaiser can do that for the men, we've got to help workers' morale by taking care of the families too."

In congested shipbuilding areas at Vallejo and Marin City, the CPS coöperates with the Federal Public Housing projects. For \$5 a month, added to the rent of his house, the worker's family receives liberal medical treatment from any one of a panel of physicians. Under the Direction of Dr. A. E. Larsen, 250,000 persons will soon be getting the best diagnostic, medical and surgical attention that can be obtained. Here is an adventure in prepaid medical care on a scale perhaps unprecedented in American history.

Health centers at the housing projects are staffed by full-time doctors and nurses. When a subscriber falls sick, he hurries to the center and receives skilled medical treatment. No one delays going to the doctor because he "can't afford it." And this early treatment brings

wonderful results. If patients are too sick to be cared for at the health centers, they are routed to doctors at hospitals in nearby cities.

California doctors are delighted at the results of their pioneering in community prepaid medical care. This attitude was expressed by Dr. Myrl Morris, who slogs up and down the muddy hills to take care of the ills of the children in Marin City. This gallant lady had retired from a successful private practice of pediatrics. The war brought her back to medical service. By her skill she has fought a serious epidemic of measles and scarlet fever among her thousands of young charges — without a death.

"I used to be against prepaid medical care," said Dr. Morris. "I thought it interfered with the freedom of the doctors. But now I see it works."

The CPS plan is, of course, volun-

tary. Yet at the Chabot Acres Housing Project at Vallejo only 12 out of 3000 families have failed to subscribe.

The California Physicians Service demonstrates that private doctors can coöperate with industry in bringing medical care to whole communities.

The medical drama now being enacted in our West Coast shipyards spotlights a bright promise of future teamwork among industry, physicians and the common man. The health pageant now unfolding in California is merely the opening scene in the epic program that will be written by industry and communities all over the United States, collaborating wholeheartedly in the prepaid fight against disease and death.

(This is the second of a series of articles on medical care in the United States)



The Peace Front

A TOTAL of 104 Postwar Peace Societies are now brandishing fists over the choice of roads to Perpetual Amity and Brotherly Love. Which brings to mind the story, ascribed to Voltaire, of how the good citizens of Grenoble one day summoned the gendarmes to break in the doors of a university room from which came sounds of tumult and strife. They found the windows broken, the furniture overturned, the tapestries torn down—one man dying and another dead. They lifted the dying man and questioned him.

"We are two Doctors of Philosophy," he whispered. "We had agreed perfectly on our desire for Universal Peace." But we have differed, somewhat, on the proper methods for attaining it."

—Contributed by John H. Tinscher

He Adopted Us

Condensed from Your Life

Anonymous

IN STORIES I have read about adopted waifs, they are always sweet, appealing children, with charming manners and a habit of lisping out the cutest things at just the right time.

Johnny was not like that. He was a street boy, and he was so tough in his talk and actions that at first we worried about his being with our own three children.

Before he came to us he had been running with a gang of older boys. One summer day they piled rocks on a railroad track and derailed a freight train. The older boys were sent to a reform school, and it was a question what to do about Johnny, who was only ten. His mother was dead, and his father unemployed. We heard about the case, and offered to let him stay with us at the seashore for two weeks, while a suitable home was found.

Johnny arrived at the house that evening, carrying his simple possessions in a paper bag. He put this down and surveyed the supper table.

"Meat!" he exclaimed. "And it's only Wednesday! Gee, how often do you folks eat like this?"

Hastily I gave him a heaping plateful of meat and vegetables. Without pausing for knife or fork, he scooped up the food in his hands

and gobbled it. Then he promptly lost the entire meal.

He was so sick I sent for the doctor. "This child has almost starved," the doctor told me. "Give him just a spoonful of warm bread and milk, every hour or so, till his stomach can retain food."

I put Johnny to bed, and my chubby six-year-old's pajamas hung loose on his scrawny ten-year-old frame. His ribs showed like a bird cage, and his shoulder blades stuck out like those cardboard wings children wear in Christmas pageants.

"Now why did I get myself into this?" I wondered ruefully, as at 2 a.m. I spooned warm bread and milk into Johnny's hungry mouth.

Soon he was able to eat three meals a day. But he was still a queer-looking kid. His skin was a repulsive dead white. His mouth hung open unattractively. He squinted until his forehead was puckered into a crease like a Parker House roll. He had an alarming, deep graveyard bark, and we feared tuberculosis.

The doctor found that his ear channels were stopped up with adenoids and he could hardly hear. But his chest was sound and there was nothing wrong with his eyesight. His cough and his squint were both caused by nervousness.

Johnny knew he had been taken for only two weeks. When the end of his visit drew near, he began vomiting. As I put him to bed he begged frantically, "Couldn't you please not send me back? I'll do anything you want if you just let me live with you."

"But how can I keep you," I asked, "when you fight with the other children and cheat at all the games so they won't let you play with them, and tell lies all the time so we never know what's so?"

"I won't if you'll just keep me," he pleaded. "Please don't send me away!"

So I said we'd keep him. That evening he raced down the road to break the news to "Pop." I felt a little uncertain as to how my husband would take it. His opening remark was: "I hear we have another boy."

I cleared my throat nervously.

"Well," said he, "haven't we got another room in the attic? What's in it now?"

"Old trunks," I answered.

"Might as well have a boy in it as old trunks, I guess."

A few days later Johnny asked, "Can I call you 'Mother' like the rest of the kids?"

It was barely light next morning when "M-o-t-h-e-r" floated down the hall. "There he goes!" sighed my husband sleepily. "Answer him; he just wants to be sure you haven't evaporated in the night."

I called, "Yes, what is it?"

It wasn't anything. He just wanted to say "Mother." He fumbled for an answer, then shouted, "I just put on my shirt, Mother!"

Before the summer was over Johnny was physically a changed child. With his adenoids out, he breathed through his neat little nose and closed his mouth. His forehead smoothed out; his cheeks turned pink. He had a well-shaped head, dancing dark eyes and thick black hair.

But Johnny's personality problems were not so easy to solve. Before long, I saw the pattern in his lying. He lied, first, to gain approval. Next, he lied for fear of punishment, as children always do who have been abused. And he would lie to make himself sound important, boasting to the other children how he had made loops in an airplane, and other wild tales.

One day we were seining for bait and brought up a blowfish in the net. If you tickle this little fish, he'll blow himself up to three times his rightful size; and then, if you give him a real poke, *phoo!* he'll deflate. I showed this to the children. After that, whenever Johnny started one of his tall tales, the other children would shout "Blowfish! Blowfish!" It was more effective than any amount of grown-up preaching.

A piano worked the most important improvement. We had no idea that Johnny had a special musical talent until we brought him home from the shore that first summer.

Entering the house, he stopped at the living-room door. "Gee," he cried, "a piano! Could I try to play it?"

While we were unpacking, he began to pick out "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Painfully he went from one note to another, made a mistake, began over. He didn't want any supper, so I put a tray on the piano bench beside him. "Eat when you can," I suggested. His big eyes shone. At a quarter to ten he was still trying to master "My c-c-country tizza thee." We made him go to bed. Before six next morning the tune began again.

"There's your child Mozart," groaned my husband, putting a pillow over his head. At five that afternoon Johnny shouted: "Mother! Listen! I've got it!" And he had. He could play it with both hands. So we gave him lessons, and he was the only child to whom I ever had to say: "For heaven's sake, stop practicing!"

Johnny's musical ability gave him inner confidence, and he no longer boasted. As soon as he knew he could do something well he became modest and unobtrusive.

But even his music couldn't help him with one tremendous handicap — physical fear. His street education had not included athletics. We bought him a bat, ball and glove. Overjoyed, he bore them off to school. He returned in tears.

"The boys won't let me play ball with them. They say I'm scared of the ball," he howled.

We went out into the yard and I threw the ball to him. Both hands flew up over his head and he ducked in terror — he had been beaten so much that any arm movement made him recoil.

Every afternoon my husband worked patiently with Johnny, tossing him a soft rubber ball. Then, slowly, he coaxed him to catch a baseball — at first thrown underhand. One day our daughter was seated astride the barn roof, and her father threw a baseball up to her. She caught it and tossed it down to Johnny. He was so amused at the sight of a girl on a ridgepole playing ball, that he laughed and caught the ball without realizing what he did. My husband said, "There, Johnny, see what you're doing! You're catching high flies without wincing. Hooray!"

Johnny had always been terrified of the dark, and up to that time he had insisted on keeping a light burning all night. But at bedtime that night he called triumphantly over the banisters:

"I'm turning the light out in my room tonight. After getting over being scared of the ball I'm through with being afraid!"

And he was. Later on he made the high school baseball team. He became leader of the school orchestra. He won a four-year scholarship to college, and with its help worked his way through by finding jobs in stores and restaurants, and playing for dances. By the end of his junior

year he had his pilot's license in the college civilian pilot training course. Now he's in the naval air corps.

Just before he was accepted by the navy, I had a serious operation.

Johnny gave blood for a transfusion. After it was over he remarked gleefully:

"There you are, Mother. At last we're *really* blood relations!"



The Secret Life of James Thurber

TWO YEARS AGO, looking for a house to buy, I called at a real estate office. A member of the firm, scrabbling through a box containing keys, looked up to say, "The key to the Roxbury house isn't here, but a skeleton will let you in."

I was suddenly once again five years old, with wide eyes and open mouth. I pictured the Roxbury house as I would have pictured it as a small boy, a house full of dark and nameless horrors.

It was of sentences like that, nonchalantly tossed off by real estate dealers, great-aunts, clergymen and others that the enchanted private world of my early boyhood was made. In this world, businessmen who phoned their wives around five o'clock in the afternoon to say that they were tied up at the office sat roped to their swivel chairs, unable to move. Then there was the man who left town under a cloud. Usually I saw the cloud, about the size of a sofa, floating three or four feet above his head and following him wherever he went.

I remember the grotesque creature who haunted my meditations when my mother said to my father, "Mrs. Johnson was all ears." There were many other wonderful figures in the secret

landscapes of my youth: the old lady who was always up in the air, the husband who did not seem able to put his foot down, the man who lost his head during a fire but was still able to run out of the house yelling, the young lady who was, in reality, a soiled dove. One had to brood over this world in silence; if you put it to the test of questions, your parents would try to laugh the miracles away.

Such a world, alas, is not yearproof. It began to dissolve one day when our cook said, "Frances is up in the front room crying her heart out." The fact that a person could cry so hard that his heart would come out of his body, as perfectly shaped and glossy as a red velvet pincushion, was news to me. I went upstairs and opened the door of the front room. Frances jumped off the bed and ran downstairs.

I tore the bed apart and kicked up the rugs, searching for her heart. It was no good. I looked out the window at the rain and the darkening sky. My cherished mental image of the man under the cloud began to grow dim and fade away. Downstairs, in the living room, Frances was still crying. I began to laugh.

— James Thurber in *The New Yorker*

☛ The combined dive-bomber and torpedo-plane attack is the deadliest tactic ever developed in naval warfare

The Navy's Fliers Dish It Out

Condensed from Naval Affairs

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

SOME naval men call it the "super-blitz." It is a coördinated attack by dive bombers and torpedo planes. The dive bomber can hit a weaving, dodging destroyer and literally blow it out of the water with its 1000-pound bomb. A group of such eggs can break the back of a heavy cruiser. And a formation of torpedo planes can blast the hull of the heaviest battleship. Together, they make the deadliest team ever devised for aerial offense at sea.

This "blitz" first hit the Japanese fleet almost a year ago. A strong force was steaming through the Coral Sea to cut the vital Allied life line to Australia. The *Ryūkaku*, a huge new carrier, was the base of the armada's principal air power.

The American attack was sudden. Out of a glaring sun, 18 naval dive bombers came roaring down. The Jap carrier and her escort ships let go a hail of anti-aircraft fire, but failed to hit those deceptive, fast-moving targets. One after the other streaked down, blasted the carrier's deck with his bomb, and zoomed up to safety again.

Meanwhile, a formation of torpedo planes had moved into position

in a circle around the carrier. With telling precision they wheeled inward, dipped down near the water and launched their torpedoes, which converged on the ship from all directions. It was all over in a few minutes. Fifteen bombs and ten torpedoes had hit home. The *Ryūkaku* went down with all her planes still aboard. The next day the same fate was meted out to her sister ship, the *Shokaku*. The might of the Japanese armada in the Battle of the Coral Sea was broken.

Such tactics extend the limit of a task force's fire power from about 20 miles — the maximum range of a battleship's guns — to several hundred; a vital factor in attacking the Japanese fleet, which operates far from our bases and close to its own.

Dive bombers alone are a formidable weapon. One squadron of 30 — the famous "Bombing Fools" of the *Hornet* — destroyed over 125,000 tons of enemy naval power during the Midway and Coral Sea battles. They lost only two pilots in the attacks which are believed to have sunk a battleship, two heavy cruisers, three destroyers, four 10,000-ton transports, one submarine, and the

big carrier *Zuikaku*, besides seriously damaging another battleship and two more cruisers.

The dive bomber is a heavy, powerful, single-engine monoplane, manned by a pilot and a radioman-gunner. In units of six or more planes, they stalk their prey at high altitudes, if possible taking cover in clouds until they are ready to strike. In fair weather, they can pick up their objective 30 or 40 miles away.

Then begins the maneuver which requires the split-second timing, and the steadiness and "feel," for which the navy fliers have a reputation. A series of jockeying dips and turns brings the unit into position a few miles away from the target and a mile or so above it. The leader has to figure the speed and course of the ship he is attacking, and the exact direction and velocity of the wind so that a near-vertical dive will put him in the right spot to release his bomb at about 1000 feet.

Facing the pilot is a large telescopic sight. The cross-hairs of its eyepiece frame the point which the bomb will strike if it is released from the height for which the sight is set. During the dive, the pilot keeps the target centered in these spidery lines. This takes superb skill. Wind variations may deflect him, and he must continually correct his flight, guided by the mercury bubble at the bottom edge of his bombsight's eyepiece. The angle of the dive must be exact: if it is too shallow, the pilot loses accuracy and the bomb falls

short; if too steep, a puff of wind may throw him over on his back and ruin his aim.

Contrary to popular imagination, the dive bomber does not plunge in a screaming power dive. As the pilot starts down, he throttles back the engine until it barely turns over, and extends his wing "flaps" to slow the plane to about half its normal diving speed. Accurate bombing is difficult at a higher velocity.

An enemy warship, spotting an attack, begins to weave erratically in a series of "evasion tactics." If the speed and angle of the bomber's dive are correct, however, the pilot can follow his target's every move with a slight touch on the controls and keep it dead in the center of his sight until he reaches the bomb-release altitude. At this point, he presses a button on his control stick, and the bomb is on its way. It takes only a few seconds for the deadly egg to reach its mark — too short a time for the target to dodge.

The instant his bomb falls away, the pilot pulls back his stick, levels the plane off, and climbs back to altitude and safety. Much nonsense has been written about the pull-out of a dive bomber and resulting "blackout" of the pilot. Actually the navy teaches its fliers to execute the maneuver in such a way that a normally healthy man does not lose consciousness at any time. I found the sensation of coming out of a dive rather exhilarating. It is like leveling out on a fast roller coaster.

The plunge itself doesn't bother fliers much, either. You brace your stomach muscles against the broad web belt that holds you in your seat; otherwise, you are relaxed. The flier does not hear the screaming noise which so disconcerts the men he is attacking; the sound waves are thrown away from him. "You don't even notice the anti-aircraft fire," one bombardier told me. "You're too busy keeping the target in the eyepiece of your bombsight." The fliers seem rather surprised themselves, afterward, over their own feeling of complete detachment.

Japanese naval forces are generally well protected by fighter planes. But even the fast, maneuverable Zeros find the dive bomber tough to intercept. The American gunner is in a power turret equipped with a pair of .50-caliber machine guns which can blast a Zero's engine with one burst. In the big Pacific battles, many dive bombers accounted for three and more Zeros each in every engagement. Because of its far greater diving speed, a Zero chasing a dive bomber down must pull out long before the bomber does to avoid hitting the ocean; just at the time, in fact, when the bomber pilot starts making the final adjustments for his shot—which he can then do in comparative safety.

Until recently, torpedo planes were considered the greatest aerial menace to warships. Britain's old Swordfish planes had knocked out the Italian fleet at Taranto, and had

helped send Hitler's "unsinkable" *Bismarck* to the bottom.* Japanese torpedo planes sank the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. Then, during the Battle of Midway, the catastrophe of U. S. Torpedo Squadron No. 8 seemed to change the picture. Fifteen planes attacked a heavy Japanese force. Just one man survived. The American planes were literally blasted to shreds by Zeros and anti-aircraft guns. Precipitously, the newspapers decided that torpedo planes were suicidally inefficient.

As a matter of fact, Squadron No. 8 flew to its death—knowingly—with obsolescent planes. Their TBD's (Douglas Torpedo Bombers) were slow and clumsy. Moreover, they had to attack prematurely; they had lost their dive-bomber and fighter-plane support in the misty weather, and their operating range did not afford them the reserves they needed to wait.

The navy now has a new torpedo plane—the Grumman TBF. An 18-plane division of TBF's packs a terrific wallop and can sink anything that floats today.

Like the dive bomber, the torpedo plane approaches its target at high altitude. In front of the pilot is a calculator which computes, at the touch of a finger, the direction in which he must drop his "fish" to hit a target traveling on a certain course, at a certain speed, from a certain range. When the unit com-

* See "The Last Days of the *Bismarck*," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '42.

mander has spotted his objective, he has his men spread out to form a circle around their target. Then, at his signal, the planes wheel and dive, each streaking from a different direction at the enemy. They pull out of their dives, sharply, a few thousand yards away from the target and 100 feet or so above the water. As they roar toward the crucial torpedo-release point they fly with a rolling, scooping motion that confuses the best anti-aircraft gunners. At the right moment they straighten out, drop their "fish," and zoom up and away.

It is one of the most complicated and difficult maneuvers in the book. If the pilot is too high when he drops his torpedo, the violent impact when it hits the water injures its sensitive mechanism. If he is too low, the splash of the dropped torpedo may catch the plane's undercarriage and drag it into a fatal plunge. And during the pilot's crucial "run" he is extremely vulnerable to enemy fighter planes diving at him from above.

But when a well-trained squadron of TBF's — properly protected by a screen of its own fighters — executes the maneuver right, its attack is deadly. Once the "fish" are in the water, converging at 40 miles an

hour from 1000 yards away, even the fastest ship cannot avoid all of them. And the torpedo is still the navy's Sunday punch. It hits below the armored belt of the warship. No vessels heavily hit by torpedo planes have survived.

For the men on the receiving end, a combined dive-bomber and torpedo-plane attack is a terrifying experience. When the dive bombers begin to plunge, they shake the nerve of even the most hardened anti-aircraft gunner. Wherever he stands, they seem to be coming down directly on him. He knows that just one bomb can turn the deck around him into a blazing inferno. So the ack-ack fire naturally concentrates on the dive bombers. But meanwhile the torpedo planes are sneaking in to deal the death blows.

These are the reasons for the navy's new faith in its aircraft carriers and their planes. There have been delays and difficulties. Carriers take a long time to build, and carrier pilots are hard to train. Before long, however, we will hear of attacks by 200 and more carrier-based planes against enemy concentrations. And the navy believes that "blitzes" of those proportions will have much to do with the final destruction of Japan's naval power.



Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread. — Thomas Jefferson

¶ A problem of grim importance to every citizen, frankly faced and clearly explained

Inflation in One Easy Lesson

Condensed from Collier's

Harry Scherman

President of the Book-of-the-Month Club;
lifelong student of economics and finance;
author of "The Promises Men Live By,"
"The Last Best Hope of Earth," etc.

WHAT WOULD a catastrophic inflation mean to us as individuals? If a dollar could buy only a tenth of what it now does, nine tenths of our savings would be wiped out as purchasing power; the 145,000,000 life insurance policies in force in the nation would provide enough money — most of them — for our funerals. Yet such painful personal difficulties would represent only the final pay-off, when at last a higher price level had been established.

What would happen *while* prices were skyrocketing would be far more distressing: the weekly wages of some 50,000,000 persons, though adjusted time and time again, would lag far behind the upsurging price level; every business unit in the land would face such maddening uncertainties in every item of costs and sales that the economic disorder would be beyond imagining.

Our money authorities know exactly what must be done to avert such a national calamity. Their principal obstacle is an ominous state of

the public mind: the present widespread belief that we can escape a catastrophic inflation without taking the necessary drastic measures.

Evidence of this complacency has been the activity in Congress to raise farm prices and the drive by certain unions to raise wages still further. It is a mistake to attack this as greed. It means rather a total absence of understanding of how dangerously we are flirting with inflation, and of what it would mean to all of us. This incomprehension is not confined to farm and labor leaders.

The bald truth is that the only way we can now beat inflation is by uncompromising maintenance of price and wage controls and in addition by a major operation on the pocketbook of every solitary income-earner. The time for that operation, long overdue, has come.

Elementary facts will lead every citizen to that conclusion. There are good records of catastrophic inflations going back eleven hundred years. Every single one has had the same central feature: *a sudden and*

enormous increase of money among a people without a corresponding increase in things to buy.

Precisely that state of affairs now exists in this country. We are all aware, personally, that the goods we can buy are fast diminishing. Few of us are alive to the other and graver side of the picture: how swiftly and how greatly the money we use is being increased.

THE FAMILIAR dollar bills and coins are not the only things we use for money. To a far greater extent we use the so-called "checking deposits" in our commercial banks. At the first of the year these amounted to around \$60,000,000,000, whereas the currency was only around \$15,000,000,000. Their total *was an increase of \$38,000,000,000 since the beginning of 1939!* Our money supply has doubled in that period.

About \$30,000,000,000 of this *was an increase of our "invisible money" — the checking deposits.* Why has the invisible money increased so much more than the visible variety?

It is imperative for every citizen to realize that this has come about through governmental borrowing from the commercial banks, and that *every modern disastrous inflation has had its beginning in governmental borrowing from the banks.*

This runs counter to an almost universal fallacy: that a catastrophic inflation begins through the printing of vast quantities of paper money, as in Germany in the '20's. What

happened in Germany was due to the fact that the Germans, in their business transactions, were far behind us in the practice of paying bills with checks. When the German government needed money beyond its tax receipts, it went to the German central bank, gave its notes, received newly created paper marks in exchange, and as it paid its bills that paper money went flooding out among the German people.

Running money off the printing presses is unnecessary here, with our highly developed banking system. When the government sells its securities to a bank, the bank pays by establishing an additional "checking deposit." In paying its bills the Treasury draws checks against these newly created deposits, each recipient deposits the check in his own bank, and thus the *total* checking deposits at the command of the people are increased from then on.

The lesson is plain: *any disastrous inflation that may develop in this land is certain to come far more from an increase of the nation's checking deposits — its invisible money — than from an increase of its paper money.*

APPLY these facts to our present situation. In 1943 the government expects to have to pay bills totaling around \$95,000,000,000. It expects to receive in taxes — from the present rates — around \$25,000,000,000. Conservative estimates are that it may get another \$30,000,000,000 in loans from individuals, corporations,

insurance companies, savings banks, etc. (The source of such loans is *already existing* checking deposits or currency, hence they are not inflationary.)

The difference between these expected receipts and expenses — \$40,000,000,000 — would have to be obtained by borrowing from the commercial banks, *increasing our checking deposits by that amount.*

Since our money supply totaled \$75,000,000,000 at the beginning of the year, at the end of the year the total would thus become around \$115,000,000,000.

Suppose, as we must in prudence, that the war lasts two years beyond that. If the war expenses keep at the same level, and receipts from taxes and noninflationary loans remain the same, *there would be a further \$80,000,000,000 added to our money supply*; a total by the end of 1945 of \$195,000,000,000.

With such an avalanche of new money, and with a diminishing supply of goods to buy, the difficulties of averting a ruinous inflation would be acute.

The grand strategy this situation calls for maps itself out. Some increase of our money supply during the war is unavoidable, since the war expenses are so much greater than any attainable revenue. *Therefore the only thing the government can do is to keep down the creation of new money to the lowest possible total.*

This plainly means borrowing as little as possible from the commer-

cial banks. In turn it means getting far more money in taxes and voluntary loans from the people.

THE FIRST thought of everybody at this point is: "Why not get more money in taxes from the big corporations?" But our corporations, backbone of our production system, employ a great portion of our labor. They must be our chief reliance in the vital postwar problem of re-employing millions of returned soldiers and of displaced war workers. If they are to build up quickly their old lines of business, as well as new ones, they must have the necessary reserves of working capital; they must not be crippled financially.

In 1942, it is estimated, all the corporations in the land earned around \$20,000,000,000, and of that they will pay in federal taxes around \$12,000,000,000. They may distribute half of the remainder in dividends, and that portion will be very heavily taxed to the individuals who receive it. The corporations will retain around \$4,000,000,000 from their colossal 1942 earnings. Because of the vital postwar re-employment problem, both Congress and the Treasury now seem pretty well agreed that they cannot afford to take very much out of this. Even if they took all, it would now help little.

How, then, about our rich people? If the Treasury took everything over \$25,000 from those who received more in 1942, it would get a scant \$150,000,000 more than it will

get anyway from the present rates. That would not pay half a day's war expenses.

Go lower; suppose the Treasury took all that everybody received above \$10,000 in 1942. It would get only about \$1,300,000,000 more than it will get under present tax rates — enough to pay war expenses about five days!

The conclusion is inescapable; Congress, the Treasury and everybody who has looked carefully into the matter agree about it. If we are to avoid the perilous increase of our money supply *at the rate of \$40,000,000,000 a year during the war*, the only large sources left are the incomes from \$10,000 down, particularly those below \$5000. For it is here that by far most of our national income goes. It is estimated that in 1943 the money income all of us will receive will be about \$135,000,000,000; there will be around 49,500,000 families and independent earners receiving \$5000 and less — *and they will get around \$102,500,000,000.*

It may, as some people think, be political dynamite to tax these great masses of voters more heavily.

On the other hand, it could turn out to be the suicide of democracy not to.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in his January budget message asked for \$16,000,000,000 additional revenue, and the swords will surely be crossed in Congress over how much of this

should be raised in the form of taxes and how much in so-called "forced loans."

That contest will really be over what will *be* better for the American people and what will *sound* better to them. It will certainly sound better to say that a good part of the money taken will be regarded as loans to be paid back immediately the war ends. But there is no doubt in the minds of all nonpolitical experts that it will be far better for the country, in the end, if the entire \$16,000,000,000 is taken in taxes.

For, after the war, we shall have a far greater money supply than ever in our history. The price and wage controls, under a peacetime psychology, may present far greater political difficulties than now. And it will be hard enough for the Treasury to finance redemptions of War Savings Bonds that may then be asked for. If, on top of that, *more new money had to be created*, to repay "forced loans" that the government had promised to pay at the war's end, our inflation difficulties might easily get beyond handling.

IN MY OWN opinion, there is not the slightest doubt that the fight against inflation can be won. If the war lasts through 1945 we could easily knock off 60 or 70 billions from that money flood of \$195,000,000,000 which we might have if things went on unchanged. How? First, by raising \$16,000,000,000 more in taxes each year for three years. Second, by

drastic federal economies that are still possible. Third, *by a great increase in voluntary loans to the government.* This last holds the greatest hope. Out of our expected \$135,000,000,000 yearly income, even after far heavier taxes, we will still have plenty left to buy more than the \$30,000,000,000 of War Bonds which conservative opinion now expects.

This is Every American's problem, without exception. Every single dollar spared for a bond — in such campaigns as the Second War Loan Drive now going on — *means that the Treasury does not have to create new money by borrowing from a bank.* Is it too much to expect that most people will understand this, and also realize what it will mean to them personally if, through their own negligence and apathy, the nation drifts into a tragic inflation?

It is true that, despite all we can do, we will still end the war with an uncomfortably large money supply. But this may itself generate anti-inflationary influences. Recall the key fact about inflation: that it comes from an enormous increase of

money among a people, *without a corresponding increase of things to buy.* The second part of that definition is quite as relevant as the first. At the war's end, the average American family will have far more money than ever before — in their pockets and in the banks, aside from War Savings Bonds — and this should result speedily in an enormous increase in the production of all goods and services. Nothing better could happen to keep prices from shooting upward.

Another helpful anti-inflation factor is political, not economic. When the war ends, practically every family in the land will be a creditor of the United States Government. If there is a great inflationary rise in prices, who will get hurt most? The government's creditors. Who will they be? All of us. It is highly probable that this will result in nation-wide pressure on our governmental managers — whether they are Democrats or Republicans — to put our federal finances in order and to leave nothing undone that will avert the general ruination that a catastrophic inflation would mean.



Perfect Blitz

GRACIE FIELDS has a new angle on the air-raid story. The girl said, "Erbert, you really shouldn't 'ave kissed me like that, with all those people so close around us, even if it was in the dark."

"I didn't kiss you," said the boy, looking angrily around in the crowd. "I only wish I knew who it was — I'd teach 'im."

"Erbert," sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach 'im nothing."

— Boston Daily Globe

Dead Men on Leave

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl

ANYONE who works underground in Germany, fighting the Nazi regime, knows that his life expectancy is only two or three years. Such workers call themselves "dead men on leave." Nevertheless, there have always been men and women ready to take up the unequal fight and carry on.

The term "underground" is completely misleading. You can't hide from the scientific surveillance of a dictatorship. You can, however, mislead the police by living as conventionally and openly as possible. The more you resemble an everyday citizen the less likely you are to be suspected. Thus, the first law of underground work is: lead a normal life; maintain in all circumstances the appearance that you have an ordinary job, the usual family ties, friends, interests, habits.

But that is only on the surface. Every move an underground worker

makes must be thought out in advance. He must carefully consider and plan the innumerable little acts of everyday life which for others are a matter of course. Conspiratorial activity rarely involves unusual daring or exciting deeds, but it always requires iron self-control.

For example, you spend two hours traveling from one end of Berlin to the other to give a friend a message in person, although it would have taken only a minute to tell him over the telephone. Or you always keep the illegal material on which you are working in a safer house than yours, and never give in to the temptation to keep it at home overnight because you'd like to avoid a long, cold streetcar ride. To do these things day in and day out, never allowing yourself to think, "Nothing will happen this once," is the reality of conspiratorial work.

In our underground organization, each member always had a plausible explanation ready for his every action. We used birthdays and similar occasions when we wanted to bring a group of our people together. One of our members postponed his wedding for four weeks so that it could be held on a day when two of our important contact people from another city could come to Berlin.

JON B. JANSEN and Stefan Weyl are the pen names of two refugees now living in the United States. They use pseudonyms to protect their relatives in Germany. Jansen was a metal-worker when Hitler came to power. Weyl had just completed his work for a degree in science. Both joined the underground movement and were active agents for several years before Germany got too hot for them. They collaborated on a book, *The Silent War*, which Lippincott published early this year.

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(*The Atlantic Monthly*, February, '43)

You can't appear a normal citizen without a regular occupation. So one of our leading men became an agent for an insurance company. This gave him an excuse to travel around the city; if he was caught in a tight place he could always explain that he was selling a policy. Another member, a courier, was a taxi driver. A third set himself up as a genealogist — a common profession in the Third Reich, where everyone has to prove his Aryan ancestry. A genealogist might easily have to make journeys into the provinces.

Our members' hobbies also served organizational purposes. By joining philatelist societies and amateur photography clubs, they could meet without arousing suspicion.

Even when ill, an underground worker cannot allow himself the privileges of the ordinary citizen. One of our friends had to be operated on for acute appendicitis. He remembered that once before under an anesthetic he had talked for hours. Terrified that this time he would give away important secrets, he didn't dare go to a hospital, and we had to find a trustworthy physician who would perform the operation in his private clinic.

Every underground worker sooner or later comes face to face with a situation in which no rules can help him. He may have to decide at a moment's notice whether he should enter a house to warn a fellow worker that the Gestapo is looking for him, knowing the while that the Gestapo

may be waiting behind the door. Frequently he has to decide on the spot whether or not a certain person is to be trusted. In such cases one has to be guided by a hunch and hope for luck.

Many of us did have good luck. Once the Gestapo knocked on the wrong door in an apartment house and for hours searched the home of an innocent man. Our friend, whom they were after, heard the disturbance next door, realized what was up, and got away safely. One of the girls in our organization was searched on the street by a Storm Trooper looking for illegal literature. She had the papers hidden under half a dozen eggs in a bag of groceries. The Storm Trooper was so afraid of breaking the eggs that he didn't find the papers.

But we tried to eliminate the element of luck as much as possible. In our written communications, for instance, we soon gave up invisible ink — every secret ink falls down when tested with iodine vapor in a vacuum. Instead, we used microphotography. Several of our members became enthusiastic amateur photographers, and rigged up a darkroom in one of their homes. Eventually we were able to reproduce eight type-written pages on a film only one half inch by one inch. In this way long letters and reports of all kinds, rolled up, sewed up, or soldered in every imaginable sort of object, found their way throughout Germany and over the frontiers. Once the films were packed in a Teddy bear sent as

a Christmas present to a little girl in Prague. Another time our courier carried a film concealed in a bath sponge.

Because of the information we thus got out of Germany, our office abroad was able to supply the material published in *Inside Germany Reports* in the United States and in various democratic countries of Europe.

One of our problems was to find a code which could not be recognized as such. There are innumerable codes that are proof against solution by the uninitiated; but the Gestapo is not an amateur organization. After months of experiment we reduced our information to the form of tables of figures such as a natural scientist might use. In decimals and fractions we had an undecipherable record of names and addresses in Germany and outside, times and places of appointments, and other indispensable information.

We used to envy the spies in novels. They always had the finest technical equipment and plenty of money. We were constantly hampered by lack of funds. Ordinary methods of raising money were eliminated on grounds of secrecy, and most people were afraid to have anything to do with the underground movement.

The greatest danger to underground groups comes from members who break down after arrest and

turn state's evidence. It is impossible to predict how one will hold up under the Gestapo's torture. Yet if a member of an underground organization does not stand this test, many of his colleagues are doomed. Frequently, through its merciless torture, the Gestapo has been able to get the names of whole groups of our agents.

You can conceive of a perfect underground organization, but you cannot achieve one. For you are dealing with human beings, who are all fallible.

A man feels so safe that he doesn't learn an address by heart, but writes it on a piece of paper and is arrested with it. In a dangerous situation a man loses his head and puts a suitcase full of incriminating material in a lake without weighting it down sufficiently; later the papers are washed up on shore and turned over to the Gestapo. Or a man burns incriminating documents in his fireplace, and a half-burned piece goes up the chimney and falls on the street.

Almost every one of us has seen friends go to prison or to their deaths because of our own mistakes. No underground group can boast that it never had an "accident" — a slip caused by a failure of its human material. That is the chief reason why underground workers know that their chances of survival are extremely small.



☞ Born a Romanoff at the age of 30, America's leading impostor has gone to pieces and become an honest businessman

THE DOWNFALL OF

Condensed from
The Saturday Evening Post

Alva Johnston



"PRINCE" Michael Romanoff, the leading impostor of the 20th century, has gone to pieces. The most iridescent scapegrace of our time has disintegrated into a successful businessman who owns and operates Romanoff's Restaurant in Beverly Hills, California.

Mike, now 53 years old, has been the cousin of the late Czar Nicholas, the morganatic son of Czar Alexander III, the man who killed Rasputin and the son of the man who killed Rasputin. He has been Prince Obolensky, Captain Dmitri, William Rockefeller, Willoughby de Burke, Ferguson, Gerguson and many other personages. He has been "in residence," as he calls it, on bad-check charges in Paris, Cannes, New York, Kansas City, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Today Mike has more celebrities in his restaurant than his adopted royal ancestors ever had in their palaces. And his list of backers is perhaps the most glittering catalogue of big names that ever supported a small enterprise.

Most of the backers, however,

contributed only \$50 apiece — the price of one share of stock. They regarded it as one of Mike's scientific methods of making a touch. Many framed the certificate as a landmark in the art of dignified mooching. Among the investors were Robert Benchley, John Hay Whitney, James Cagney and Charlie Chaplin.

The reason for Charlie Chaplin's interest in Mike is obvious. The character that Mike created and the little tramp that Chaplin created are practically identical twins. They have the same physique, and the same resourcefulness, audacity and nonchalance. The ruling motive of both was to find a place in a social system which ceaselessly threw them out.

Mike sold \$6000 worth of stock and induced a contractor to build the restaurant. But then his money ran short. He acted as his own interior desecrator, beautifying the place chiefly with portraits of himself. He got most of his tableware from a five-and-ten, borrowed a few bottles of liquor, and obtained the use of \$250 for one night so that he could

make change. Opening night, however, was a huge success, and Hollywood has flocked to his place ever since. Today it grosses \$25,000 a month.

Students of his career are astonished by Mike's diligent attention to business. He is a perfect restaurateur, except that he has never learned the technique of measuring out his courtesy in exact accord with the customer's importance. After one has been an heir apparent, the difference between a star and an extra is negligible. The best tables go to the prince's oldest followers, whether they are riding high or not. One night a waiter hurried to inform the prince that Jack Benny, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were waiting for a table. The waiter expected the prince to rush up to them, bowing and scraping.

"The hell with 'em," said Mike.

The little prince is accepted in Hollywood as the top man in his line — Clark Gable is the first actor, Louis B. Mayer the first magnate, Mike Romanoff the first impostor. Nobody makes invidious distinctions among their fields of endeavor. Some of the czarlet's admirers credit him with making snobbery and title-worship ridiculous. They consider it a healthy thing that a bootleg prince from New York's lower East Side should make himself more famous and sought after than genuine imported noblemen.

Mike's face gives no clue to his origin. His eyes are black, his com-

plexion leathery, his nose long and somewhat dented by knuckles. His voice, a bassoon with an Oxford accent, throws no light on his background. Neither does his carriage, which is the typical royal slouch, head bent forward, arms hanging well in front of the body, exactly as seen in the old newsreels of George V and Nicholas II.

Hillsboro, Illinois, holds the most important key to the Romanoff mystery. The prince, then known as Harry Gerguson, arrived there in 1904 as one of a batch of New York orphans who were being settled in rural communities. Family after family informally adopted him, but these arrangements soon broke up, with both sides complaining of intolerable grievances.

At Hillsboro he attended the seventh grade and is remembered for his devotion to geography. Continuing these studies in later years, he became an encyclopedia of travel, and persons who attempted to trap Mike in his tales of adventure in strange places found that it was like trying to trap *Baedeker's*.

Finally Mike was sent to a New York orphanage, which he left at the age of 19. Having observed that an Oxford accent was the heaviest social artillery a man could have, he crossed the Atlantic on a cattle boat in order to acquire it. He spent years in England doggedly polishing himself. In 1915 he tried himself out prematurely on English society under the name of Willoughby de Burke

and landed in jail. Ordered out of England in 1921 for impersonating, he became a spot of color at the Ritz bar in Paris. Bad-check trouble in France bar him to migrate to the United States.

A few days after his arrival, Mike changed into Prince Obolensky. New York newspapers printed a sympathetic interview with Obolensky on the troubles of an impoverished nobleman seeking employment. The interview won him some gaudy weekends, but no work. One of his rich friends sent him to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard. He represented the university on a chess team and made a prodigious figure on the campus with his monocle and silk hat, until he was expelled for falsely representing himself to have been an Oxford student. A brief period of splendor at Newport ended in another exposure, but old families along the Hudson adopted Mike for spells of varying length.

Early in the '20's he became Prince Michael Romanoff. New York at the time was in the midst of a large migration of Russian noblemen, genuine and otherwise, and Mike became a recognized authority on other phonies. He conducted a sort of Herald's College in New York speakeasies, authenticating some of his rival princes, exposing others. At the period when princes were being imported from the Caucasus by matrimonial brokers for the heiress market, Mike was called on to appraise one shipment of them.

"They're perfectly genuine," said Mike. "Everybody in the Caucasus who owns two cows is a prince. It is a valid title, like your title of mister."

Meanwhile, during vacations from the estates of millionaires, the prince lived by the sweat of his fountain pen. After he had thoroughly papered New York with bad checks he went west and papered Hollywood, making the name of Romanoff so unworkable in the locality that another phony calling himself Prince Michael Romanoff drowned himself.

He was back in New York by 1934, and available for the *première* of the United Artists picture, *Catherine the Great*. The U.A. publicity chief felt that the first showing of the movie about the great Romanoff empress would not be complete without the great Romanoff impostor. Mike agreed to attend if the picture company furnished him with a stunning blonde, \$150 for a night's spending money, and a Rolls-Royce with liveried chauffeur and footman. After the *première* the prince took his consort to the Stork Club and El Morocco, where he drank double healths to Great-great-great-aunt Catherine until he had disbursed all the spending money except \$30, with which he tipped his waiters, chauffeur and footman. Going home, he found that the management of his hotel had plugged the keyhole of his door for nonpayment of rent. He spent the rest of the night in his old Winter Palace, the subway.

Mike is probably the only imposter

tor in history who is benefited by exposure. His victims usually like him better as Gerguson than as Romanoff.

He once obtained work as assistant gardener on a Hudson River estate, where his Oxford accent and lordly manners provoked much curiosity. A maid showed the mistress of the house Mike's silk undershirt, on which was embroidered the Romanoff coat of arms. The little gardener was badgered into a confession that he was Prince Michael of all the Russias, and was promptly promoted to a guest chamber. Later he was demonstrated to be a fake, but his hostess had become so charmed with him that she insisted on his staying anyway.

Mike made his way back to Hollywood in 1936 and was such an attraction that a leading night spot offered him \$75 a week to bring parties there in order to give color to the place. The little prince rejected this employment as too confining.

In the film capital, Mike gradually established a good credit rating. Frankly admitting that he had been a dangerous risk in the past, he induced a leading clothier to trust him with the bird-of-paradise wardrobe which is considered necessary to a meteoric career in Hollywood. He was punctual in his monthly payments for it. Restaurateur Dave Chasen let Mike eat and drink on the cuff for months at a time, but the prince periodically settled his ac-

count. From time to time Mike even confounded old friends by repaying personal loans. His improved credit helped him when he opened his restaurant in 1940.

Although Mike no longer conspires to re-enthronc the Romanoffs, he has never wholly abandoned the ermine. New people often ask him if he is really a prince. He replies, "There's been a good deal of discussion about that." A Hollywood producer with a \$7500-a-week brain recently told a friend that he had learned Mike was a genuine Russian prince.

"How did you learn that?" he was asked.

"Mike told me so, confidentially," said the producer.

Mike will probably always be a Romanoff. When he had only a small room to live in, it was decorated with photographs of Nicholas II and his family. In one of these the Czar and Czarina were surrounded by relatives. Mike used to point to a small, blurred, unrecognizable figure and say, "Don't I look ridiculous?"

The classic Romanoff line was uttered some years ago in the Great Northern Hotel in New York at four o'clock one morning, after a speak-easy evening. The prince seemed to be dying. His friends thought a bottle of milk would save him. Mike took one look at the bottle and smashed it against the wall.

"What the hell!" he shouted. "Grade B milk for a Romanoff!"

☛ The Waacs are feminine, but
they're darned good soldiers!

Ladies of the Army

Condensed from This Week,
New York Herald Tribune

Blake Clark



THE GENERAL looked up from his paper-cluttered desk at the smartly-dressed Waac with the bright blue star of his own division shining on her shoulder patch.

"My dear young lady, I am glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "I hope you've come to take my place."

The general's wish may yet come true. Already Waacs have freed desk-bound majors and lieutenant colonels for active duty.

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, commanded by Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, is well on the way toward its goal of replacing the equivalent of 10 divisions of fighting men. The President's original order for 25,000 Waacs has increased to 150,000; and training camps for women at Des Moines, Daytona Beach and Fort Oglethorpe have sent out specialists to relieve soldiers at 36 army posts, including headquarters in North Africa. And they are doing their jobs so well that officers in the field have piled up requests for over 600,000 more.

One of the first Waac companies to go on active duty was the 34th,

now at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Among their activities are typing, filing, manning switchboards, taking X-ray pictures and making blood tests, and at every job they release men for more active service.

Most of the officers at Fort Devens were at first somewhat dubious of the Waacs' abilities. They have changed their minds. Lieutenant James B. Farr, for instance, who is in charge of the quartermaster garage and has handled many a mechanic during his 27 years' service, would like to have enough Waacs to man all his 263 cars.

Each Waac mechanic is responsible for her own car. She checks its condition every morning before going out, washes it every other day, keeps it in repair. At first some of the officers asserted, "No woman is going to drive me around," but now, according to Lieutenant Farr, "If we had a thousand Waac drivers they'd all be asked for."

The last Fort Devens personality to be won over was veteran Sergeant John Linske, who said, when the

Waacs arrived, "I'll reserve judgment until I see them drill." Then one day he watched Captain Elizabeth Stearns put her 150 auxiliaries through their paces. Said the sergeant, "They're so damned good they make monkeys out of some of the old soldiers around here."

The pleas of commanding officers for more Waacs have resulted in the addition of 25 new Waac job classifications. The air corps alone wants Waac aircraft electricians, instrument and propeller specialists, parachute riggers, radio mechanics, weather observers, bombsight repairers and glider instructors. Of some 625 army jobs now performed by enlisted men, Waacs are already being trained to do more than 100, and may eventually be able to take over in 410.

The Waacs at the training centers are demonstrating a surprising ability to adjust themselves quickly to a life wholly foreign to anything they have known before. Here is a new society, symbolized by the commanding officer — a man to whom there is no talking back. You can't quit your job if you get mad. And you can expect no special favors.

"We've made only one concession to them," said an officer. "We put shades on the windows in their barracks."

Of all the instruction they receive during their five weeks of basic training, the Waacs like the parade-ground drilling best — a passion incomprehensible to the average sol-

dier. Waac recruits beg army non-coms to help them drill during off hours. At Daytona Beach an order had to be issued prohibiting Waacs from drilling by flashlight.

When a Waac becomes a non-com, she insists upon a smart response to commands. A visitor to the Fort Des Moines training center overheard a Waac sergeant, drilling a group of recruits, cry: "When I tell you to come to attention, I mean come to attention — *and no wigglin'!*" (The sergeant, by the way, was a niece of Sergeant Alvin C. York.)

The recruit's first days at Fort Des Moines begin in bewilderment. She usually arrives with 40 or 50 others. As they pile off the train they present a motley civilian picture of slacks and mink coats, high heels and low.

At first it is hard for the new Waac to take seriously the army's meticulous attention to detail, such as the daily inspection of barracks, when every blanket must be smooth, every towel neatly folded, every pair of shoes under the bed toe to toe and laced to the top with the loose ends tucked inside. But she tries hard to do the right thing. One Waac recruit, instructed to salute every officer, came upon two officers at once and smartly saluted with both hands.

Every minute of her day, from reveille at 6:30 until retreat at five in the afternoon, is on the double. Barrack detail, drill, classes, drill

and more drill. After evening mess she reads her class notes, studies the soldier's handbook, darns stockings, washes her clothes or writes letters home.

Her big day comes the first time she Passes in Review. Marching to a military band instead of to the non-com's "Hut, 2, 3, 4," seeing the American flag flying in front of her platoon, now approaching the reviewing stand as the band strikes up "The Caissons Go Rolling Along," she feels a new thrill at being one of such a splendid corps.

The Waac takes pleasure in her uniform, specially fitted even to her five shirts. Her gloves are the finest leather and would cost \$12 or more in the stores. Everything she wears matches, even to olive-drab silk jersey slips and panties. "When a Waac falls down, all you see is one color!" they say.

After basic training, the recruit heads in one of three directions: she may, if she has a special skill, go straight into service at some army post; she may enter Officer Candidate School; or she may go for eight weeks to one of several specialists' schools, such as Motor Transport, Administrative Specialists, Radio, or Cooks and Bakers.

Supreme recognition that the Waacs have proved their capability came last February, when 16 Waac officers began classes at the Command and General Staff School of the U. S. Army at Fort Leavenworth, the first time that women

have been admitted. Long reputed to be the toughest military school in the country, it ordinarily accepts only officers of the rank of major or higher, with at least 17 years' field service. The Waacs are taking a new comprehensive 10-week course in the G-4 division, or Services of Supply. Graduates will return to their corps and instruct other Waac officers.

A good deal of the Waacs' superior performance is due to the fact that they are an army of volunteers. Many of them have given up well-paying professional jobs in order to serve in the Corps. One Waac, the daughter of a general, tried for Officer Candidate School, failed, and enlisted in the ranks.

The reason behind most enlistments is a man in the armed forces. Sweethearts, wives, mothers and daughters long to share wartime experiences with their men in uniform. In barracks, where the Waac is allowed to put up three pictures, photographs of men outnumber others better than two to one. But there are no movie stars. Every picture is there by right of kinship — either blood or heart.

The Waacs are good soldiers, but in temperament they are still feminine. The biggest furor yet created was caused by the rumor that girdles would no longer be "government issue." A plumpish Waac strode up to an officer, threw open her coat and demanded, "How do you think I'd look without a girdle?"

The busy life the Waac leads leaves her with less time and fewer opportunities for entangling alliances than she had at home. If she has a nearby boy friend, however, he can see her three or four times a week in the bustling Waac dayroom where other dates are held, or in the crowded Service Club. One also sees Waacs and their favorite soldiers sitting together in the Post movie, having supper in nearby restaurants, or walking together arm in arm to the USO. There they play ping-pong, the Waac tries to learn to shoot pool, or they gather round the piano for sing fests.

Waacs have their own slang. The first group of Colonel Hobby's recruits to arrive at Fort Des Moines named the training center "Mrs. Hobby's Waacs Works." When the

second batch reported at the former cavalry post and a row of stables was converted into barracks to house them, the new contingent became "Hobby Horses" and "Waac-asses." G. I. shoes are "gruesome twosomes." Third Officers are called "Second Louises" and all officers' insignia "costume jewelry." On the way to Africa the Waacs dubbed their life preservers "second fronts."

And after the war? Most Waacs, of course, look forward to marriage and motherhood. Some plan to work at jobs for which they have been trained in the Corps. And many want to stay in the Corps and take part in the big postwar reconstruction job overseas. They think there is something appropriate in a woman's hand feeding the hungry children of Europe.



Americans Abroad

* A YOUNG lieutenant overseas in the U. S. Army who doesn't like to write letters has invented a clever device. He writes a few lines of introduction; then, as a censor might do, cuts out the rest of the page, leaving just enough room for "Affectionately yours, Bill." Can you imagine the recipient of one of those letters showing it around and exclaiming, "What hot stuff he must have been writing me!"

— Contributed by August J. Wiesner, Jr.

• AN AMERICAN bomber group moved into their new British base, one of England's best women's colleges in prewar days. A few minutes after the officers had settled in their rooms, bells began to ring all over the halls. An adjutant rushed over to see what was the matter. Behind every door, he found a button with the sign: "Ring twice for the mistress."

— John G. Norris in *Collier's*

Q A wartime experiment that may bring a new
of material and spiritual wealth in the future

Labor-Management Committees Speed Production

Condensed from *Factory Management and Maintenance*

Stuart Chase

ALL OVER the country, managers are getting together with workers to increase production and hasten victory. If the habits and procedures now being formed stick after the war, industrial peace is indeed in prospect. I am making no prophecies. I am just recording an exciting beginning.

Come along with me and watch one of these new Labor-Management Production Committees in action. The scene is the spacious board room of a large company in New Jersey. It has established collective-bargaining machinery with the CIO, and employs upward of 6000 workers. Ten men are sitting at a big table. As I am introduced to each in turn, I try to guess who is toiler and who is boss. I cannot be sure. All wear neat business suits; all speak easily, with good diction. I suddenly realize how rapidly class lines are melting in America.

As I listen, I notice another striking similarity among these men: all are on the same side of the argument. And the argument is: How can we produce munitions more rapidly?

Four workers and four managers make up the Central Production Committee. In addition there is the man who keeps the suggestion-box records — a full-time job — and the head of the publicity department, who works on committee posters.

Everyone gives his frank opinion on each item of the agenda. There are no rows, and the differences of opinion seem to be individual, not labor versus management. Everybody calls everybody else by his first name.

The chairman reads a letter from an employe named Gene Winters. Gene has posted a sign on the windshield of his car: EN ROUTE TO THE XY COMPANY. Since he has used this sign, he has picked up many workers who had missed their buses. That saves the assembly line quite a bit of time. He proposes that more stickers be printed and distributed to drivers. His idea is discussed and referred to the poster man, who promises action within 24 hours. "We work fast around here," says the chairman. "No red tape."

Next the committee gets to work

on a new system for suggestion boxes and awards. A report on the results of the present system is read. In six months, some 800 suggestions have been received, and 25 percent have been adopted. It looks like an excellent report to me, but the committee is not satisfied.

"We can put firecrackers under a lot more of 'em," says the secretary. "The men and women right on the job know with their own hands and eyes what needs improving. We ought to get better than 25 percent."

The reward for an adopted idea has been a badge to be worn on one's coat. Now it is proposed to offer war bonds, up to \$50. There would be special \$100 bonds for the best suggestion each month, and for the employee submitting the largest number of adopted ideas.

Discussion is lively. "If a small war bond is given, and the idea saves the company thousands of dollars, won't the worker feel that he didn't get enough?"

"It isn't between him and the company. It's both of them helping to win the war."

"Right," the chairman says. "This company isn't going to add to its net profits whatever savings these ideas make. They will be taxed away, or contracts will be renegotiated. This is no time to think about making money. We've all we can do making munitions."

The workers do not know much about the technicalities of contracts and excess-profit taxes. How are we

going to make them understand? "That's up to you, Ed — a good snappy poster to tell the story so that even the elevator girls can get it."

The chairman then turns to one of the labor members: "How did you come out on that absentee test, Tom?"

"We came out swell. We got the records for this one department and picked out the 50 worst cases. Then we laid a copy of this little pamphlet, 'Absent at Roll Call,' on each man's bench. The pamphlet has a picture of a soldier dead in the front line because supplies hadn't come through. We slapped it down so everybody in the shop saw who got it. Only one of the 50 has been late since."

"Didn't it make them sore?"

"Sure, it made them sore as hell. But it wasn't the management raging them; it was us, their fellow workers."

One gets a strange feeling out of this. You are not studying a "labor problem." You are not watching union men and their employers. You are watching human beings working together for something which obliterates the lines that are supposed to divide them.

Labor-Management Committees were proposed by Donald Nelson of the WPB in the early spring of 1942. The response of labor was favorable; Presidents Murray of the CIO and Green of the AFL endorsed the idea. The response from management was a cry of pain. Was this another plan to turn production manage-

ment over to the unions? Nelson assured the managers that it was not. Further, it had nothing at all to do with collective bargaining. It was to deal entirely with production and morale, and avoid wages and hours.

With these assurances, the outcries largely subsided, and committees began to form. Today there are close to 2500 of them.*

The chief aim of the plan is to speed production. Let us look at the place where suggestions for increased production originate. We go into a huge room humming with turret lathes. Over in the corner at a bench covered with hand tools is a big red-headed man with blue eyes and plenty of chin. His job is to repair dies. He has won the award for the outstanding suggestion in this plant. He designed a new set of dies which reduced by 20 percent the operations in manufacturing an important part for fire-fighting equipment on planes and ships.

I shake his broad hand and congratulate him. "Have you been thinking about any other improvements?"

"Yes, sir. I am working on 15 others." He produces a neat handwritten list from the corner of the bench.

"When do you think about them?"

"When I'm driving to work. I think about them too when the

broken dies come to this bench — how to have fewer broken."

"Did you ever put in any suggestions before the Production Drive started last spring?"

"No, sir. I've been here many years, but I kept them to myself."

"Why?"

"Because the foreman might think he was not onto his job. He might get sore."

"He doesn't think so now?"

"No. We're all in it together now. I put in all the ideas I can, unless they are crazy. I get hold of a crazy one now and then. But I think up more good ones than I used to. Now you take this strip of metal here . . ." He could have talked all afternoon explaining these excellent technical ideas — which he used to keep locked up in his head.

The country over, 20 percent of the committees are doing an outstanding job. Another 20 percent, I gathered, were paper organizations doing no harm and no particular good. The rest are on their way, though many have a long way to go.

In three of the plants I visited, I found transportation and car-pooling systems worked out by the committees with Einsteinian precision. In two cases, the transportation department had taken over the functions of the workers' local gasoline and tire rationing boards. Employees had only to come to the plant office, saving the hours they used to spend cooling their heels at local boards.

One plant makes metal hose, vital

* Among the companies having Labor-Management Committees are Du Pont, Bethlehem Steel, RCA Victor, United Air Lines, Western Electric, General Motors, Caterpillar Tractor, Winchester Repeating Arms, General Electric, Northrop Aircraft, International Harvester.

in the engines of bombers. The committee got hold of a complete airplane engine of the latest design, mounted it on a little truck and made a tour of all the departments, so that every employe could see exactly how his work fitted into the engine and thus into the war effort.

Another committee has set up a monitor system, whereby every day in each department a worker is appointed to act as official housekeeper. He patrols the shop looking for fire hazards, bad lighting, crates left around to trip over, blocked passages, machine scrap not cleaned up. It is his shop for the day, and he is the cop. In due course every worker in the company will have felt personal responsibility for a clean, efficient shop.

These are perhaps little things that we have been watching. But at a score of points we have seen the latent energy, good will and intelligence of the ordinary worker being drawn out and encouraged, occa-

sionally bursting into a really brilliant technical improvement.

Ever since the machine age began, in what William Blake called "the dark, Satanic mills," that latent energy has been pretty well sealed up, with a loss to civilization that defies calculation. Now in the plants where production committees are really functioning — perhaps 500 of them the nation over — a great rich mine of human effort is being slowly opened. If it could be released completely, what a flow of wealth — material and spiritual — it could bring for workers, for industry, for the whole country!

Will the mine close when the war ends? Of all the managers and workers I talked to, not one thought so. To a man they believed that something had been discovered too valuable ever to lay aside: a method of coöperation between labor and management that may be, as the vice-president of one company said, "the dawn of a new era."



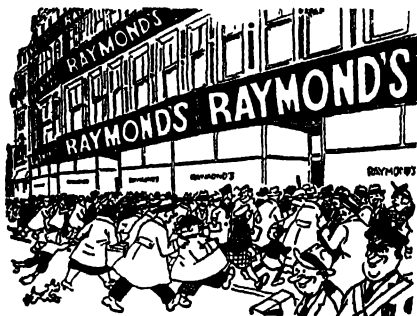
The Polish "Corridor"

AFTER the fall of their homeland, a lot of Polish sailors were assigned to British destroyers before they were given ships of their own. One of these destroyers came upon a Nazi submarine on the surface, rammed it, and sank it. The captain ordered the Nazis who were floating about in the heavy sea hauled aboard the destroyer. He said he never saw so many Nazi seamen. His crew kept pulling them out of the water at an incredible rate. The mystery was solved when the captain chanced to look over at the opposite rail. Just as quickly as the English sailors were pulling the Nazis out of the water on one side, the Poles were dumping them overboard again on the other.

— Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

☛ A calculated bedlam in Boston where customers can buy almost anything

AMERICA'S GOSHAWFULEST STORE



Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Jack M. Stenbuck

RAYMOND'S STORE, on Washington Street in Boston, started in a tent 70 years ago and is still a circus, complete with parades, elephants and clowns. There is no other store in America like it.

Behind a shabby, unpainted front, its windows heaped with untidy piles of miscellaneous merchandise and defaced by hand-scrawled, misspelled signs, Raymond's sprawls through a crazy warren of buildings and spills over into an alley. From crudely carpentered counters and gas-pipe racks in this goat's nest, mobs of Bostonians buy live alligators, skis, 29-cent shirts, \$2000 rugs, clothing, shrubbery — Raymond's boasts there's nothing it can't sell.

The store's sales amount to \$10,000,000 a year, all in cash piled in ash cans to be lugged to the bank. "Charge accounts gits fokes to buy things they can't pay fer," says Raymond's. And you carry what you buy. "Ulugemoff" is an old Raymond slogan.

Raymond's is a crossroads general store transplanted to the principal shopping street of a great city. It exaggerates the "hick" atmosphere because that makes the store distinctive and gets it talked about, and its lack of frills makes startling bargains possible.

Cultured Boston loves the quaint Raymond ads, with their inconsistent grammar and misspelling. Men's trousers usually are "pantz fer fellers." Bedsheets are in "Ant Mary's Linen Shop." The balcony is referred to as "the upstairs easy basement"; the music department is "the fiddle room." Customers are told, "We hav sum homly shirts — maybe you'll like 'em." The ads also go in for "hayseed philosophy," reminding customers that "the feller who is allus waitin' fer luck to brake is apt to go broke awaitin'," or, "the feller who is allus blowin hiz own horn ain't usually in tune with the rest ov the world."

Raymond's constantly holds special sales. Not so long ago, a buyer dug up from somewhere thousands of Cuban machetes. Why anyone

around Boston would want a machete, Raymond's doesn't know, but in no time they were gone.

A Florida friend with a perverted sense of humor sent a Boston newspaperman 100 live alligators, express collect.

"Can you use some alligators?" the reporter asked Raymond's. "You can have them if you pay the express charges."

The alligators were dumped into the front window with a hastily scrawled sign, "Live alligators - one simoleon each - Ulugemoff." Before the day was over every last one had been sold.

It is part of Raymond's legend that the founder once bought a bargain carload of bedchamber pottery and piled them in the window, marked "2 cents each - no wrapping - Ulugemoff." Unwrapped, Boston lugged them all off.

Raymond's sells so many pairs of skis that a carpenter is kept busy all winter, full time, putting bindings on them. In gloves alone the store does an annual business of \$100,000. Razor blades always sell for a penny apiece - tons of them.

The customer has always been right at Raymond's. There's no "adjustment department"; you bring your merchandise back to any clerk and get your money without argument.

Once the store sold \$135,000 worth of radio sets in a single day, at a sensational bargain price. Soon complaints began to come in. Ray-

mond's investigated; the sets were not as represented. There was no recourse from the manufacturer. But Raymond's printed a characteristic advertisement:

"Well, we got stung wunse mor an what's mor, we stung U tew. Thos radios U bot here ain't worth what U paid for 'em, so c'mon in and git yer simoleons bak."

It cost Raymond's \$100,000 cash - which it charged off as good advertising.

Similarly, the manager saw a woman, pushed around in one of the bargain jams, lose a coat button. He got hold of her, loudly called for a clerk.

"This lady's coat has been torn on one of our fixtures," he announced. "Take her upstairs and have her pick out a new one."

The honest customer protested that her old coat hadn't been hurt, that the button had been loose. No matter, she had to pick out a new coat, compliments of Raymond's, and wear it home.

To the bewildered salesman, the boss explained, "The advertising that woman will give us before nightfall is worth a lot more than the coat."

Twice a year comes "Unkle Eph's Day." Unkle Eph, Ant Mary, Si Tooler, Algy Perkins and Lish Smuggins, all from Smugginsville, climb on a hayrack drawn by a span of oxen and head a parade through Boston streets. The "Smugginsville tooters" provide the music. There are always 20 elephants, the biggest

that can be rounded up. The parade ends at the store; the band plays for the rest of the day in the "upstairs easy basement" and Boston mobs the bargain counters and meets Unkle Eph face to face. It has been going on since 1926, a travesty on the special "days" the pretentious Boston stores were featuring — "Founder's Day," "Anniversary Day" and so on.

The store had its start when George Raymond, an original character and keen businessman, bought out the stock of a bankrupt hat store, rented a big tent and advertised hats at unheard-of low prices. For years his advertising identified Raymond's as "Where U Bot the Hat." From the tent he went to the Washington Street site. He failed twice; each time he opened up again next day with a few dollars scraped together from people who believed in his methods.

Of the present 500 employees, 50 have been at Raymond's 25 years or more. Louis Heindl, senior of them all, says, "I've loved every day of

it; something is always happening."

Heindl describes the furor which developed once when Arthur Raymond, the owner's son, overcome by the elegance of a recently acquired stock, decided it required special handling and spent the entire night trimming the window. "What dern-phool did that?" the senior Raymond demanded in the morning. He rushed to the nearest 59-cent counter, grabbed an armful of underwear, and tossed it in a disorderly heap into the window. "There's your window for Raymond's!" he shouted. "That's the only kind this store needs."

Just the other day an employee said to one of Raymond's executives: "The front of the store certainly looks drab and dirty. What do you say we give it a coat of paint?" The executive stopped in his tracks as though he had been hit.

"We're not a highfalutin store," he protested. "What's more, we never want to be. Neither does Boston want it any other way."

The store front remains unpainted.



Different Trains of Thought

THE delivery of the first of a series of lend-lease locomotives, built in America for use in England, was the occasion for a ceremony. Because the locomotive was stripped of all but essential parts the British, with typical reserve, named it the *Austerity*. For the same reason the American workmen at Schenectady, where it was built, had called it the *Gypsy Rose Lee*.

— H. Wilson Lloyd in *Life*

What They Call Bravery

Condensed from *The Yale Review*

C. B. Wall

"I SUPPOSE, now that I've got a medal to prove it, I'm what they call brave," said Lieutenant Colonel Dollard Menard. "But I'm still trying to figure out just what the hell it was that made me brave — or what is called brave, anyway."

"I've thought about it a lot — nights, lying in the London hospital, coming back across the Atlantic. And I think I've got it pretty straight now."

He paused and held up four fingers. "The way I've figured it, there were four elements in this so-called bravery of mine.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL Dollard Menard, commanding officer of Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal, is one of the gallant Canadians — gallant as men come — who took part in the raid on Dieppe last August. For his conduct during that bloody adventure he received the Distinguished Service Order. The citation reads: "This officer displayed the highest qualities of courage and leadership. He set an example in the best tradition of the service and was an inspiration to all ranks in his battalion."

Colonel Menard, who is now 29, was born at Notre Dame du Lac, Quebec, and educated at Laval University and the Royal Military College. He saw five years of service in India and the Far East before he was sent to England in 1941. He is a husky fellow, six feet one and 180 pounds. He has an easy, Gallic grin, and talks fluently in either French or English.

"The first you could call optimism, egotism, or, for that matter, plain thoughtlessness.

"The second was discipline — the training you get in the army.

"Third, blind anger — a desire for revenge.

"The closest I can come to the fourth is a deep-seated feeling of 'What the hell?'

"Now I'll try to show you how it worked:

"The Dieppe show was really just a big Commando raid. I was in command of a battalion of 600 — Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal. Our job was to land on the Dieppe beach, help cut away barbed wire, clean out snipers' nests and pillboxes, destroy certain objectives and pick up as many prisoners for Intelligence as we could.

"During the long night trip across the Channel I began thinking of my men and I couldn't help wondering what they were thinking about. I knew most of them fairly well. They were nearly all French-Canadians like myself. I'd seen snapshots of their wives, kids, mothers and girls. You know the kind — with the people smiling and squinting into the sun.

"I wondered how many of them

would be coming back and I started praying — not for myself particularly, but in a general sort of way: 'O God, please let as many of us as possible come back from this.' Something like that.

"You see, I knew and every man in the battalion knew that a lot of us were going to get killed or hurt. But I didn't honestly think that *I* was going to get killed and I don't believe a single man in any of those boats thought *he* was going to get it.

"That's why I say the first element of what they call bravery is a sort of optimism or egoism. That's the thing that brings you up to the action itself — sort of pays your carfare to the battlefield.

"Now we'll get down to the second:

"When we got within sight of Dieppe, just before dawn, we knew we were going to get hell all along the line. There were a lot of guns going, and at first you could pick out the sounds and tell what they were. The heavy, dull sound — like thunder — of the artillery behind Dieppe. The ripping clatter of the machine guns. The boom of the mortars. The whine of the sniper's rifle. And then, as we moved in closer to shore, all of these sounds began to merge into one continuous roar that pressed hard on your eardrums.

"Those last 50 yards were bad. The German fire was getting the range of our boats. I had a dry, hot feeling in my throat. I wanted to be doing something, — not just sitting in that damned boat.

"The second the boat scraped on the beach, I jumped out and started to follow the sappers through the barbed wire. My immediate objective was a concrete pillbox on top of a 12-foot parapet about 100 yards up the beach.

"I think I had taken three steps when the first one hit me. You always say a bullet hits you but the word isn't right. A bullet slams you the way a sledge hammer slams you. There's no feeling of sharp pain at first. It jars you so much that you're not sure exactly where you've been hit — or what with.

"This bullet hit me high in the right shoulder and knocked me down. I wasn't knocked out but I felt confused and shaken up. I've had exactly the same feeling on the football field after getting tackled from behind when I thought I was in the clear. Stunned, surprised, completely frustrated.

"One of my men came up to me, and I yelled, 'Go on! I'm all right!' I don't know why I yelled that because I didn't know how I was.

"I managed to get up onto my feet, and then I brought my left hand around and felt my right shoulder. It was damp and sticky. I looked at my hand and it was covered with blood so I knew I was bleeding badly.

"I reached for my first-aid kit, which was strapped to my side just over the left hip. I fumbled with it for a couple of seconds and then I thought, 'How the hell can I bandage my shoulder with my left hand?'

"All this time I was standing practically upright on a flat stretch of beach that was being raked with rifle, machine-gun, mortar and artillery fire. The second that bullet hit me it seemed to shut out everything else. My only thought was to find out whether or not I was all in one piece. But the useless gesture of reaching for my first-aid kit seemed to bring everything back into focus.

"I think it was then that discipline and training came into the picture. The natural instinct of any untrained man on that beach would have been to dig a deep hole in the sand and crawl into it and stay there with his eyes shut. But discipline and training proved strong enough to keep me going. I saw that the pillbox was still holding out, and I began flanking it with a group of my men."

Colonel Menard touched a purplish furrow high on his right cheek about half an inch from his eye.

"The second one," he said, "got me about a minute and a half later. There was pain with this one because the bullet burned through the cheek and tore away quite a bit of flesh.

"I brought the back of my left hand around again and felt my cheek. It's funny the way you always instinctively try to feel the spot where you've been hit. The cheek felt raw as though someone had ripped a fish hook through it.

"I crouched as low as I could and kept moving. We had covered about 25 yards when one of my men crumpled up in the sand in front of me.

He was a major, and one of my closest friends. We had been in India together, Hong Kong, Singapore. I thought a hell of a lot of him.

"He was holding both his hands to his stomach. It was a bad place to be hit because nothing outside of a hospital operating room could help him. His face was grayish and he was sucking hard for breath.

"I began fumbling for my first-aid kit again. My friend was watching me, but he didn't try to say anything. I managed to get out the packet of three one-quarter-grain morphine tablets. He opened his mouth and put his tongue out a little without taking his eyes off mine. I put a tablet on his tongue and he swallowed it. There was nothing else I could do. He knew it and I knew it.

"I went on toward the pillbox. Up to that point, I'd been more or less brave, let's say, because of discipline and training. I hadn't felt any particular anger because of my own wounds. But now, with my friend lying there, I was so blind angry that it seemed to push everything else out of my head. All I wanted to do was to kill. I wanted to get even.

"It was my job to direct the operations of my unit, so I had to control this rage. But it seemed to clear my head, to make me think harder and faster.

"It also seemed to act as a sort of general anesthetic. When we got up over the parapet, the third bullet hit me and went clean through my right wrist. I barely felt it. And yet, un-

der ordinary circumstances — when you're not keyed up by emotion — I'll bet a man would damned well pass out if a heavy-caliber bullet smacked into his wrist like that.

"My rage pulled me along to the pillbox, and I found that our men had cleaned it out nicely with grenades and hand incendiaries. From here I could get a good idea of what was going on and direct the various units by field wireless.

"Within the hour we got the beach fairly well under control. But there were plenty of snipers still around. One of them got me again when I tried to improve my position and get to still higher ground. This time it was my right leg above the knee. It had the same sledge-hammer effect as the first, but somehow I managed to stay on my feet.

"Our men and tanks were filtering into the town itself and I wanted desperately to get in there too. But I could feel myself slipping. I was getting weak.

"When the fifth bullet hit me just above the right ankle, it kicked my leg out from under me and I went down again. That one decided things for me. I tried to get up but I couldn't. My whole right side felt warm and soggy.

"Then the pain began to come and I started praying, harder and harder. And then I passed out.

"I found out later that a couple of

my men carried me back down the beach and got me on a boat. When I came around Focke-Wulfs were trying to machine-gun us and the boat's anti-aircraft batteries were making a hell of a racket about ten feet from my head. I looked around and saw that I was lying on cases of A-A ammunition. I knew that one bullet would blow the whole works sky high but, by that time, I didn't give a damn. I thought, 'What the hell, if they haven't got me by this time they're never going to get me.' That feeling, I think, is the fourth element in what they call bravery.

"I lay there and watched our Spitfires drive the Nazis away as though I were watching a movie. We got into the clear after a while and a Royal Navy man came along and gave me a swig of rum out of a tin cup. A couple of minutes later, he came running back. 'Pardon me, sir,' he said, 'but have you got a stomach wound?' I shook my head and he looked greatly relieved. 'That's good, sir,' he said, 'because if you did have I shouldn't have given you that rum.'

"That struck me as the funniest thing I'd ever heard. I began laughing and the only thing that finally stopped me was the pain that was burning up my right side.

"You see, I knew I'd been through it and I felt pretty damned good about it."



Making Machine Parts from Metal Dust

Condensed from Forbes

Robert W. Marks and Harland Manchester

IT is fascinating to watch a pile of dust—so fine that a sneeze would blow it away—being converted before your eyes into solid, tough gears and bearings.

"Take a look at this gun part."

Andrew Langhammer, chief of Chrysler's powdered-metals division, held up a complicated piece of metal with many facets and angles.

"Once it took two hours of skilled labor to shape this machinist's nightmare—today it's a matter of seconds," said Langhammer. "Pressing parts like these out of metal powder saves as much as 240 man-hours per gun mount. Yet there's no sacrifice of quality, and we get precision down to a thousandth of an inch."

Powder metallurgy is not new, but its development since the war started is a mechanical miracle. Its fundamentals are simple. Two or more metals in powder form are fed into a mold. Then a ram quickly descends with a force of perhaps 20 tons, and compresses the powder into a briquette. These "green briquettes" look solid, but are so fragile that you can crumble them between your fingers. When baked in a "sintering" furnace, however, at a temperature well below their over-all melting point, they become hard.

Why the sintering process works

is a mystery. No two experts agree about it. One authority suggests that pressure and heat make the surface atoms of the dust specks interlock with those of their neighbors. Another says that, since one of the lesser ingredients usually melts, a film is formed which cements the mixture together. But all agree that the materials go in weak and come out strong.

Before Pearl Harbor, powdered-metal machine parts were mostly small and of simple design—"pills" the engineers called them. It was the belief in some quarters that the method was not practical for parts weighing more than three pounds, or of complicated shape.

Then mechanized war demanded a speedy supply of metal machine parts in myriad shapes and sizes. The powder process was equal to the task. Today American planes, ships, tanks, trucks, gun mounts, radios and locomotives are using thousands of parts pressed out of powder. The smallest weighs one twentieth of an ounce; the largest to date is a 65-pound tank bearing. Last year the process saved 2,100,000 man-hours in the production of a single weapon; its total value as a timesaver would run into astronomical figures.

Machine parts that can be pro-

duced in no other way are pressed from powder. A dramatic example is the self-lubricating bearing that sucks up oil as a sponge absorbs water, and gradually doles it out during a lifetime longer often than that of the machine. These bearings are made porous by adding a volatile to the powdered metals; during the heat treatment the volatile burns out, leaving a network of tiny reservoirs which hold oil up to 35 percent of the volume of the part.

If you squeeze one of the bearings in a vise, tiny drops of oil exude from its pores. Release the pressure and the oil is sucked up again. That shows how a self-lubricating tank bearing works in action. The greater the strain, the greater the lubrication it supplies, and when the job is over, the oil is reabsorbed. Self-oiling bearings allow gun crews to forget many lubrication points. In subzero climates, where "free oil" freezes, the self-lubricating bearings are not affected, and they do not "bleed" their oil in desert heat. Time is saved not only in factories but on fighting fronts, where delay means dead soldiers.

Powder metallurgy's most spectacular triumph is the tungsten-carbide cutting tool, developed some years ago, which goes through hard steel like a knife through cheese. Tungsten is one of the hardest of metals, and one of the most brittle. It cannot be cast or machined like softer metals. But it can be mixed in powdered form with other ingredi-

ents, pressed into shape and baked. One result is a tool that will heat to a temperature of 3000° Fahrenheit without losing its cutting edge.

Tungsten-carbide provides super-hard "teeth" for our armament-making machines. These may vary from a \$1.50 half-inch tip for a drill to a \$3500 die for cold-nosing 105-millimeter shells. One tungsten-carbide die has already shaped the noses of more than 1,000,000 heavy-caliber shells without showing serious signs of wear. An engineer reports that in another operation cutting tools of high-speed steel wore out in six hours, while the tungsten-carbide-tipped tools that replaced them were good for 90 days.

Metals that cannot be combined by any other method become blood brothers when pressed together in powdered form and put through the sintering oven. This makes it possible to combine metals which have special virtues and thus create a "pseudo-alloy" which possesses the best features of each. For instance, copper is a good conductor of electricity, but melts at low temperatures. Tungsten is not a good conductor but it resists heat. Obviously a marriage would be highly convenient, but engineers knew that if they tried to merge them by heat the copper would completely evaporate before the tungsten reached its melting point. When the metals are reduced to powder and baked, however, they unite readily; and now the electrical industry has a metal

which is an excellent conductor and also withstands the heat of an electric arc when used in a welding electrode.

New uses are being found every day for the products of powder metallurgy. Earl Patch of General Motors' Moraine Division brought his Silex coffeepot to the plant one day and suggested to research men that they ought to be able to make a porous metal coffee filter. They made it, but grounds filled the pores and got rancid. Yet all was not lost, for it turned out to be just the thing to filter the fuel oil in a Diesel motor to keep the injector clean, a discovery which the men of the tank corps appreciate.

It occurred to the National Cash Register Company that, if a piece of porous metal will absorb oil, it will also absorb ink, so they built an experimental ribbonless typewriter in which the type is made of extra-porous bronze. The type is said to write several hundred thousand words before re-inking is necessary.

Chrysler has produced fine copper screening from metal powder, pressing it out in a die and baking it. This eliminates the weaving of wire, and, since all joints are welded, the wires cannot spread or ravel and the screens are more reliable for accurate laboratory work.

Engineers predict that all manner of simple metal objects will be pressed from powder and baked like cookies. Gold, platinum and silver, for instance, can be processed with harder metals to mass-produce durable ornamental objects which would need little or no finishing after they leave the sintering oven.

The raw materials used in the process cost more than solid metals, because they must first be reduced to powder. Some easy-melting metals are powdered by atomizing a molten stream with an air jet; other metals are powdered electrolytically.

Certain savings, however, help offset the greater raw material cost. Standard machining methods often result in a loss of 50 to 75 percent of the solid metal, scrapped in the form of chips and shavings. When parts are pressed from powder, nothing is wasted. Because the process is largely automatic, fewer men are needed and many of them can be semiskilled.

Twenty-eight different metals are now being produced in powdered form and used in various combinations to produce tens of thousands of different products, but experts say that this is only a beginning. Already it gives promise of turning out everything from watch parts to locomotive wheels with new speed and economy.



In the war against Reality, man has but one weapon — Imagination. — Jules de Gaultier

The Lord's Tiny Poultry

Condensed from *Nature Magazine*

William Byron Mowery



ABOUT a dozen years ago my three children and I began to domesticate wild birds. As a hobby, we found it tops. It costs almost nothing, it takes us outdoors, and because of it we look forward to each new spring with keen zest. It soon became for us more than a hobby; we felt that we had stumbled onto a big and exciting idea.

Raising fledglings is a recreation open to anybody having access to a plot of ground. No special equipment is needed, no technical knowledge. Any back yard is large enough for a few birds. But how these few can light up the whole summer! There was Jo-Dee, for example.

Jo-Dee was not one of our prize pets; she was a common English sparrow, which is a songless, fussy pest and an enemy of our native species. But she illustrates what can be done with the poorest bird material.

Somebody brought her to us when she was a little ugling a few hours out of the egg. Along with a baby redbird, a downy woodpecker, a white-eyed vireo and a song sparrow, she was put into a coffee-can nest on our screened back porch. Coconut shells, small flower pots or straw-

berry boxes also make good nests — and they should be placed on the floor so the birds won't be injured if they tumble out. Inside the can we put an outer, permanent lining of grass, newspaper or leaves. For the inner lining, which should be changed occasionally, use toilet paper. Make a half dozen laps of it around your fist, pat the end shut, and you have a warm, absorbent nest lining.

Jo-Dee, like all our other pets, was fed only moistened pellets of baby-chick mash, about once an hour. She was watered with a dropper and dusted every few days with pyrethrum powder to kill mites. From the start she was taught to come in response to a feeding call. This can be a whistle, a clear word, or a spoon tapped against a saucer. Once a fledgling associates this with food and friendliness it will respond all its life.

When Jo-Dee could sit on the nest edge and flutter her wings, she was ready to learn to fly. We took her out to a small plum tree where she could hop from twig to twig, learn

to balance herself, and make beginning flights of about six inches. In that tree during the spring you could always see a dozen aerial toddlers getting acquainted with the world and lengthening their flights to a foot, a yard, then to a nearby lilac.

When somebody appeared with the feeding saucer and called, they would pile out of the plum tree and come flying with tiny might and main. Some made it to the person, lit on his arm and were fed. Others fell short on the grass and were fed for making the good try.

For a week after leaving the nest, Jo-Dee and the others were kept on our screen porch at night for safety. We perched the gamins on an old laundry rack — a little congregation that made an odd sight by flashlight as they sat in rows, owl-solemn.

As soon as Jo-Dee could fly well, she was encouraged to find her own roosting place outdoors. Full-fledged now, she led an ordinary sparrow life. She could fend for herself and mostly she did. But she stayed with us freely, chirping and fussing around like a tiny bantam hen. She lit on the lawn-mower handle when I stopped mowing for a minute. She perched on my book and pecked at the print. She liked to have a tug-of-war with you over a bit of string. She was fond of hopping around in a sand pile when the children were digging in it. She was as much a part of the household as any dog or cat could have been.

Fall came, our migrants left us, but the year-round residents like Jo-Dee remained. One blizzardy December evening I decided to keep her inside for the night. That settled it — Jo-Dee roosted in the house for the rest of the winter. She would appear at the kitchen window in the late-afternoon gloom, hop along the sill till someone let her in, then go straight to a mantel in the dining room.

At dinnertime I would fix food for her on a small wooden plate and she would fly down to the table, sit on the corner and eat. She ate anything we had, but preferred lettuce and cornbread. Then she would take a drink of water from my spoon, scrape her beak on the edge of her plate and fly back to her niche.

The English sparrow is supposed to have no voice beyond a few harsh chirping notes, but Jo-Dee amazed us with a very beautiful little song which she always sang just after being let into the house. It was dainty, full of spirals, and as fine as the fragile moon-song of the olive-backed thrush. I can explain Jo-Dee's remarkable ability only by the fact that the English sparrow belongs to the finch family, which includes some of the best singers in the world. Evidently English sparrows can sing if they want to.

To raise a fledgling is simple. At first, I went to elaborate pother — eider-down nests, electric heating pads, balanced diet and so on. But experience taught me that tiny birds

are incomparably hardier than baby chicks or turkeys. In a state of nature they have to weather heat, cold, rain; they go hungry when the food supply fails the parents; and they are preyed on by cat, weasel, fox, snake, owl and hawk. As you can imagine, infant mortality among birds is appalling. During their life a pair of birds will produce, say, 60 eggs. On the average only two of these will come to maturity.

If you find a fledgling threatened by danger, don't hesitate to remove it to a coffee-can nest. You will come across plenty of young birds that need you. It is difficult at first to find these feathered waifs, but with a little experience you will turn up a number of them. You will spot fledglings that have tumbled out of their nests or in nests abandoned by the parents, or you will pick up a tiny thing which a nest-robbing jay has stolen and dropped. You will be surprised by its tameness. Never having known wildness, it regards you as a natural part of its world and will be your lifelong friend.

After we've raised our fledglings we should give them a little simple care, and extend this also to their wild kin. Birds need water for drinking and bathing. Make the baths shallow. A bird won't bathe in water much deeper than its knees. Several small feeding stations are better than one, because a few large birds can monopolize a dinner table. Birds like all sorts of grain products, kitchen scraps, meat trimmings and

greens. A head of cabbage will last many days.

The kindest favor we can do our birds is to supply them with a dust bath, to free them from the mites which weaken and even kill them. The long rainy spells of spring cause a high mortality among birds, not by bringing on pneumonia epidemics, as once was thought, but by muddying the dust wallows and thus allowing the mites to grow unchecked. Any kind of fine and dry material, even road dust, will do.

Some of our birds desert us. Others hang around mostly for the grub; but the great majority give us an abiding friendship. Several stand out vividly across the years. Blue Robin, our gentle bluebird. Cheery, the yellow warbler. Slink Cuckoo, the rain-crow, sounding his ventriloquial *kow-kow-kow* as he cleaned out a nest of webworms. Frank Oriole (who turned out to be Frances Oriole). Our splendid scarlet tanager, Drake. All were even better pets than Jo-Dee.

Perhaps the star of them all was Diana. We found her in a field, wounded by the talon of a large bird — a fledgling so small we couldn't identify her at first. She showed gameness under the cruel bite of our antiseptic, and went home in a lace kerchief to a special sea-shell nest on my desk.

From the very start Diana was a lady. She ate daintily, and preened her first pinfeather the instant it appeared. She was a cedar waxwing.

This species' satiny elegance and exquisite coloring make it one of the prettiest birds in America.

Diana lived up to the waxwing reputation for unpredictability. One night she would roost in my study, behind a bust of Keats. The next, like as not, she would spend away from home. When she perched on my sleeve and spoke the lispng flight-word of the waxwing, I wondered if she might be asking me to leave my work and go flying off with her. At cherry time she built her nest in a small live-oak and successfully hatched and mothered her three daintily purpled eggs.

There will be other bird friends and fine ones but never another Diana, with her gentleness, her slim elegance, and that touch of melancholy about her which seemed to explain her restlessness. Whenever I hear the faint lisp of waxwings in the sky, I wonder where she is — and hope she is happy.

All but about 100 of our 800 spe-

cies of birds are slowly dwindling. Some are so nearly extinct that they can never be brought back. Yet even in dollar-and-cents terms the value of our birds is enormous: one cuckoo will clean out 500 nests of tent caterpillars in a summer; one brown creeper is worth five bushels of apples in anybody's orchard. Without our birds, insects would whip us in the struggle for the earth and its fruits.

Some years ago a big, pious French-Cree and I camped on Great Slave Lake in northwestern Canada. In the midnight dusk we heard ptarmigan chortling and white-crowned sparrows sending up their short, silvery song. "*Les p'tites volailles du bon Dieu*," he said. "The Lord's tiny poultry."

That, I think, is the way we should regard our birds — a diminutive sort of poultry which is still in the domain of *le bon Dieu* but which we can tame, to their great gain and to ours.



Preparedness

EVEN as a young officer in Panama, General Eisenhower was preparing himself for future events. One hot afternoon he remarked to a friend: "It's very quiet here now, and I've been thinking I should go into the hospital to have my appendix out."

"Has it been bothering you?" the friend asked. *

"Oh, no," Eisenhower replied. "But it might rear up and put me out of action sometime when things aren't so quiet."

— Demaree Bess in *The Saturday Evening Post*



¶ Father Hildner, a country pastor who "tries a few angles"

Condensed from
Farm Journal and Farmer's Wife

MISSOURI'S FIGHTING PRIEST

By Carroll P. Streeter

UP AND DOWN the Mississippi River for 100 miles from St. Louis he is known as the "Levee Priest." Brother clergymen call him "Alfalfa George." His actual title is The Very Reverend George J. Hildner, Vicar Foraine, Dean of the Franklin County, Missouri, Deanery of the Catholic Church. But the name that describes him best is "the Fighting Priest."

A jovial, energetic 210-pound hulk of a man, Father Hildner has fought flood, drought, ignorance, legislators, or whatever stood in the farmer's way. Never, until war came along, had he lost any farm boys to the cities. He had seen to it that they had, at home, jobs, education and recreation. Never has a couple that he married been separated.

In his college days, 40 years ago, George Hildner was a star semi-pro baseball player; in fact, he was offered \$1500 — big money in those times — to play one summer in the Three-I League. Right then he had to decide whether to be a second baseman or a priest. Priest it was.

When Father Hildner's Archbishop sent him to Claryville, Missouri, a village of 100 people on the banks of the Mississippi, he knew nothing about farming. But a good rural pastor, he felt, should understand the farmer's day-to-day problems and be ready to suggest solutions. So he subscribed to farm publications and studied the latest agricultural methods. The first building he put up was a chicken house, built from Missouri College of Agriculture plans, and he became one of the college's "poultry collaborators." He got a flock of the best Barred Rocks he could find, took some blue ribbons at the county fair, and was soon selling hatching eggs at a fancy price throughout Missouri and Kansas. That did all the preaching about poultry that was necessary.

The Claryville area often suffered from devastating floods. In 1922 the roaring river inundated the whole valley. Father Hildner, clad in hip boots and oilskins, stood in Claryville's general store in water up to his knees, telephoning for help.

Then, into the night, he helped load the barges which were poled to hay-mow doors to take aboard such hogs as farmers had been able to get up there.

"If you want to have fun sometime," Father Hildner told me, "try loading scared and stubborn hogs onto a raft coated with slick, slimy mud, by lantern light, in a high wind and pouring rain."

The only consolation farmers got out of the recurrent floods was that some good black dirt washed in from up north. But, the priest concluded, there must be some cheaper way to build soil. Clover and alfalfa, for instance. So he launched a one-man campaign to get the federal government to build a levee. He gathered the necessary data and bombarded his Congressman with telegrams.

At length the government agreed to erect a levee. But it would cost \$3,000,000, and the local farmers would have to raise \$450,000. The priest now had to persuade the people to organize a levee district and vote bonds. When that was accomplished he had to sell the bonds. He held three public auctions at the church, with representatives present from some 40 midwestern bond houses. With true rural-church instinct, he gave the buyers the biggest chicken dinner the women of the parish could heap on the table. When it was all over he had sold the bonds over par and had a surplus of \$1650 — surely a record for church chicken dinners.

Levee districts along the Mississippi have been notorious for defaulting on such bonds. Plenty of bondholders have settled for 25 cents on the dollar, or less. But not one farmer in the priest's district was ever delinquent on his bond taxes. This year the last of the bonds will be retired, paid in full.

The farmers' next need, the priest perceived, was livestock. "Why ship out all your corn and let somebody else make the feeding profit?" he asked. But these Missouri farmers wanted to be shown. So Father Hildner rented Horse Island in the Mississippi River, installed a tenant farmer, raised a crop of corn, and then borrowed enough from the local bank to buy 85 steers and 200 hogs.

"Cattle feeding is a risky business even for a fellow who knows what it's all about," he told me, "but somebody had to have the guts to be first." Fortunately the markets let him out with a whopping profit. Since then the farmers have been feeding their corn, and harvesting not only the cash profit but the manure.

Father Hildner also looked beyond his own neighbor's problems to those of farmers throughout the country. He was one of the little group who met with Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara to organize the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, which has become one of the most active forces for the betterment of rural life. He is now treasurer of that organization.

Nine years ago the Archbishop promoted Father Hildner, moving him up to the St. John's-Gildehaus parish in Franklin County, 40 miles west of St. Louis. Here he found that the farmers were trying to raise wheat in a hilly country better suited to dairying. Though they were right on the doorstep of St. Louis, only a few sold milk there.

Hildner couldn't stand that. "The day of the two-cow dairyman is gone," he preached. "Why not learn something about the dairy business and really get into it?" He showed movies, presented speakers, ran a complete dairy school. Both Protestants and Catholics attended the lectures and demonstrations. Then the priest organized a local unit of the Sanitary Milk Producers — the big coöperative that sells 75 percent of all milk entering St. Louis. Today, through his efforts, Franklin County is fourth in inspected-milk production among the 60 counties of the St. Louis milkshed and first among the Missouri counties.

Wheat-growing had encouraged soil erosion, and the hills were washing full of gullies. When Father Hildner heard of the new soil conservation demonstration areas which the U. S. Department of Agriculture was establishing, he succeeded in getting one located in Franklin County. The farmers learned about contour farming, strip cropping, gully control, reforestation. Furthermore, they still practice what they earned, and the farms they hand on

to their children will be better than the ones they received from their parents.

Two years ago Franklin County farmers were hard hit by drought. They paid \$25 to \$30 a ton for alfalfa, when they could find any. On his way to a Rural Life Conference in Kansas, Father Hildner saw from the train window hundreds of stacks of luxuriant alfalfa hay. Grabbing his suitcase, he bounded off, made a deal for 500 tons, got back on the next train. When he reached home he formed a partnership, borrowed money at the bank, organized a caravan of trucks and went after the alfalfa. The cost was \$15 a ton, delivered.

Partly as a result of the priest's efforts and partly because of the thrift and hard work of the people, every one of the more than 100 families in the St. John's-Gildehaus parish owns its own farm. More extraordinary, not one of these farms is mortgaged. The farmers have good houses and modern conveniences. Considering that Franklin County has hilly land of only fair quality, this is a phenomenal record.

Father Hildner has been as active in his social work as in his agricultural program. As his Archbishop puts it, "he has been preventing human erosion as well as soil erosion."

He is particularly interested in helping to make happy and lasting marriages. Like many another priest he gives premarital counsel to his young people who plan to marry. In

addition, after a marriage ceremony, he gives the couple a wedding breakfast in his home, and that evening there is a reception or dance to which the entire community is invited. Once a year he honors all those who have married during the preceding 12 months by reading their names from the pulpit. "In such ways," he explains, "we *make* something of marriage. A couple can't lightly toss it aside after community recognition and a celebration like that."

This country priest finds that, valuable as premarriage counsel is, many people need advice after marriage. He doesn't pose as a marriage expert, but believes that good horse sense, plus 37 years of observation as a priest, is worth something.

His advice is: "Be genuinely in love. Don't let any quarrel last more than one day — and don't take it to mama for sympathy. Be neat and clean in household and person. Take out an insurance policy. Own, or struggle to own, something. Have a religious home. Have children. That's not a complete list, but it's a good start."

Father Hildner has a dozen community jobs — all the way from being county defense chairman to playing Santa Claus at the Christmas program. "My creed for a rural pastor is to be all things to all men," he explains. "A pastor's mission is to live for his flock, not off it. I may not have measured up to this ideal, but at least I have tried a few angles."



Chivalry in Chicago

❧ A YOUNG WOMAN buying stamps at the Post Office in Chicago dropped a paper. The slip fell directly in front of the gentleman next to her. He politely raised his hat and kicked the paper over in front of her, making it easier for her to pick it up. — June Provines in *Chicago Sun*

❧ IN CHICAGO four holdup men passed chewing gum to patrons of a restaurant from whom they had just taken \$3000 in cash and jewelry. "Chew this," they said. "It'll calm you down."

— Fred Sparks in *Detroit Free Press*

❧ WHILE running to catch a bus, Loretta Stocker, a secretary at the Chicago Service Men's Center, slipped and fell. A man rushed past her, calling out: "I'll hold the bus for you. Get up quick." — AP

PART II *Queens Die Proudly*



W. L. White

Queens Die Proudly, the battle record of American Flying Fortresses in the Far East, is a brilliant successor to the same author's sensation-ally successful account of the PT boats, *They Were Expendable*, published last year. Both narratives were written originally on assignment for The Reader's Digest by Roving Editor W. L. White.

Lieutenant General George H. Brett, USA, who until recently commanded the Far Eastern skies for the United Nations, says of *Queens Die Proudly*: "I have read your script with keen interest and your descriptions are excellent. As far as memory serves, the incidents you described of the operations in Java and Australia are historically correct."

Queens Die Proudly, one of the most vivid and inspiring stories to come out of the war to date, has been presented in The Reader's Digest in two parts, of which this is the second.

To be published in book form by Harcourt, Brace & Co.,
283 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.





Part I of "Queens Die Proudly," in the April issue of The Reader's Digest, began the story of the 19th Bombardment Group — the Flying Fortresses stationed in the Philippines. Frank Kurtz, one of the outstanding combat pilots of the 19th, told of the first vicious surprise attacks by the Japanese before war was declared; of how the crippled American force struck back time and again, against terrific odds; of the heavy losses as the 19th Bombardment Group was driven back from one airfield to another; and, finally, how the few remaining "Forts" were gathered on the Dutch island of Java, in a desperate effort to fend off the advancing Japanese invasion fleet. Rumor had said that strong reinforcements were coming soon — perhaps "a thousand planes." The American pilots dreamed of this coming aid as they fought through their last grim battles over Java.

Frank Kurtz continues the gallant battle record.

"**A**S A matter of fact," said Frank, "we soon got our first reinforcements, Fortresses of the new E model. There were many improvements, but most vital of all were the new tail guns. The old D model which I flew had been almost defenseless when attacked from the rear.

"But in January of 1942 the reinforcements were a little thin trickle of the thousand planes we hoped for. The army was then terribly short of seasoned pilots, and often quickly trained kids were flying them out to us from the United States, and cracking them up all across Africa and Asia. But it was all they had to send us. Sometimes six would start out from Tampa

Field and maybe two would arrive at Malang in Java. During the whole month of January we got only half a dozen."

"We were in the old 7th, which came out to reinforce you," said Master Sergeant Charles T. Reeves, the bombardier.*

"So was I," said Master Sergeant Rowland A. Boone, the gunner. "And in those days our Model E was a surprise package — like the new F model is now.

"When something is really new,

* The story is told in the words of the men who composed the final crew of "The Swoose" when she returned to the United States. Some of these men arrived as replacements, after the first heavy casualties.

the combat boys who have to take it up don't want it blabbed around. For instance, after we got out there, a copy of a magazine arrived which gave a complete diagram of the E. It showed everything — the angle of fire of every gun, and the exact position of every man on the plane — so the Japs could work in through the blind spots and pick us off. 'My God!' the other gunners said. 'They're selling us out back home.' That picture knocked our morale for days.

"But to go back a bit," the gunner went on, "we flew out from the United States by way of Brazil, Africa, Egypt, Irak and India. Boy, what a trip! A free cruise around the world which in peacetime only a millionaire could afford, and looking down at it from the skies in addition! We crossed the equator near Sumatra in a hell of a snow-storm at 12,000 feet, with snow packing in between our engines. It was on the 17th of January that we reached Java and came into Malang Field.

"We had known the boys of the 19th back in the States, but now, we thought, there had been quite a change in them. As a bunch they looked nervous and hollow-eyed; even as if some of them had been drinking off duty, maybe trying to forget what they'd been through. They'd look enviously across the field at the tail guns of

the new E's we'd arrived in. You had to stop and remember those poor guys had been fighting a defensive war with a handful of D's. We found out they were sending us out on a raid the very next morning — which shows how badly they needed us."

"Yes," said Frank, "we certainly needed the new boys badly. That enormous gang of Jap surface ships was now coming toward us down Macassar Strait. They had to be stopped. *Had* to be! So the Colonel

TWENTY years ago Frank Kurtz, principal narrator of this tale, was selling papers on the streets of Kansas City — a poor boy with two burning ambitions: to learn to dive and to fly. At 14 he hitchhiked to the West Coast, and while diving coaches trained him he worked his way through Hollywood High School and the University of Southern California. He is the only man to have earned a berth on three American Olympic diving teams — in Los Angeles, Berlin, and the Olympiad scheduled for Helsinki in 1940.

In 1930 he set the world's junior land-plane speed record. In 1937, already an accomplished flier, he went through the mill at Randolph to win his army wings. Just before Pearl Harbor he was sent to the Philippines as a fledgling first lieutenant. His decorations include a D.F.C. for one of the longest combat missions flown in any war zone and a Silver Star for gallantry in action over Port Moresby.

As a captain in Java, he did a brilliant liaison job and less than a year after Pearl Harbor was a lieutenant colonel at 31 as well as senior air aide and personal pilot to Lieutenant General George H. Brett.

sent out everything he had, which was just six Forts, and the Dutch sent their little navy, which couldn't scare them much alone, plus some old Martin B-10 bombers they'd bought from us before the war."

"FOR those of us who had just reached Java," said the gunner, "it was the first real mission. Take-off was at 3:30 a.m. We'd planned to bomb from a good altitude, but the weather was so bad that we had to drop down to 15,000 as we approached the target. It broke light about seven and we began to see the gray, hazy sea, and the mountains piled up on both sides of the Strait below us.

"We were about 10 miles from the target when we saw that Jap surface gang. I'm not a navy man, but I was knocked over by it. They were strung out in two lines, transports with escorts — destroyers, cruisers, battleships riding the flanks, stretching back as far as we could see. I was as bowled over as a 10-year-old kid, watching his first Sells-Floto circus parade start by. Only then I thought, my God, here we were, only six Forts, with all this power against us!

"Almost immediately their attack fire opened up on us. We went in two V's, each flight picking its ship. Just after we'd dropped our bombs, the Jap pursuits hit us. I had been watching them spiraling up from their aircraft carrier — in flights of three, keeping formation as they spiraled, 15 Zeros in all.

"When they'd got their altitude, they paired off. Each pair would pick a Fort and go in for the attack,

one hitting it from the side while the other would come in from behind. Remember it was the first time any Zero had ever seen an E-model Flying Fortress. The one who came in from behind would throttle down to our speed and, in a leisurely way, try to shoot the tail off.

"It happened a couple came nosing up around our tail the first thing, firing tracers, getting everything nicely lined up before cutting loose with their cannon. Well, our tail gunner, Sergeant Irvin Schier, waited, letting them come on in. Then just as they were about to uncork their cannon, he let them have it — knocked the hell out of them. If they hadn't been dead they'd have been terribly surprised.

"Every Fort got back from that mission, and we'd picked off seven Zeros. For days the damn fools kept up those tail attacks, and it was the same old grind — we'd average four Zeros a mission.

"They tell it that one day five Zeros are sitting under a cloud when we come by. Four of them go in for tail attacks and are shot into confetti, so the fifth is smart — he goes home with the news. But for a while there it was a tail gunner's heaven."

"MY FIRST battle mission came a few days later," said the bombardier. "We lost one Fort, and I'll never forget it.

"My plane was in Major Robinson's flight. We had clear weather, but 30 minutes away from the target I heard the top turret gunner calling over the interphone: 'Formation of planes, right rear, high!' They were coming down at us from

32,000 or 33,000 feet, but from the bombardier's compartment I couldn't see them yet.

"Then they peeled off for the attack, concentrating on Robinson's plane. I could hear the gunners calling these plays over the interphones — couldn't see the Zeros myself yet, but I could see their tracers going into the tail of Robinson's plane.

"Now I am busy on my bombing run. I've picked my first live target, a row of three transports. I can hear Charlie Britt on the top turret guns, hammering away at Zeros, and I cuss him a little because it shakes my bombsight.

"Lieutenant Duke Du Frane, with his head stuck into the upper dome, is acting as fire-control officer, talking to the crew like a football coach.

"'Beardshear,' he says, 'here comes one on your right. Get him, boy — don't let him get away. Good goin'!'

"Then he'll say to Britt, 'All right, Charlie, here comes one for you — now *lead* this one with your fire. *Now* you're cookin'!'

"He spread this chatter through the entire run. Before he started it, I guess we were on edge, and it sure made us feel good. Duke was a man's man. Even the guns sounded different, like his talk had oiled their machinery.

"Then Major Robinson is calling from the lead plane.

"'Robinson to Flight.' I've been badly hit in the tail — having trouble holding the nose of my plane down. I'm turning the formation. Skiles, take the lead. I'll drop back.'

"'Do you want to make another pass at the target?' asks Skiles.

"'Yes, Skiles, take the formation over the target again.'

"We make our turn, the rest following, and head back. But now:

"'Robinson to Flight. Use as your target that heavy cruiser moving out from shore.'

"Because it is a navy boat, we know it will be tricky. They can figure your altitude, and know when your bomb is going to leave, computing it about the reverse of an anti-aircraft shell's curve. Also, a heavy ack-ack barrage is coming up from that cruiser. Through the telescope, I can see the flashes on her deck and then, 20 seconds later, our plane shakes.

"We've already lost altitude waiting for the Major (we'd boxed him in so he could stay with us and the Zeros wouldn't tear him to pieces), and he seems to have developed engine trouble. We're down to 23,000 feet. And I'm the lead bombardier.

"One second before the bombs leave my plane, I see the cruiser starting to turn (he's figured our bomb release line to the hair). But our bomb pattern has him blanketed. Two of my bombs are misses, but the other two are direct hits. The plane back of me gets some direct hits. My left-wing man's string is barely in front of the cruiser, my right-wing man's string is barely behind it — the damned thing seems enveloped in bombs churning the water, and debris flying above the foam. Boy! that Japanese captain just turned the wrong way!

"But now our formation swings and heads for home, Zeros still swarming around us, and we still losing altitude to stay back to pro-

tect the Major, who seems able to use barely enough throttle to keep her in the air. After 40 minutes the last Zero drops away; they're short of gas and dare not chase us any farther.

"Presently Robinson says to Skiles, over the command radio: 'Radio the base at Malang to have an ambulance ready. We have two badly wounded men aboard.'

"We wonder who they are. One is probably the tail gunner, since we saw Robinson's plane taking so many tracers there. The other must be their radio operator, or else they could have sent their own dot-dash message back to base.

"All of a sudden, Robinson's plane swoops down beneath us about 1000 feet, and the incline sends it scooting on out in front of us, heading a little toward the coast. Is Robinson going to beach her? And now over the command radio:

"Skiles to Robinson. Is there anything wrong?" our pilot asks.

"But there is no answer. We watch. Now Major Robinson is making a gradual turn, as though to rejoin the formation. But halfway in the turn his plane starts nosing over, goes into a dive, goes faster—straight down at the sea. We watch, holding our breath. Just before he goes in, his tail elevator blows off. The poor guy must have had the stick clutched back into his stomach trying to pull out of that dive, and the terrible air pressure on those elevators ripped them off. There's a huge splash—flame—a spiral of black smoke, and a widening circle of yellows, reds and black, which is

burning gas and oil on that topaz-green water.

"The second after it hit I called Lieutenant Du Frane on the inter-phone.

"My God, Duke,' I said, 'did you see that?'

"Yes,' he said. 'Thank God those Japs didn't see it.'

"The formation circles above the dead Queen. We circle until the fire dies away, peering down at the widening disk of oil. But there is no sign of anything else on the surface.

"Until then it hadn't seemed like a battle—just a game. But now I feel like someone had kicked me in the guts. There were guys on there I'd got drunk with. We'd sat around and lied to each other. I'd seen it happen, but still I couldn't believe what I saw.

"After we landed, we were supposed to go to the barracks and get some rest. But an hour later I found that the whole crew had, one by one, drifted back out to the plane—cleaning guns, improving gun positions, doing things we'd suggested back in the States but no one had ever got around to doing. Throwing away those small inadequate ammunition cans, and rigging the guns so you could set a whole box of ammunition in there. The E, of course, was a big advance over the D. But any new model will have little things wrong that you never find out until you take one up and fight it.

"All through Java we did such jobs ourselves, officers and men together, because we had no maintenance crews. And we flew in weather out there you wouldn't

drive out to the airport in back here. But the Japs were flying it too."

"ANYWAY," resumed Frank Kurtz, the pilot, "we had stopped the Japanese there in Macassar Strait for a while. The little Dutch navy helped, but mostly it was American air power. We'd sunk quite a gang of them, so the rest had to go back and lick their wounds, realizing they couldn't move in on Java until they had air control. This meant they would have to clean us out of our advance fields in Borneo and the Celebes. It wouldn't be hard, for the Dutch had no troops to speak of on these islands. Still, we seemed to be holding our own, and we foolishly thought time was on our side. We were thinking of those 1000 planes. We hadn't learned that Time in war is a treacherous ally who favors anyone who will use him.

"But meantime Colonel Eubank had hauled me down to the ground for a while to do a different job. Too many wars were going on. The American air force, the Royal Dutch air force, the American and Dutch navies, all of us were running our own separate wars. I was picked to do a very necessary liaison job, and since I'd have to deal with navy men with so much gold braid on their sleeves they looked like they'd had their arms up to the elbows in scrambled eggs, the Colonel gave me a set of captain's bars. Presently I was dealing with everyone — the Dutch and the British too.

"The Dutch, for instance, were begging for help in Sumatra where the Japs were swarming across the narrow seas from Malaya, trying to

grab the oil refineries at Palembang. So the Colonel sent the Forts."

"I remember a mission," said the bombardier, "when we attacked the Japs at the river's mouth, just below Palembang. The weather was overcast — a ceiling of 2000, so we had to work down below that. None of us liked it, because a Fort is a big easy target so close to the ground.

"Captain Northcutt was leading when we sighted the target, a huge Jap liner which I've seen as a luxury cruise boat tied up to the San Francisco docks. Suddenly she cut loose a hell of an anti-aircraft barrage at us. It was like looking down into a cone of fire, with this transport at the tip, and smoking red-hot rivets whizzing up at us. Suddenly we shuddered violently and almost went over on our back. An ack-ack shell had burst under one wing. Big pieces of it tore a huge hole just where the wing joins the fuselage, and one embedded itself in the plane just a few inches from Captain Skiles.

"We were already on our run, almost at the release line, and the jar had thrown out the bombsight. I'd have to guess at it, but I was good and mad at the shaking-up we'd got. 'All right, you yellow-bellies, here they come!' I hollered, and dropped four in rapid succession. They landed in a cluster about 25 feet from the transport. The other four I released more slowly. We'd come down to 1000 feet now, and believe me, that's low. We could see the Japs crowding the rails, trying to jump overboard as the bombs gathered speed. The first bomb plunked into the water alongside,

but the other three went smack! smack! smack! right down what had been her promenade deck, and it looked like she was coughing up into the sky a kind of confetti made up of planking splinters and Jap infantry. Then my right-wing man scored four hits across the back of the ship.

"You ought to hear Beardshear, our tail gunner, tell about it. Not having any Zeros to keep him busy, he was enjoying the scenery and playing 'Yankee Doodle' on the deck planking with his .50-calibers. He says we passed over so close that he looked down the funnels, and he called to us over the interphones that he could see what they were going to have for chow — rice and fish heads. By the time we got home, Beardshear was telling it that we'd been so close that one of those fish-eyes winked at him."

"**A**BOUT this time," said Frank Kurtz, the pilot, "I got word from the Colonel that at last some American P-40 fighters were on their way up from Australia, equipped with belly tanks so they could take it in hops, landing for fuel at Kupang airdrome on Timor Island. It was part of my liaison job to get them settled with the Dutch fighters at their airdrome at Ngoro — another beautifully hidden field.

"When they landed I found there were nine, led by my old friend Major Bud Sprague, whom I hadn't seen since the Philippines. Bud, like many fighter pilots, is jumpy as a welterweight waiting for the bell, prancing all the time. He was itching to get into this Java fight —

proud of every boy in his gang, and you could see they all worshiped him.

"The Dutch fighter pilots are just as prancy as ours, and Bud hit it off with them right away. He praised the camouflage on their field, and I heard him give his youngsters a serious warning. 'This is the best camouflaged field we'll ever operate on,' he told them. 'So remember — I don't want anyone to cross this field with a Zero on his tail. Bail out, beach it, but don't come back here with company.' As a result, the Japanese didn't find Ngoro Field until two days before the end.

"Not long after they came, I rang Bud up with a queer assignment for the boys. We were doing everything possible to stop the Japs from swarming over onto Sumatra from Malaya. The Forts were out pasting their landing barges morning and night. We were using them practically as heavy pursuit — skimming down under the weather to chase landing barges going up the rivers.

"So we asked Bud to deliver a little strafing, and off they went, carrying belly tanks to get them there. They went to work with 30-pound fragmentation bombs and their machine guns, and when they got back Bud reported the P-40's had had Japs diving off those barges in full field equipment. He sank quite a few and drowned hundreds of Japs, and every P-40 got back to Java.

"But they were closing in on us from still another direction. We could no longer operate from those advance fields at Kendari and Samariunda across the Java Sea. The

Japs had moved into Borneo and the Celebes. So we waited for what we knew was coming. They must be stacking Jap bombers onto what had been our own fields there — within easy range of Java.

"We didn't have to wait long. One morning I was out at the Dutch airfield at Surabaya, when their Operations reported in great excitement that a Jap bomber force was over Java itself, headed down the island. I was panic-stricken for fear the Japs might branch off at Malang and catch our Forts on the ground there. But instead they came down on us at Surabaya.

"At 11 o'clock we could hear them hitting the city off in the distance. We knew they wouldn't miss us. I'll never forget poor old Baalerts, the head of that KNILM field. He had never been bombed before and had already crawled into his car. I told him that was the worst thing he could do, that we should run for the concrete slit trenches at the edge of the field. Well, Baalerts weighs about 400 pounds, and he had on a lovely white suit. He'd just married a beautiful active young wife the day before, and in general wasn't in condition to be bombed.

"As we ran, we could hear the second wave coming in over the harbor next to our airdrome — hear bombs crashing into the oil-storage base. They practically leveled Moro Krembangkam, the Dutch naval base there, coming in out of the sun — it was really a beautiful job from a professional standpoint. The base is second in size only to Singapore.

"Now came the third wave,

headed right for our airdrome. Echoing around in the cement of our slit trenches, the sound of the crashes was terrific. Baalerts' white bridal suit was soaking up dirty rain water. We were all thankful when we heard that bomb pattern moving away.

"I was just hoisting out of the trench what was left of our bridegroom when the Zeros hit, so we got Baalerts back down again.

"All the Dutch had to meet them were 12 export-model Curtiss pursuits. They had little motors and were hardly better than advanced trainers. The Dutch had come to America in 1939 with nice shiny new-mined gold in their hands, begging to buy fighters, but this was all we could spare them. Well, this brave dozen was up to do what it could against about 10 Zeros.

"We watched one Dutchman coming in for fuel when two Zeros crossed his tail, their guns going full-blast, hammering tracers into his tail — watched his plane roll over and dive into the dust at the edge of the field.

"Now another Dutch pilot comes in, with a Zero streaking for his tail, the Dutchman dodging all the way to the ground. At 50 feet from the ground he slips to the right to avoid that stream of tracers but it's too late. Flames came gushing out, yet he managed to land and jump out of the burning plane. The brave Dutch kids put up a terrific fight for their homeland, but seven planes were lost that morning — of the 12 which had been Java's only defending Dutch fighter force.

"As I climbed out I realized the

picture was darkening fast. We were depending on our Fortresses to keep the Jap transports away from Java, but we had to have fighters to defend our flying fields.

"AFTER this raid, I had something else to straighten out. The Dutch fighters alone had been defending Surabaya — where had our P-40's been? Well, it turned out that in that Dutch fighter control room they hadn't been able to speak English clearly enough for our boys to understand over the radio, so they'd been off in another corner of the sky. Getting someone in there who could talk with an American accent was another job for me.

"The Forts, of course, had been pounding away at the Japs, and had come back with ominous news — they'd spotted a Jap carrier out in the Java Sea and sent it away limping. If they'd had more strength, they'd surely have sunk it. Things were getting so bad that you might wake up any morning to find a Jap carrier at almost any corner of the island!

"About this time, 10 more fighters arrived — hopping up from Australia via our steppingstones of Timor and Bali. They were led in by Captain Will Connally, a commercial pilot who flew a Beechcraft and did the navigating for the fighters — that isn't part of their training. He reported they'd only lost one, which cracked up in landing at Timor Field.

"But they'd had plenty of excitement. Just as they were approaching Timor the boys had engaged and shot down a Jap fighter. It

made Connally plenty jittery. He was an old hand at flying, but his little Beechcraft had no guns, and wouldn't have lasted a minute in combat. A little later he sighted a Jap twin-engine bomber coming toward them.

"Will Connally had no radio in his Beechcraft to warn the P-40's, so he started going up and down frantically to signal them. Sure enough, the kids got the idea, and the two fighters on his wing peeled off and headed for the Jap. The first one put out his port engine, but the Jap feathered it and kept on going. But then he was hit by the second P-40, which, in spite of the fact that only two of its six guns were working, knocked out the starboard motor. And just to make sure of him, a third P-40, which by now had arrived, dived in to chew his wing off.

"You should have heard those American kids when they got in. Most of them were just out of flying school, and had never before flown a P-40 except for a three hours' practice in Australia. But now they had drawn first blood, and they were excited and yipping like a bunch of fox terrier pups chasing their first rabbit.

"Will Connally reported that about 14 more P-40's were coming behind him, but we were to find out that these ran into terrible luck. They were being led by a Douglas transport, and as they approached Timor, they ran into heavy weather. The transport, instead of bringing them on in, turned back. The kids, who are not supposed to know how to navigate, wandered around in the weather, hunting for the air-

drome. Four cracked up on the beaches. The rest picked up the drome, sneaked in, gassed up, and took off for Bali. Here they were gassing up again when the Japs from some carrier hidden nearby hit them. Two flights of three planes each had just cleared the ground. They hardly had their wheels up. One was burned up on the take-off, some of the men were able to bail out as their planes were shot down. The rest of the planes were strafed on the ground, and only three got in to Surabaya — full of holes.

"Now we began to see that it would be only a matter of time until the Japs took that steppingstone field at Timor, which connected us to Australia, and it would all be over — for no more fighters could fly through to us. Jap bombers had already hit Surabaya. If we got no more fighters, how long before they smashed our Forts at Malang? The skies were darkening fast.

"At about this time an American submarine showed up. She had sneaked through the Jap blockade from Corregidor, with a load of 14 passengers — most of them pilots I knew, who had lost their planes and been left when we had to pull out of the Philippines.

"They came roaring into the hotel late. They were sick of fiddling around on Bataan with rifles, and now were itching to get into the air again. In addition to which, they'd been cooped up for days under war in that stinking little tin cigar box. You can imagine how a pilot would take that. Here they were at last, free in a big, luxurious hotel, with lights and girls. They nearly

pulled it to pieces, and danced with all the girls who would take a chance with them on the floor.

"I told them everybody outside was thrilled by the great fight they were putting up on Bataan. They insisted things on Bataan weren't nearly so glamorous as we imagined outside. The food there was terrible, so where was the best place in Java to get a thick, rare steak?

"I told them they had me in liaison work just now, and they said hell, if I had talents like that, the place for me was on Corregidor. Because the army had the navy stuffed into one end of a tunnel while they were stuffed into the other, and relations were so strained that the staffs would only communicate by courier. And how about a shot of this Daiquiri rum they'd heard so much talk about?

"I finally got them quieted down and on the bus for Malang. They were crazy to get back up in the air after all those weeks.

"OF COURSE these pilots had no idea of how desperate things were with us on Java. I had just got word from our navy's PBY's on patrol that a new Jap invasion fleet was coming down Macassar Strait, apparently headed for Balikpapan on Borneo. It has a fair harbor and is the last base they would need before they took over Java. And I couldn't see how we were going to stop them.

"But next day Colonel Eubank gathered his Forts together and they took off at 3:30 in the morning, so that they would be out over Macassar Strait at dawn.

"They had to come down below the overcast to see the target, which was two converging lines of Jap ships, heavily escorted. Well, we hit it. And of course we do some damage. But it's a big force, and we have only a handful of F-4s, so the Japs keep coming.

"But we're desperate, and so are the Dutch. Their entire bomber force now consisted of eight old B-10's (a 1934-model Martin twin-

engine bomber) which were based at Balikpapan. These boys knew if the Japs were ever to be stopped it had to be now, to give our reinforcements time to get in — if we were going to get any. So that afternoon they made their last desperate stab — damaging that Jap fleet, of course, but not stopping it. And just as these Dutch bombers were coming in to land on Balikpapan Field, they were hit by carrier-based Zeros and every



plane destroyed. Now the Dutch had no bombers, and everything depended on our Forts.

"So the next day the Forts put out from Malang to strike at the Japs in Macassar, and if possible sink a carrier. But what happened on that mission should not be my story. For I wasn't there. Two of our Sky Queens died that day in battle and I didn't see it. It doesn't happen often. Plenty of them had come home crippled. Many others had been cracked up in fog, or were beached, like Shorty Wheel's plane. But we'd lost only five in combat, and rarely have the Japs seen one fall. So you tell it," said the pilot, looking at the gunner.

"I SAW IT," said the gunner, "and I can tell you how they die.

"It began like this. Nine of us had taken off from Malang to Macassar Strait to look for carriers. We had only started, and were about 60 miles off the coast, when we noticed some fighters in a tight formation. We assumed that they were P-40's, but we weren't taking any chances, because there seemed to be quite a gang of them — but maybe some reinforcements had arrived which we hadn't heard of. So we watched as they came closer. Only when we saw the white points of our Army Air Force star with the red disk in the middle were we relieved. It hadn't occurred to us that you can take the red sun of Japan and with a few strokes of white paint make five white points around it.*

* Shortly after this incident, the Army Air Force emblem was changed, and the red central disk removed.

"We didn't dream of this as they flew along with us, about 3000 yards away, apparently paying no attention. We watched them as they started on out front of us, swinging out a little, climbing high, then turning back in toward us from ahead.

"There was nothing about this maneuver which surprised us, for the Japs so far had always attacked us from the rear. Then they wheeled in for their nose-on attack, and too late we saw those stars on their fuselages had been crudely forged.

"They concentrated on our first three planes, and remember now that this first attack, which caught us completely off guard and far below our regular altitude, happened in only a few seconds. One Fortress they hit only in a motor. On the next, an incendiary went through the bomb-bay gas tank. We didn't have leakproof ones yet in that model. The explosion set off the oxygen system and the whole Fortress flared in front of our eyes in a puff of flame and smoke. Out of this we could see two or three parachutes floating down. Maybe the men dangling from them were alive. More probably they had never pulled the rip cords, but the explosion opened the chutes.

"I was working the top turret gun, and from here I could see exactly what was happening on the third Fortress — Captain Duke Du Frane's ship — which was just on our left, and very close. Jim Worley, the bombardier, saw it too. First, we saw Du Frane's plane shudder as the Jap tracers crashed into its cockpit and into its bomb

bay. But she didn't go down yet. For a while she continued on with her chin up, like those pictures you see of Marie Antoinette or Mary Queen of Scots walking proudly toward the scaffold. And she didn't waver or flinch, even when we could see dull-red flames leaping from the burst gasoline tanks.

"We surged just a little ahead of her nose, and from here we could see Duke Du Frane and his copilot both slumped over dead, their heads leaning against the shattered pane of the cockpit window. So it wasn't any man who was keeping her chin up, it was the Old Queen herself, who wanted to die this way.

"We dropped back and came in a little closer — you had an awful feeling you wanted to help, and you couldn't — and we saw Sergeant Keightley, her radioman and right-waist gunner, climb through his escape hatch and bail out. And then her left-waist gunner, doing the same on the other side. We saw her tail gunner bail out — they found him four or five days later on an island.

"She was enveloped in red flames now from nose to tail, and through her windows we could see flames shimmer inside her cabin, and as her plates melted she began to sink in a steepening curve. Along the wake of that curve we were to count seven parachutes, like seven swirling dandelion seeds.

"But as yet she hadn't gone down much, and our own pilot, Captain Strother — a brave, skillful pilot (who was presently to die, and every man of his crew feels he gave his life to save ours) — was keeping abreast

of her, so that with our guns we could keep the Japs away and give her men a chance to jump.

"The last to leave was Sergeant Coleman, her top turret gunner — we could see him pounding away with his .50's, but now he leaves his turret. We see him go by the side window, and he's struggling to put on his parachute, which he hadn't worn in that cramped top turret, for it would have interfered with his shooting. We see him go back to the rear escape hatch and drop through it with his clothes afire. But then, almost instantly, we saw that parachute begin to billow loosely like a silk scarf in the wind, because — oh, God! — we saw something else. The poor guy had had to jump without having time to buckle the belt strap of his parachute — the price he paid for staying in his turret for a few last shots at Zeros, protecting the others while they jumped. When that chute cracked open, the jerk pitched him out of the harness headfirst, and as the chute billowed loosely, we saw him dropping down with his clothes smoking, getting littler and littler. I couldn't look any more.

"The plane was settling faster, in that steepening curve now, because it was all over. So we who have seen a Fortress die in battle can tell you how they do it. They die as the men who fly them and fight in them would want them to die! They die like the great Sky Queens they are. And Queens die proudly."

"By now," resumed Frank Kurtz, the pilot, "the air-raid alarm in Surabaya was going off regularly,

sometimes three times a day, because the Java Sea was stiffer than an old sock with Jap carriers. Colonel Eubank was now faced with a real problem. The three main bases for our Forts were at Malang, Madiun and another town which was spelled Jogjakarta, but which the American boys called Jock. The Dutch had no system to detect planes coming in from over the sea. So what was the Colonel to do? Our P-40's were badly overworked, so when the alarm sounded, if the Forts took to the air the Zeros might shoot them down, while if they stayed on the ground, the Jap bombers might blow them up. The situation was going from bad to worse."

"On Malang Field," said the gunner, "the food situation was bad too. The Dutch were in charge of the mess. They served only one hot meal a day, and this was always at noon — usually hot soup with boiled beef and potatoes. But I only got to eat this hot noon meal three times — I was always out on missions, which should give some idea how busy we were."

"They had baskets of food for us to take up in the plane — pineapples, tropical fruit, and then sandwiches which were either a slab of cheese, or else raw bacon, in between two thick hunks of bread. We found this heavy stuff made gas in our intestines and just as you got to high altitude going over the target, this gas swelled up, giving you the gripes. So we'd eat the fruit and throw the sandwiches away."

"What with getting two or three hours' sleep a night, we were all losing weight — two of us lost 19

pounds and Charlie lost 23, and it wasn't scared off us either. We all felt that with a decent meal we could do a lot more. So, much as we needed sleep, at eight or nine o'clock at night we'd take the Dutch bus into town just to buy us a thick, rare steak. Americans have got to have red meat to fight on. Give them that and they'll manage to sleep when they can."

"We finally took over the mess, but that didn't help much, because by then the field was being bombed regularly. The mess sergeant had his kitchen blown up three times in a single day, and this didn't improve the flavor of things."

"The attacking Jap pilots were smart," said the bombardier. "They'd fly their machines dressed like natives, so if they bailed out they could just walk away and mingle with the crowd. But we weren't afraid of them in combat, even flying in the small numbers we had to. Three of us would be flying along, 15 or 20 Zeros would hit, and we'd come back with a score of eight or nine. Maybe not all demolished, but hit so they had to leave — we'd see them going down in crazy spirals. Toward the last they kept away from us in the air, and only tried to get us on the ground. They knew we had no protection there to speak of — no fighters and no pom-poms, and they'd come in insolent as could be."

"THAT was the week I got into something way over my head in this liaison work," said the pilot, "but first you ought to look at that big de luxe hotel which was the un-

official capital of Java. Its lobby, bar and dining room were crowded with uniforms — land, sea and air forces of all ranks, British, Dutch and American. It was an enormous high-ceilinged spacious thing, open to the soft Javanese air. Little tropical birds would fly in and out of the dining room and roost on the gleaming chandeliers.

"The Dutch are great eaters, and they have something they call *Rijst-tafel*. You order it and then sit back and eat while 23 waiters line up and walk by your table, each carrying a different sauce or fish or bowl of relish or rice. I tried it once and managed to live by eating only every other course, but your true colonial Dutchman will stoke in all 23, drenching the layers down with mugs of beer.

"In the bar you might see the boys of Patrol Wing 10 (this hotel was navy billeting headquarters) in from reconnaissance, drinking Daiquiris, and often I would see my old Hollywood High School classmate John Robinson sitting there in his off hours, very handsome in his naval pilot's uniform, and with him was the most beautiful girl in Surabaya.

"She had dark hair, and an almost ghostly pale face that was sad in repose. Then a smile would quickly light it up, and you'd wonder how you could ever have thought that. And the most beautiful figure in the city. When she'd walk through the bar clinging to John's arm and looking up at him, even the oldest and crabbist admiral would rustle a little in his chair.

"John was very busy and I don't

think he gave her much thought, but still it's nice to have the most beautiful girl in town crazy about you to the point where it even bothers the admirals.

"She was, so they said, a very high Dutch socialite and had lots of money, which you might guess by how simple and expensive her evening dresses were. In the daytime she was in uniform; I think she drove a car for the Dutch General Staff.

"Meanwhile my job was growing by leaps and jumps. In that hotel dining room you might see General Wavell, the British Commander in Chief; or Admiral Hart; or General Brett, who commanded the United Nations air force; or Van Oyen, commander of the Dutch air force. I was circulating among the tables, and my brief case was so crammed with hot information I never let it out of my sight.

"Some of the native servants seemed tricky. You couldn't be sure of anything, but I knew they were watching me, and my brief case.

"That hotel certainly wasn't built to keep military secrets. The bedrooms had only swinging half-doors like barrooms — open to the air above and below. One evening, after I had been talking over a new order with two pilots, I stepped quickly to the door, and caught a glimpse of a white robe flitting around the corner.

"After that night I slept with my brief case under my pillow. In addition every bed was provided with a Dutch widow. At first the American pilots didn't know what to make of this and would kick them out on the

floor. I should maybe explain that a Dutch widow is a long padded bolster and, if you sleep with it between your knees, it keeps your legs from pressing together and sweating in the tropical heat. After a while the pilots got to like them.

"Two nights later Lieutenant Jacquet came up from Malang. By the time we had finished work it was so late I suggested he'd better spend the night with me. I put my brief case under my pillow as usual. On this particular night it contained something so important I don't even like to talk about it now.

"Anyway, I was wakened by the beam of a flashlight coming through the mosquito netting over my face. I could also see a fist holding a knife.

"I gave a yell and dived through that netting like a cat, but the yellow light instantly winked out, and I was standing there alone in the darkness, while Jacquet rolled out on the other side. He hadn't been as nervous as I, and was sleeping more deeply.

"Why hadn't my visitor stabbed me? I think because he was surprised to find Jacquet there. One of us would surely have been able to make an outcry. And I thought to myself, 'Well, stranger, for a newcomer, you're sure getting into a lot of things, because you never thought some guy you didn't know would ever try to kill you through mosquito netting in a place called Java.' The brief case was okay.

"**B**UT to get back to our other problems. We were in desperate need of fighter planes, but the Japs had now cut the jugular

vein from Australia by moving into Timor. Our P-40's could no longer hop up the island chain to us on their belly tanks. But why not a carrier, we wondered? Couldn't the navy spare just one — which could load up with P-40's in Australia and then, when it was still several hundred miles from Java, turn the P-40's loose, let them fly on in to us, and go back for another load?

"We dreamed and prayed for this. And as a matter of fact the navy did make an attempt. An aircraft tender was loaded with P-40's and started out from Australia. But what happened was just what was feared. Those P-40's were in crates stacked high on her decks, so she had to come clear in — under skies the Jap bombers ruled.

"She went down with her entire crew and those crated P-40's off the southwest coast of Java — but I'm sure the navy was doing the best it could for us with what they had.

"Of course it gave our morale a kick in the belly. Late the next afternoon young Jack Dale came in from Ngoro on a personal mission from Major Bud Sprague. When he'd finished it he stayed a few minutes.

"When he first came into Java he'd been a real spark plug for the rest of the boys. When the alarm would sound, he'd jump to his feet, slap the boys on the back, and yell, 'Let's go, gang!' But now he looked tired. He'd been living, sleeping, eating under the wing of his plane for weeks — when he wasn't upstairs fighting. Yet now, he said, they could hardly stay in the air, because they were operating about 10 P-40's against as many as 50 or

75 Jap fighters swarming up from carriers off in the Java Sea. 'Frank,' he said, wearily, 'when we first got here, I'd run for my cockpit thinking, how many am I going to get this morning? But now when I take off I catch myself wondering, will it be my turn today?'

"But now we saw another blow coming. The boys in Navy Patrol Wing 10 reported a force of six Jap transports and five warships headed toward Bali Strait, which divides Java from Bali. They were after the airdrome on Bali. This was, as maybe you now begin to see, a war of airdromes — Clark, Del Monte, Kendari, Samarinda, Kupang, all of them lost pearls in the United Nations' defenses. The Jap technique was clear — isolate and occupy the airdromes and then you have the country. It was a game we knew well too, but you've got to buy chips before they will deal you a hand.

"All I can say is the Dutch and Americans were ready to defend Bali with what we had. Our little surface navies moved in that night to clip them a glancing blow on the run, as they'd done at Macassar Strait, and our submarines did a grand job in the moonlight. The Colonel sent his Fortresses out and down to 5000, to paste them from the air. We left two transports burning in the moonlight, and a crippled cruiser.

"But next morning it was up to the air force alone, because the navy was too tiny to venture out by day. The Forts went over, of course — in fact everything we had — to smash at those Jap transports as

they poured 30,000 troops onto the beach at Bali. The P-40's were led by Bud Sprague himself. That morning he got his commission as a lieutenant colonel. He paused just before the take-off to scrawl his signature on his papers, but he didn't take time to pretty himself up in his new silver leaves; I guess he was satisfied to die in his old gold ones.

"He led his boys cold pigeon into that Jap barrage over the Bali beach and the other boys saw him go down in on his run. And never come up again. Yet they still like to hope maybe he succeeded in landing on that Bali beach, which looks so nice in the travel folders, and will turn up grinning some day, telling them what a social success he was with the natives.

"But it was pitiful. We lost about half our P-40 fighters. Of course Bud and his gang made the Japs pay 10 to 1 for taking that airfield — but the Japs had it to pay. With the Japs holding that Bali field, they could send bombers and fighters into every corner of Java, and we knew it was almost over.

"When I got back late to the hotel there was that beautiful Dutch girl alone at the table where she and John Robinson usually sat. She saw me and came running across the room. Had I seen John? she wanted to know, in her pretty broken English. He had promised to meet her here for dinner, and it was now so late! The others had told her John had gone on a mission. But surely he would be back soon, wouldn't he?

"Out in the lobby they had told me John was missing. He'd been out on reconnaissance, and there

had been two messages from him: MANY ZEROS SIGHTED, and then about a minute later a final one: ZEROS CLOSING IN. That left only three of the ones I knew in gallant Patrol Wing 10, Commander Petersen, Bill Hardy and Duke Campbell. None of them had been able to tell her, and when I looked at her face I found I couldn't either. Because it was the face of someone frozen with fear in a nightmare — so frozen she couldn't accept the truth if you told her.

"In all the evenings that were left (there were not to be many) I avoided that lobby, because it was haunted by a ghost — a pretty, pale, fear-frozen face that came running up to you and asked, with hope forced into a frightened smile, if you had seen John.

UT there's another story I should tell. The army had sent a high ground officer to Surabaya on a special mission of great importance, and with about a million dollars deposited to his credit in the Javasche Bank. With this he was to buy and equip three blockade runners which would carry to Corregidor ammunition, medical supplies, and food for those poor devils in Bataan who were still fighting on.

"Two of the ships had already left. A third was almost ready to go. The only one thing remained to be done: find a radio operator for this last ship. Without one they could not start, because unless they gave a prearranged radio signal when they approached Corregidor, the Jap's guns would blow them to

pieces. Could the air force possibly let them have a radio operator? Any volunteer would be paid a bonus out of the money in the bank.

"Now asking our Colonel for a radio operator was like asking him for his right arm. But Java was caving in, the situation was tense. Our Colonel hesitated, and then said that, while he couldn't order anyone on so dangerous a mission, he thought we could get a volunteer.

"And we did. We told the men the mission was most dangerous but of the greatest possible service to our country. And out of the line stepped a clean-cut, alert-looking kid called Sergeant Warrenfeltz. Only after this did I tell him of the \$5000 bonus. We let Warrenfeltz go down and look over the ship, loaded with surgical equipment, food, drugs, and 300,000 rounds of .30-caliber ammunition, so that she was practically a floating bomb. He talked to the captain (a Swede) and looked over the Negro and Chinese crew. Then Warrenfeltz came to me and I told him they were to slip out at night and run through the Jap blockade into the Philippines.

"'Is that all?' asked Warrenfeltz, grinning. He knew what he was getting into. We'd been flying over those waters for months; he knew just how thick the Jap surface ships were, and how slim were the chances of getting through. Why did he do it? To help those poor devils in the infantry, dying on Bataan. He'd seen the cargo. And then the money — he told me exactly what to do with that, and the message I must send, but we'll come to it later. Of course it was all pretty irregular,

paying a man for heroism. If somebody in Washington ever asks us why we did it, I don't know what we'll say.

"As it happens, the money was never paid. But that comes later.

"MEANWHILE we had other things to worry about. From our reconnaissance came reports that a big Jap force was closing in from the sea, not on Borneo, not on Bali, but on Java itself. The whole show was cracking up."

"They hadn't told us yet," said the bombardier, "but we smelled it. Madiun, where I was based, was being bombed every day now — we'd go out on a mission and always come back to find craters in our runways. Also, instead of going out to targets in formations, we now were going singly. As soon as we'd get one ship on the ground long enough to get it gassed and bombed up, we'd take off by our little lonesome, dodging Zeros to pick just any target from the countless transports that were swarming off Java. In the last week I got a light cruiser and a transport — blew the end off the transport.

"Then one night we came in with our brakes out of order, and while we were trying to repair them, by flashlight, all of a sudden there was a terrific *Bang!* It shook the ship so badly it knocked one guy off the wing, and he fell face down on the field. Of course we were sure that the Japs, seeing our flashlights, had dropped a bomb. But no. Oh, no! It was just the methodical Dutch, carefully scorching the earth by blowing up our ammunition dump,

which by some miracle we weren't near at the time. It seemed the order had just come through to evacuate, because the Japs were coming, and what with the language difficulty, this was their way of announcing it.

"We were jittery — been going through a lot of strafing — but finally got our plane refueled, and loaded 24 men aboard. We still had no brakes on the right wheel, but we all hoped together in unison that we'd clear the runway. We did.

"It was two o'clock in the morning. As we climbed for altitude we could see refineries flaming all over the island — fires and explosions — and as we circled the field in the dark for the last time, the Dutch blew up a beautiful new concrete hangar. It had huge arches like a bridge span, control tower and everything — it all came rolling up at us in a parting salute as we headed out for Australia."

"I was still back in Surabaya," said the pilot, Frank Kurtz, "because I had a couple of jobs to do. The day we got Warrenfeltz off in the Corregidor relief ship, the Colonel had told me he was leaving for Jogjakarta — the town we called Jock — and that I'd better join him there and he'd send me out to Australia. All the other boys of the 19th were going that day.

"But I was thinking of the fighter pilots. No one was looking after them; how were they to get out? Remember they had got into Java with belly tanks hopping via Timor and Bali, which were now held by the Japs. The Colonel said I was absolutely right. 'You're under your own orders,' he said. 'Best of luck.'

"It wasn't until I'd hung up that I realized that when the 19th had left Java, there wouldn't be any way for me to get out. The hotel by now was emptying fast of foreign uniforms.

"Poor old Java was being left to sink by herself, but since the newspapers were still about four days behind the actual news, the people didn't realize it yet. Things were moving fast.

"The following night, 50 miles off Surabaya, the naval battle was resumed. The main Japanese invasion force, ringed by submarines, was headed for our beaches. At midnight the United Nations navy moved in to throw their little all into the balance. This final night the Dutch struck no glancing blow. It was now or never. They moved in and fought them toe to toe, the Australians at their side. It was pitiful, of course, and hopeless, as all of them knew. But the gallant Dutch preferred to die fighting out in the night rather than go skulking home to wait for the Rising Sun tanks to come rattling down their streets.

"Side by side, the Dutch and the Australians plunged through that outer ring of Jap submarines. The American forces took up the last defensive position, skirting the Jap back edge, firing on the run. It was our duty not to dissipate ourselves in lost causes, but to do what damage we could, and conserve our strength to strike again.

"Java died that night in the gunfire which came rolling in over the water. It took until dawn for the Jap battle fleet to crunch to bits the Dutch and Australian navies.

"BUT before that I had put in a telephone call to America, to Margo.* I wondered if the call could possibly go through. Java was collapsing fast all around us.

"Walking to the telephone building at midnight, I could hear a dull rumble in the hot air coming from far over the water. The few people in the blacked-out streets assumed it was distant thunder. I knew it was the little Dutch navy in its final agony out there in the dark.

"Then I waited in that dim-lit mosquito-filled telephone building for that call to go through. I had other pressing business, but none more pressing than delivering the message Warrenfeltz had left me. I thought of the eager face of the boy just before he went out into what looked like almost certain death."

"From my end of the line," said Margo, "I could hear the telephone operators working all around the world, from here in the United States where it was noon to midnight in the tropics. And finally Frank's own voice. 'Have you got paper and pencil?' he asked. 'Now take down this name: Mrs. W. H. Warrenfeltz, of Hagerstown, Maryland. Her son Bud is going on a mission and he wants her to know there probably will be some money deposited to her account. Bud sends his love to Billy, Jane, and all, and of course to her. He wants her to buy her home, and the rest is for her to live on, and he wants her to be happy, however it comes out.'"

* Frank Kurtz had found it possible to make occasional calls, by overseas telephone, to his wife Margo in the United States.



"Then I told Margo the boy was going on a most dangerous mission. We didn't know how dangerous until after he left, for his course took him right across the path of the main Japanese fleet. And now," said the pilot bitterly, "this little story has a happy ending, so far as the auditors are concerned. Because the \$5000 which Bud Warrenfeltz thought his mother was going to get, when he went out to face the Japanese fleet, was never paid. It never cleared through the New York banks before Java fell. I suppose those New York bankers were more prudent than Bud, and took no chances on Java paper. So Bud's mother didn't get any money, and even Bud himself never got through to Manila. Let's hope he's a Japanese prisoner."

"After we'd written down the message to Mrs. Warrenfeltz, it seemed that Frank just wanted to visit," said Margo. "Of course it was wonderful to talk to him, because for some reason there didn't seem to be any censors clicking in on the line."

"The censors had all caught the boat," explained the pilot. "In a few hours the Japs would have Java,

so it didn't much matter what they knew."

"But after we talked about 15 minutes I began to worry," said Margo. "Living on an air-corps salary, you have to think of money. As we talked I couldn't help thinking it was \$6.50 for every minute, and I said we'd better hang up. Then he explained we could talk all we liked, because it was a government call."

"I didn't tell her *what* government," said the pilot. "She didn't know that the Japanese were taking over tomorrow, and they would get the bill."

"After that it was wonderful," said Margo. "Frank was coming through as clearly as if he were in a pay station downtown. He told me there would be no more calls for a while, and from that I guessed that maybe in a week or so the air corps would be retiring to Australia. I didn't dream that the Japanese were already just off the beach, that Frank didn't know how he could get out."

"It was long after midnight when we finished," said the pilot. "But it was some satisfaction to know it would cost the Japanese maybe \$500, and I only hoped I'd be out of Java so they couldn't collect from me."

"Then Major Fisher — who was in charge of the American fighters — and I got back to work on the Dutch military, who of course were up all that night. We wanted permission to get our fighter pilots out of the barracks at Ngoro and across Java tonight in the darkness. If we waited till tomorrow, Japanese tanks might cut us off. But the Dutch commander, Van Oyen, a stout old

infantry officer, had given orders to fight to the last. Maybe that was right for the Dutch, who felt if Java fell the war was over. That I shouldn't judge. But our American war wasn't ending with Java. We needed every man in Australia.

"After a final desperate call, Van Oyen agreed our boys might leave, turning their P-40's over to the Dutch fighter pilots, provided that before they went they strafed the Jap landing barges.

"So I rustled two cars and a truck to transport them, and by four o'clock we were headed for Ngoro. We got there a few minutes before dawn, to find our boys were up and out on that final mission, although they did not know it was their last.

"Again we telephoned Van Oyen in Surabaya to tell him the orders had been obeyed, and he told us reluctantly to bid them Godspeed and good luck; they had fought the good fight, and those who returned from this mission were now free to go to Australia. If there was a way.

"I hoped there still would be. Colonel Eubank had told me the day before that, if I could get them across Java by noon, they would find three Fortresses which he had ordered back from Australia to pick them up. However, he couldn't guarantee that these Forts would dare wait on that field beyond noon.

"Soon the first flight of returning P-40's comes in, and then the second. The boys still have their old spirit left because they buzz up the drome and come roaring in right over the roof of the Operations office — for a fighter pilot it's like knocking at the door. They're still



the old 17th Pursuit Group — or what's left of them.

"I look at the P-40's. They are so full of holes they should be condemned — there is hardly one the Dutch would dare take up again. We were leaving them little enough.

"Now my boys are gulping coffee. They grab an apple each and sandwiches to take along, and cram things in their bags, and I suppose it's time for good-byes. Captain Anamaet, leader of the Dutch fighters, tall, thin, dark-haired, with a finely chiseled face, nervous like many fighters, is standing silent at one side. His Dutch boys are with him.

"What can we say? Our American boys have fought with them like brothers for weeks. We're now making a dash for safety. We can't say what we don't mean, and how can we say we'll hope to see them again, when all know we never will? I stand there, tongue-tied.

"Anamaet is the courageous one. He walks forward, puts up his hand, and says simply, 'Thanks for all you have done. We have tried, but we are finished.' Gravely, and with no bitterness.

"I ask him why he and all his boys don't come out with us. We'll find room for him in the planes. Then he can continue the war from Australia. He shakes his head. His place is here.

"Now our boys are loaded in the truck, and presently we're out on the main highway, headed across Java, but just then we hear a familiar drone — Jap dive bombers. Smelling their way into Java, they've finally found this field. It's only luck they hadn't found it before. Our boys crowd against the tail gate of the truck to watch them peel off one by one, assume that 40-degree angle toward the ground, let go the little egg, pull out of their dives and then — *cr-r-r-umpf*, the bomb takes hold. It punctuates the lesson we'd been trying for days to drive home to the Dutch — that the field was now untenable.

"But now we have worries of our own. There are 76 of us in this little caravan — 15 of them pilots. We have only one road map, and it's at least an eight-hour drive at the speed we can make. A close squeeze to make it by noon. Then, in spite of the road map, we get lost — not badly, but two or three times we must backtrack. Then I see we'll never make it by noon. The boys, tired from many weeks of fighting, try to doze standing up in that jolting truck. I don't sleep, but I have nightmares. At every crossroads I wonder if lightning-fast light Jap tanks mayn't come sliding in on us, cutting off our escape to Jock.

"My wrist-watch hour hand seems to race. These tired boys, bouncing

in that truck, trust me. The air corps got them in here; now the air corps is getting what is left of them out. They don't doubt that a big bomber will be waiting with its door open on the Jock runway to take them to Australia. But we are late. What if the bombers couldn't wait?

"Now we are close to the town. Where is the field? Off to one side I see leaping flames and a column of smoke. That's all the marker you need to find an airdrome at this stage of a war. I tell the driver to steer for the smoke and he'll find the field.

"And at first it seems all to have been for nothing. There are the hangars, split wide open — six or seven Forts burning merrily. Also the water tower is hit. Professionally, I admire it as one of the best bomb runs I've ever seen. The Japs seem to have made a perfect job of cutting off our retreat — but no! There remains a single Fortress!

"It seems Lieutenant Vandevanter managed in the nick of time to get her off the ground, and flew out to sea until the raid was over. But at the utmost he can carry only a third of us. I dispatch about 50 in the trucks to Madiun Field, hoping it isn't blown up, and that two Forts the Colonel tells me are due in from Australia can get them out.

"And now we have a bonfire of everything we couldn't take with us, but which we don't want the Japs to have — all our photographs, every official paper, the entire records of the 17th Pursuit Group for the Java and Philippine wars. It all goes up in those flames on Jock Field forever. We even chuck in a

few bombsights that were kicking around.

"But just as the flames were leaping highest, the air-raided siren screamed. We dived for a drainage ditch, and I think I got my worst scare of the war. Because up above were two Zeros approaching, and down here on the field was our solitary Fortress — our last chance to escape — sitting out there mother-naked and defenseless. How long I held my breath I couldn't say now. But it proved to be only a recco flight, evidently to photograph the damage they'd done a few hours before.

"I began loading the boys into that plane. But I did one final thing. I couldn't forget Captain Anamaet, standing there on that Ngoro Field watching us pull out. So with the Dutch liaison officer there at Jock we made arrangements that, if tomorrow night we could get any planes through from Australia, they would circle our old bomber field at Malang. The liaison officer was to notify Anamaet, so that if Malang wasn't by then in Jap hands the Dutch pilots would light a bonfire on its field as a signal that it was safe for our Forts to come in and carry them out to Australia.

"We kept the date. The next night Captains Bill Bohnaker and Eddie Green slipped through to Malang. For 45 minutes they circled our old field. But there was no bonfire. Maybe Anamaet's boys had died during the day, giving their all for Java. Maybe they were now prisoners, unable to light their bonfire but listening in the darkness as Bill and Eddie circled and circled

above them. What happened we never knew. But I'm glad we couldn't have foreseen that darkened field at Malang as we all climbed into our own Fortress and headed east for Australia, flying into a rising moon.

"AT TWO O'CLOCK in the morning we sighted the coast of Australia, ghostly in the moonlight. It's just flat desert, but finally we found the little town of Broome, and came in on a field that reminded me of the Middle West in the old barnstorming days.

"By the first pale light of dawn, I could see that Broome consisted of a general store, a gas station, two houses, and a hangar shack — perched out here on the edge of nothing, where the red sand desert of Australia meets the blue salt desert of the sea.

"Presently the old sheep rancher who took care of this shack and also ran the general store strolled over, and we began to talk.

"Had any trouble around here?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Jap planes come over once in a while."

"What do you mean, once in a while?"

"The last one was just yesterday, since you mention it," he said. "Came over very high."

"It could only be a recco plane. I looked at this little field, loaded with Fortresses and Consolidated four-engine B-24's, plus some twin-engine stuff. Douglasses and Lockheeds the Dutch were using to evacuate. The Japs wouldn't waste time reccoing it if they didn't have a

carrier somewhere near. God knows we'd learned they were methodical — a recco plane and inevitably, within 48 hours, they'd hit.

"So at breakfast I mentioned it to the officer in charge of the field (a new man, just out from the States). Because I was on edge, his hesitation somehow annoyed me. But he finally said maybe I had a point there. And thinking about it, he finished his breakfast. I was glad when we got out of there after breakfast for Melbourne."

"You should have been glad," said the bombardier, "because we were still in Broome that evening. The field was still loaded, all right, mostly Forts — all of them planes pulled out of Java. That night all but three of the Forts, of which ours was one, pulled out for Melbourne. We had to stay and work on our brakes. But it was a setup for the Japs. I didn't like it a bit. Out behind the breakwater were a few big Dutch Catalina flying boats, loaded with women and children from Java. That night and very early next morning more came in.

"We worked most of the night on the brakes, and were ready for a dawn start. Skiles had asked the officer in charge when he could take off. But he gave Skiles to understand we were evacuees just like the others. When we were given our passenger list, we could go.

"So we stood around the plane from six o'clock until 9:10, waiting for that list and those orders. At this minute Sergeant Britt happened to look up and hollered: 'Make a run for it, fellows — here come some Zeros!' One Zero peeled off and

strafed the Fortress with incendiaries. It caught fire immediately, then the Zero went on down and strafed a B-24, setting it afire.

"When Sergeant Britt first hollered out, a big B-24 loaded with 26 people had just cleared the runway. When the Zeros hit, it was out over the ocean headed for Perth. It had hardly had time to pull its wheels up — and there was no room in there for them to swing a gun in their own defense — when a Zero caught up with it and dropped it in the sea.

"Two sergeants managed to get out. They swam for 32 hours, one of them giving up close to shore. The other told us what it had been like inside there when those bullets came smashing through that packed crowd, and a few seconds later when those dying and wounded were all struggling not to drown as the water came in.

"That day the Japs got another B-24 on the ground (it had been the one General Brett himself used), three Forts, a DC-2 and a DC-3, a Lockheed — but the worst were the nine Dutch flying boats they caught out in the harbor. About 40 or 50 people were killed on them, mostly women and children.

"I saw one Dutchman swim ashore dragging his wife by the hair. The whole lower half of her face had been blown away and she was dead. I saw another woman standing on the wing of one of the burning planes. She had a child in her arms, and was ready to jump and swim ashore, when a cannon shot hit her in the back and broke her into halves. They both fell forward

into the water, but the arms on the top half which held the child never let go of it.

"The men who were left were almost crazy with rage. One Zero was shot down by a Dutchman who stood in front of the hangar holding a .30-caliber machine gun across his arm. The gun got so hot it scorched right into his flesh, but he never noticed it. It turned out that Broome's anti-aircraft defense consisted of just this one .30-caliber gun. The Japs did the whole job in 30 minutes — didn't leave a thing."

"AT MELBOURNE the air force was gathering again," said Frank Kurtz. "And now General Brett, who had been commanding the United Nations air force under British General Wavell, the supreme commander, needed a plane to take him around the war zone. Colonel Eubank recommended me to General Brett as his personal pilot and senior air aide, and I selected the crew. Of course when it came to picking the plane itself, the General ordered a D, because all the E's with tail guns were needed for combat. So that's how I became pilot of The Swoose.

"From now on, we in The Swoose began making weekly trips into the war zone from headquarters far down in Melbourne, up to Darwin and Port Moresby. The General would average 60 hours a month in the air — 30 of them at least in this combat zone. To get him in and out of it, The Swoose often hit 150 air hours per month.

"And we began to get a peek out over the top at the broad picture of

this Far Eastern war. There were differences over strategy, but it was never Australians versus Americans. The cleavage was ground-minded versus air-minded thinking. The Australian air generals saw eye to eye with our American air leaders. Likewise the infantry generals of both armies thought alike.

"And there was much to the infantry side of the argument. After Java fell, Australian civilians were panicky. Thousands of Australian boys had gone out to die in Africa and Singapore. Now the danger had suddenly rolled down on the homeland. They wanted all the troops they could get right down there in that lower right-hand (southeast) corner of their continent, where 90 percent of its population lives — not in New Guinea, or Tulagi, or Guadalcanal, or even in Darwin, which, although on their own continent, is to the average Australian as remote as the Aleutians seem to New Yorkers. They think of Darwin as a tiny outpost separated from them by thousands of miles of impassable desert. They wanted to keep the army near valuable objectives, not scatter them out across seas and jungle islands, where supply problems would become enormous.

"But we of the air forces felt that to defend this continent we must build our fighter fields not in Australia itself, but on the outlying islands. Having these, with a few ground troops to hold our airdromes against Jap landing parties, no fleet would dare venture through our air screen to threaten the continent itself.

"The Australian air force was as anxious to move into this outlying island chain as we were. Early in April they'd wanted to seize Lae on New Guinea, before the Japs had had time to dig in on its north coast. At that time the Japs had only about 400 men in the area, and it would have been easy. But we lacked the men and the ships—the Japs pressed on and presently took Tulagi in the Solomons, threatening our supply lines home.

"Meanwhile the Philippines were tottering. Bataan had fallen; Corregidor seemed about to go; and we were working feverishly to rescue desperately needed air-force personnel from Del Monte Field on Mindanao. Al Mueller, who was now flying a transport, told me of his last trip in. After his 1700-mile flight, he got right over Del Monte Field. Things looked quiet on the ground, and he was circling, waiting for the signal to come on in, which for some reason seemed delayed. Circling, Al couldn't understand this until from Australia, 1700 miles away, crackles a radio message telling him under no circumstances to land. Corregidor and Mindanao had surrendered to the Japanese while he had been en route.

"There he was, eight hours from home base and with only a few hours gas left. But luckily he'd provided against this before he left. He'd told the navy that, if the Philippines caved while he was in the air and he couldn't refuel at Mindanao, he'd beach his plane on a little jungle island, which he showed them on the map. So now that's

what he did, and 30 hours later the navy's faithful old PBV's came lopping in and picked him up.

"His story got us. It had been bad enough when we circled Malang Field for Anamaet, but these boys on Del Monte were our own. It isn't pretty to fly over and watch the end of a war. There is no noisy death rattle; it's just very still down there. Nobody lights a flare path. The green tower lights don't come on. You know the enemy in gray uniforms are maybe training your own anti-aircraft guns on you in the dark, or herding around with bayonets our own disarmed boys in khaki who are listening to your motors, bitter because you couldn't have come a little sooner.

"**B**UT by the middle of April American engineers had set up some real airfields in North Australia, and the fighters were able to divide the territory. In the east Buzz Wagner commanded the fighters with headquarters at Townsville, although his territory took in Port Moresby on New Guinea. Colonel 'Squeeze' Wurtsmith had taken over the western half, with headquarters at Darwin.

"One day word came through that a force of 10 Jap bombers and three fighters was on its way to Darwin. It was what Squeeze had been waiting for. He hit them far out at sea. While one of our flights chased off the accompanying Zeros, the rest of the boys were picking off Jap bombers, which were sliding out of formation and going down trailing smoke. Before they were through, Squeeze and his gang had

shot down every one of the 10 bombers. Our boys returned without a man wounded or a plane scratched.

"'You know,' said Squeeze, 'if we don't look out, we're going to make the air a safe place for Americans!'

"And after all those months of defeat, we were almost afraid to believe it. But two days later the Japs came back from Kupang with a real force — 33 bombers protected by 11 fighters. Again we were ready. It was a beautiful day, the sky clear as a bell, and again Squeeze tore into the whole Jap V formation far at sea. He attacked in elements, and each time he hit, another Mitsubishi would go spinning down in smoke. We found Jap bombers are lightly constructed, and can't soak up the punishment our Forts can. Meanwhile the second American flight was taking care of the 11 escorting Zeros.

"A good many Jap bombers got over the target, but there they ran into Bofors ack-ack fire. The battery was operated by an old Crete gang of Aussies — the toughest hombres in the business — and the American P-40's had pushed the Jap bombers so low that the ack-ack could really rip into them. They were between that cleaver in the air and a buzz saw on the ground. Two or three Jap bombers dribbled right down onto the field, whole wings shot off or else blown into confetti. The Japs tried to use their chutes from the burning bombers — which should explode the fairy tale that Japs are too fanatical to use chutes — yet even they caught fire. Not more than one third of that Jap bomber

strength got back to Kupang, and our boys think maybe one of the 11 Jap fighters may have got home, but they doubt it.

"Incidentally, those fighters at Darwin are a great gang of kids, and they've invented their own service uniform, which might not pass parade inspection back here. It consists of a long duck-billed hunter's cap, usually red, plus a pair of white cotton shorts and nothing much else. They don't like clothes because of the fire hazard — cloth soaks up spurting gasoline, which will drop off naked flesh.

"By now, our whole feeling about the war was changing. It was wonderful at last to smash the Japs back, as the fighters had done at Darwin. And from its base in North Australia, the old 19th Bombardment Group — which included the 7th now — was flying out over New Guinea and New Britain islands, landing heavy punches on them at Lae and Salamaua, and at Rabaul.

"Now the Jap lines of communications were as far extended as ours had been; now we had something like the equipment they had put against us. We knew of course they were busy digesting Java and the Philippines. But we felt now they could never knock us back on our heels again, because we were getting solidly dug in so we could soak up their punches and put out a few of our own. It was a nice feeling.

"Also the Japs were getting a healthy respect for the Model E Forts. A lot of the stuff you read about the Japs may be true, and yet all the ones I've met turn out to be only people — starting with Kobi

Ishi, who was a fairly nice guy and just a pretty good diver. I competed against him in both the 1932 Olympiad in Los Angeles, and in the 1936 one in Berlin. I happened to beat all the Japanese entries both times, and thought nothing of it until after I returned this time from the Far East and began reading they were supermen.

"Not long after the Olympics, I heard Kobi Ishi had entered the Jap air force. After that I thought of them all as Kobi Ishi, a pretty good diver with some fair tricks and a toothy smile, but nothing you can't handle if you train for it. Maybe they're all fanatics, craving to die for the Emperor, but I remember a story the 19th told me in Australia.

"Six of our Fords were coming in over Rabaul to give the Japs a pasting when one lone Zero showed up. The six Fords were all brand-new E models, and the Japs had learned about them. Now most fighter pilots, whether they're American, Jap, or German, are nervous and quick. There's no gap between thinking and acting, so you can almost watch a fighter plane and read its pilot's mind.

"That's how it was with this little Jap. He starts in thinking here's a chance to pick off a Ford, and then suddenly he remembers all those guns and thinks how nice it would be to get back to his little almond-eyed geisha back home, so about half a mile away he pulls out in a turn, out of range, and continues parallel with the six Fords, thinking it over. Well, the little geisha finally wins out over the Emperor, because

he doesn't go in, but he thumbs his nose at them in his way: flying alongside, with all of our gang watching, he starts doing Immelmann turns. It's a half-loop, which brings you out upside down flying backward, quickly followed by a half-roll, which turns you right side up again. And it's one of the hardest tricks in the book if done properly — beautiful flying, the boys said, and he kept doing it over and over, just out of range, as much as to say, 'Boys, I'm not coming in, but don't think I can't fly.' Kept it up for 15 minutes in his latest-model supercharged Zero, and just as he flipped off into a cloud, our gang waved their applause for the flying circus, and he gave them the high sign back. To me he was Kobi Ishi. I'd like to meet him after the war.

"OUR airfields on the Australian mainland were being steadily strengthened by now, but we were still worried about advance bases on New Guinea. By May we had changed Port Moresby from a single jungle-hewn landing strip into a real base, with dispersal fields back in the hills and strong anti-aircraft protection.

"But we were uneasy about the other shore of New Guinea. The Japs had already dug in at Lae and Salamaua — suppose they came on down the line and put in an airfield at Buna, right opposite Moresby? They could cause us plenty of trouble.

"General Brett was particularly anxious, and wanted to move in and take Buna in May. There was nothing there then but a native

village and an old Catholic mission. But Melbourne said no, because it would mean landing troops to defend our airdrome there.

"But the air force knew if the Japs ever got Buna it would take a first-class expedition to get them out. Finally General Ralph Royce, who was General Brett's Operations chief, flew out over northern New Guinea on a personal inspection of the whole coast, and sent to Melbourne a detailed report, endorsing a field at Buna as vital to our future air operations. Presently the reply came. Melbourne headquarters commended him for his initiative in making the reconnaissance, but found that owing to lack of facilities his recommendation could not be followed at this time.

"But this friendly little ground-air argument over Buna was soon settled. We learned that the Jap High Command was thinking in the same strategical terms as we were in the air force, because the third week in July a Jap naval task force sneaked into Buna at night and put troops ashore. Had we had only a little infantry and artillery at Buna, we could have held them off, giving the air force a chance to pound their landing barges at dawn.

"In only two days the enterprising little devils had chopped a landing strip out of the jungle. A few days later their fighters were rising off it to attack our bombers as they took off or returned to Moresby after pounding the Jap base at Rabaul. It took almost six months of hard fighting by both Australian and American infantry, down over the Owen Stanley range — finally

led by General MacArthur himself — to clean the Japanese out.

"IT WAS soon after this Buna argument," continued the pilot, "that The Swoose was ordered back to the States. In a curious way I was ready now to come. I'd turned the chance down once before, because after we were thrown out of Java we all had that sick feeling — trying to hold onto something that was slipping away in spite of everything you did. You couldn't walk out feeling things might suddenly cave in again.

"But now it was different. In Australia and that island chain above we were getting firmly set. Best of all, we were finally getting fighting equipment, not just production figures. So even though we were soaking up plenty of heavy punches in the island chain, we were sure now we could at least hold them. As yet I hadn't dared hope for much more than that. Only now I come to the thing which at last changed my feelings.

"It happened out on that long transpacific trail where we've almost worn ruts in the sky between the States and Australia. It was like this. We were letting down for one of the island steppingstones which, according to Harry's navigation, should be somewhere ahead of us. It was very early in the morning. Harry Schreiber is the best navigator in the business, and he had said we should be in there six hours from the time we left the last island. But of course his figures could be a little out, or the wind drift might change; you never know. The Pacific is too

big a place to take chances in, as Eddie Rickenbacker's party found out. So after we'd been out five hours we got the island on the radio, and asked them to give us searchlights, just so we wouldn't miss their little pin point in the dawn.

"We'd flown without change of course for five hours. Now Harry took his final shots and we started down the line to that island. Harry had said six hours — it took us just five hours and 57 minutes. The island was an atoll around a shallow basin where navy PBY flying boats could light. The atoll is two feet above high tide at its high point. On one side are labor construction tents, a cantonment building for the tiny garrison, ack-ack, searchlights, and even a tiny movie theater. On the other side is the landing strip. I'll swear Harry must have navigated not for the island but for that landing strip itself. For without change of course, all we have to do is let our wheels down. Some day I want Eddie Rickenbacker to meet Harry.

"As we climbed out of The Swoose, the island garrison asked us, very excited, 'Did you see anything?' When we said we hadn't, they went off by themselves, whispering. I wanted to know what was up, so I asked their Colonel. Told him we were on an urgent mission ourselves — had a top-ranker aboard — and what did he expect here at this atoll?

"The Colonel couldn't say. He only knew orders had mysteriously come putting the navy patrol planes on extra-long hours. Somewhere, somebody was certainly on the

lookout for something, and he could only guess what it might be.

"It didn't smell good to me. We gassed up and got out 45 minutes later, just as it was cracking dawn. I suppose we'd been going an hour when, through a hole in the cloud ceiling, out suddenly popped four or five ships down on the wrinkled sea. But I could only look at one of them."

"Now you think you're a man, with everything under control, yet I'm telling you I reacted to this one the way a fox terrier does to a rat. Because it was a whopping aircraft carrier! And after Java and the Philippines, say 'carrier' to a pilot, and he steadies everything for his bomb run, tense as a violin string, hoping his bombardier has the hairlines of his bombsight crossed on its flight deck just over the engine room. It's like a bird dog pointing quail, with his tail tip quivering. Only, after half a second, I'm a man again and can think, can remember we haven't any bombs swinging on their shackles in our bomb bays — nothing we can drop on this beautiful target but the high-ranking passenger who is riding with us.

"Then comes reaction number two. No bombs, but what about the carrier's covering fighters? You talk about a mother tiger fighting for her young — that's nothing to the way a patrolling carrier fighter will defend its mother ship. Because every carrier-based fighter knows that once his carrier is hit and the waves begin to sweep over that long flight deck, he's out in the big sky by his lonesome — no pontoons, nothing to do but sink into the sea when his

tanks are dry. Those Zeros may come screaming in to hit me from almost any cloud. I must get away quick.

"But now, over the interphones, comes a shout—they've spotted another carrier. I look and see it too. Then another! And now—my God, it can't be, but it is—four! It makes us frantic we haven't got something to plunk through those smooth flight decks into their engine rooms.

"Only we now grow cold, thinking of the escorting fighters, which may come leaping up at us out of this fleecy blanket of overcast.

"Down there are not only four carriers but a gang of other stuff—a fog of destroyers, at least 15 cruisers, and one thundering big battleship. Only as a bomber pilot I'm fixed on those carriers, enormous brutes. Too enormous. Say, what's going on? Because Jap carriers are little devils—you can hardly pack 40 planes into them, while these might hold double that, like our best ones. Now wait. Maybe we're too low and these just look big, but no—I glance at the altimeter and we're at 7500.

"So they're ours! This big parade of surface strength is us Americans! I change course just the same—swinging wide away from this big naval parade, because we can take no chances on their air patrol. When an American fighter sees a bomber over his mother ship, he is likely to shoot first and ask questions later. We don't want to tangle with Grummans.

"We swing out wide and away, but with what a different feeling!

Because it's our own boys down there on that big gang of ships! At last, even after Pearl Harbor, we can hold up our heads in these Pacific waters! We'd stopped them in the air, holding them back to Timor and Lae, and at last I can see we're beginning to sweep them off the top of the waters. A long job, but we've begun it!

"ELL, I guess that's about all, except on our homeward trip we cracked the transpacific record wide open. The old Swoose, with her war-worn motors, made it from Brisbane to San Francisco in 36 hours 10 minutes flying time—the only one of the original 35 on Clark Field to see home again.

"Then there was our last night flight in. Clear, so the stars were out, even down to the horizon. And calm, so I could put The Swoose on automatic pilot and sit there half-doing, thinking about all those months. Mostly about my trip out, in Old 99 and with my other crew. And the way old Tex used to sit beside me, slumped in his seat. You'd think that happy-go-lucky kid was asleep, and yet somehow he always kept an eye cocked on the instrument panel. And so much had happened since then—two wars, really three. And then I thought of that sprawling line of my crew on Clark Field. And of Old 99, so crumpled, sagging on the ground. But something had somehow happened to wipe that out. Because at times like these, half-doing, it seemed I was back with the old gang again. Everything easy and comfortable; old Tex beside me, and

Sergeant Burgess probably catching a few winks on the bunk in the cabin, and all I had to do was sit here and follow those two wing lights, so steady ahead in the dark, those unwavering wing lights which would lead me safely home.

"I guess I must have been dozing, because a little motor undulation aroused me, and I realized of course there was no plane ahead — never had been one. It had only been two blue stars which are close together in the eastern sky, and The Swoose is alone, over the Pacific. Yet somehow I didn't feel

alone. And Old 99 didn't feel far away."

"When they said long distance was calling from San Francisco, of course that didn't mean anything to me," said Margo. "With two brothers in the air corps, one in bombardment and one in pursuit, it might be either one. Then I heard Frank's own voice saying, 'Margo?' Because I hadn't heard any overseas operators,

I knew he must be here in the States. For the first time I could cry on the phone. . . . It's nice to be strong, but so much more fun to let down when you can, and I did."



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"Last June, when I was valedictorian of my high school graduating class," a young soldier writes from North Africa, "you sent me a gift subscription to *The Reader's Digest*. Today I find this magazine more welcome than ever. It not only entertains and refreshes — *it shows me what I am fighting for.*"

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2. *Give full name and address of highest honor student, full name of school and date of Commencement.*
3. *Address requests to Valedictorian Department, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.*

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The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

 JUNE 1943

VOLUME 42, NO. 254

□ Presenting in its field "The Article of the Year"

The Typographical Union — Model for All

By

William Hard

IN PREVIOUS articles I have urged that all unions be required by law to hold regular elections, to make regular financial reports, to get a majority vote of rank-and-file members before striking or picketing, and — in short — to operate democratically.

It has been alleged that such laws would cripple the unions. So now I write about the Typographical Union — the printers' union.

The Typographical Union is the oldest union in America. Its local branch in Washington, D. C., was founded in 1815. Its local in New York City was founded in 1850 by Horace Greeley. In 1852 these and other locals merged to make the national union, which now has its headquarters in Indianapolis. Today this union has almost 900 locals and more than 80,000 members. In

towns of 7000 and above, it sets the type for over 85 percent of all newspapers and printing establishments.

Clearly it has been successful for itself. It also has been successful for its members.

Print shops used to be dark and dirty; the air in them was foul; the workday was 12 hours; tuberculosis was an accepted printer's ailment; the average age of printers at death was 28.

The union made up its mind to lift that age. All locals of the union formed "Committees on Sanitation" which pleaded with employers and health authorities, and pushed print shops into the forefront of early industrial sanitary progress. Then, in 1892, the union established the Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs — a sanatorium for tuberculous members and a place of retire-

ment for aged ones. The union has spent more than \$9,000,000 on it.

Above all, the union has reduced the workday. Work in a modern composing room is fast, intense, exhausting. The union has gradually brought the worktime of its members down from 12 hours a day to a maximum of 40 hours a week — except for war needs and other emergencies.

The consequence to the lives of its members cannot be a mere coincidence. Their average age at death has been lifted from 28 to the following levels:

By 1900, to 41; by 1910, to 46; by 1920, to 53; by 1930, to 59; by 1942, to 64.

This union has served life. Its success is unquestionable. So, next: Has it won this success by dictatorship over its members and class war against its employers?

It has not. Among its 900 locals there have been plenty of instances of hotheadedness and unreasonableness. The main point nevertheless remains that the Typographical Union, so old, so successful, is utterly anti-dictatorship and utterly anti-class war. Let us look at its methods from the bottom up.

You start toward being a member of the Typographical Union by becoming an apprentice. You can become an apprentice at 16. Then for six years you study your trade by practice in the shop and by taking 149 printed lessons sent to you by the union's Bureau of Education.

These lessons are so complete that they have been adopted by many school systems as official textbooks.

A special set of lessons tells you about unionism. You are taught to remember the 19 London *Times* printers who in the early 19th century were sent to jail for trying to have a union. You are taught that union men must sacrifice for each other in order to continue to have a union. You are taught that it will be your duty to attend union meetings and to vote on all union problems.

But you are also taught about employers. You are taught that "labor should not be unfriendly to capital"; that "capital and labor both are essential to efficient and economical production"; that the union should "insure high-class workmanship"; that it should strive to "reduce unit costs"; that the employers of the Typographical Union have virtually never broken a contract with the union, and that no local should ever break a contract with any employer; that every local should regard itself as a "partner" with the employer in the production process; that every preacher of class war, every Communist, every Fascist, every Nazi, is an enemy to the union and should be eliminated from the whole American labor movement.

On all these lessons the apprentice must pass examinations. Then he is a journeyman and a full member of the union and starts voting. He spends lots of his time voting.

The Typographical Union insists

that its locals shall manage their own local affairs. Some unions get themselves centralized into their national headquarters. Their national officers become national despots. They found dynasties. The Typographical Union nourishes democracy's taproot: local self-government.

Every Typographical Union local *must* hold a regular monthly meeting on a regular stated day. It *must* elect an auditing committee or employ a certified public accountant to examine the books of its officers every three months. It *must* vote on every contract with an employer; and the contract binds every member. It *must* conduct a referendum of all its members and get a majority before it can raise its dues. It *must* vote on any proposed strike and get a *three-quarters* majority before striking.

In these circumstances no "one-man-rule" is possible. *And if this union can prevent the birth of "labor bosses," all unions can.*

Unions normally choose their national officers in a convention of elected delegates. That's democratic enough for most of us. But the members of the Typographical Union nominate and elect their national officers themselves in a nation-wide referendum. It happens every two years. It is one of the most instructive events under the American democratic sky.

Members who aspire to be candidates must announce themselves in four lines of six-point type, one column wide, in the December and

January issues of the *Typographical Journal*, the union's paper mailed to every member. The *Journal* has to print the announcements of all aspirants to national offices whether the existing officers like them or not. They often do not.

The union, being American and democratic, just naturally has the two-party system. One party is called the "Independents," the other the "Progressives." Each gets its issues by watching the other and pouncing upon it for the general welfare, just like "Republicans" and "Democrats." And, just as there are men known as national Democratic or Republican leaders, so there are union-wide Progressive and Independent leaders.

In February the locals nominate. Each may name one man for each national office. A local with a majority of Independents will vote for a nationally known Independent. Another local will vote for a Progressive leader. In the case of each national office, the five men nominated by the largest number of locals become the nation-wide candidates. Often, however, it turns out that all the Progressive locals have voted for one man, and all the Independent locals for another, so that only two men run in the final election.

The names of the nominees are printed in the *Journal* in April. Each nominee may state his qualifications in the *Journal* — up to 200 words' worth of them.

On the third Wednesday in May

the locals vote by secret ballot. The sealed ballots are forwarded to Indianapolis, where, on May 31, while watchers from both parties watch, they are opened and totaled; and the victors are proclaimed. The process has taken six months; but it is absolutely stealproof.

And if this union can operate stealproof elections, all unions can. The coercion and fraud that so often occur in union elections are not necessary to a strong and energetic labor movement.

Now let us look at some more referendum democracy in the Typographical Union. In 1937 Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, sent the union a letter. It said that an AFL convention had ordered the union to pay to the AFL a new assessment of one cent per member per month. The Typographical Union was shocked to its foundations.

The union has an annual convention of its own. This convention does a lot of important enacting of "general laws" and "bylaws" for the whole union. But there are two things it cannot do. It cannot by itself amend the union's constitution. *And it cannot by itself levy a new tax upon the members. Both those things have to go to a referendum vote of the entire membership.*

When the members of the Typographical Union thought of an AFL convention trying to do to them in taxation what not even their own convention could do, they went

white hot. They yelled "Dictatorship!" and they rushed to a referendum. They voted four to one to decline to pay the new AFL assessment.

The Typographical Union in the early 1880's was the main force in the founding of the AFL. Now it is "independent," belonging neither to the AFL, nor to the CIO. At its 1942 convention it adopted a resolution saying that it would like to unite itself with a reunited American labor movement — but only on one condition, namely: "The establishment of democratic procedures in all affiliated unions."

And it came near adding another condition, namely: "The elimination of gangsterism and the barring from office of all associates of underworld characters in all affiliated unions."

I ask: Is the Typographical Union anti-union because it charges that undemocratic procedures exist in unions?

I suggest that this country is equally tired of business leaders who cry "anti-business" to stop business reforms and of union leaders who cry "anti-union" to stop union reforms.

Now let us look at the Typographical Union's funds. On this point our unions are often unfairly attacked. People say:

"Look at all their money, taken off poor working people!"

It is a foolish remark till we know what the money was spent for.

The national organization of the Typographical Union, in its last fis-

cal year, collected more than \$4,000,000 from its members, which is about \$1 a week per member. It's a lot. But the union spent more than \$400,000 on the Union Printers' Home, and almost \$3,000,000 on pensions for old members. It spent \$500,000 on funeral benefits and continued to be able to say, "No union printer ever filled a pauper's grave." It spent \$100,000 on the *Typographical Journal*. Its expenses for all its elected officers and employed organizers, for all their traveling expenses and for all other services, and they were many, amounted to less than \$200,000. It works out to less than five cents per member per week. No corporation does a tighter job of economy.

Claude Baker, president, and Woodruff Randolph, secretary-treasurer, get \$7500 a year. How many businesses with an annual turnover of more than \$4,000,000 pay less to their top men?

But how do I know that the union accounts are straight? Because they are checked twice a year by a committee of three auditors elected by the total membership of the union; and because they are additionally checked twice a year by certified public accountants; and because they are printed every month in page after page of the *Typographical Journal*.

Many other unions come equally clean. *Therefore all can and should and must.*

A democratic union has two advantages for the country. The first is that it tends toward relations with employers that are more human and intelligent and stable. But the second is even more important.

The whole democratic world, in order to meet the competition of the totalitarian world, has to perfect its own democratic institutions. It has to democratize its daily business life and its daily labor life. You cannot live an undemocratic life 364 days in the year and then achieve democracy by going to a political polling place on the 365th.

If you visit a union composing room, you may see the compositors, in a lull of work, gathered into a quick huddle. They are holding a meeting of their "chapel" — a subdivision of their local. They are rapidly settling, among themselves, some point of shop technique or shop discipline.

These little cells represent daily, hourly practice in democratic living. They represent participation in economic government. They represent economic government by consent. They train men to detest autocracy and to desire democracy in all things.

Freedom needs such men. Free democratic business must learn that in order to survive against the totalitarian state it has to have such men. The final merit of the Typographical Union is that its institutions are organized to produce such men.

Ready! Aim! **MURDER!**

Reprinted from Crusader (British 8th Army Weekly)

This is the simplest, grimmest evidence that has yet come to light of the methods by which Hitler's rule is enforced on countries which have fallen into his power. It is a captured order issued by the headquarters, 125th German Infantry Regiment, on October 28, 1941, when that unit was stationed in Yugoslavia. Copies of the order were later captured by the British 8th Army in Egypt.

SUPPLEMENTARY regulations by the General Officer Commanding Serbia, concerning the manner of carrying out executions, make necessary the following amendments to Regimental Orders of 16.10.41:

(a) When a large number of persons have to be dealt with they are to be distributed for shooting among units.

(b) The bodies are to be buried in sufficiently deep graves. Burning of bodies is to cease. The placing of flowers on graves by the populace is to be prevented.

(c) In order to avoid unnecessary contact with the bodies, persons are to be led directly to the edges of their graves. In the case of mass executions it is allowable to cause the hostages to kneel with their faces toward the grave.

(d) Shooting of large numbers is to be carried out in groups of five to eight, one after the other. Those to be shot must have their legs tied.

(e) Before the execution takes place those to be shot should have all papers removed.

A short report is to be made on the execution, showing: 1) Names of those shot; 2) Reasons for the shooting; 3) Name of officer in command; 4) Place, time; 5) Name of the officer ordering the execution.

(f) The execution is to be carried out in a very regimental manner with an officer in charge. Two to four men are to be detailed for each man to be shot. Aim for the heart and head. After the volley the officer responsible will, on orders from the attending medical officer, fire a final shot into the body of each with a regulation pistol. Death is to be certified by the medical officer.

(g) Articles of clothing (including footwear) and personal effects of those shot will on no account be given to the local population. They are to be handed in, in exchange for a receipt, to the appropriate local military authority. Until the burial has been completed one officer is to be present.

The order of 16.10.41 by the Commanding Officer, Infantry Regiment 15, is hereby canceled.

Leesville Against Syphilis

Condensed from Collier's

J. D. Ratcliff

THE Leesville Quarantine Hospital in Louisiana is a camp for women of easy virtue — the first of its type in this country. All Leesville inmates have venereal diseases and will be cured before they are released.

The venereal disease problem always becomes acute in wartime. During the Civil War, one man out of every five had a venereal disease; in the first World War, one out of every ten. Today the record is much better, but venereal diseases still are making unfit for active service an army almost as large as the one we have in North Africa.

Army and public health officials have long realized the folly of treating venereal disease as if it were a crime. Fining women without morals \$10 and ten days was like fining a typhoid carrier and telling her to go and carry no more typhoid. In some towns near army camps, like San Antonio, jails have been so jammed that inmates have had to sleep in shifts. But once the women have served their sentences and paid their fines, they are released — to spread more disease.

Dr. George M. Leiby, head of the venereal disease control work of Louisiana's State Board of Health, had a different approach. Why not put

*A*merica's first quarantine hospital for diseased women is proving that venereal infection can be checked.

these women in a hospital and treat them as sick people?

The situation facing Dr. Leiby required all his natural toughness and aggressiveness. In 1939 the army had selected western Louisiana as a permanent maneuver area and created there half a dozen large camps. Leesville, a mud-splattered little place typical of the region, had a population of 2500 when the army built Camp Polk a few miles out of town. Almost overnight, tens of thousands of soldiers moved in.

Anyone could foresee what was going to happen. Seeing their chance to get the fancy raiment in mail-order catalogues, girls who had been raised in one-room swamp cabins moved to town. Camp followers swarmed in from every state. "Bee" drinkers (girls who get a cut from the house for every drink they persuade a soldier to buy) set up business in roadside juke joints. A few professional prostitutes arrived in trailers. Other girls plied their trade in rooming houses, hotels, tourist cabins and even in the woods. State police arrested 14 girls in a roadhouse

at 11:30 one night; already they had had 281 customers. A routine health examination of food handlers showed that 19 percent of 340 women examined had syphilis and more than twice as many were infected with gonorrhea.

Dr. Leiby waded into the mess. The Federal Security Agency provided \$75,000. Leiby found a deserted barracks, built for a construction gang, big enough for a 120-bed hospital. Next he dug up a law passed in 1918 — a quarantine act that permits isolation of people who have communicable diseases. Then he assembled a top-notch staff. Dr. Fritz LaCour, a state public health man with extensive experience in venereal disease control, took charge. The U. S. Public Health Service sent Dr. George Smullen. Counting nurses, clerical help and cooks, the hospital staff grew to 21 people.

Leiby and LaCour were out to do a job in a hurry. When hospital beds weren't to be had, they built double-decker bunks of rough lumber. With sheets of plywood they patched up serviceable examination tables and laboratory benches. Soon they had the plant they needed — wards, dining room, kitchen, recreation room and nurses' home. The two-story barracks made two hospital wards: one for white girls, the other for colored.

In April 1942 the big roundup began. All agencies coöperated: army, local police, parish health officers, state police. When army doctors dis-

cover a soldier has a venereal disease, lists of his contacts are made and the girls are found. If they have syphilis or gonorrhea they are taken to the hospital. The parish health men pick up diseased girls in their routine examinations of food handlers. State police meet incoming buses and question the unescorted girls who get off. If they have no legitimate business in Leesville, they must undergo examination.

Probably not more than five percent of the girls picked up are professional prostitutes; the rest are young girls who, in the excitement of war, have left home to seek adventure. Such a girl is far more dangerous to the army than a professional who has some knowledge of how to care for herself. Many girls land in Leesville hoping to locate a soldier boy friend. If he has moved on, the girl, stranded, has no funds, no job. She has one thing for sale.

The average age of girls in Leesville Hospital is 21, and 60 percent of them are married. Over half are from other states.

When the girls are brought in, they are asked what contacts they have had with soldiers. One girl could remember nine, and a check showed that seven of them had syphilis. This work helps the army locate early cases and give prompt treatment.

Syphilis patients at Leesville get three shots of the bland arsenic drug mapharsen each week for eight weeks, plus one weekly shot of bismuth.

Gonorrhea is treated with sulfathiazole: four grams a day for seven days, then five days' rest, then medication for another week. After a period of observation, patients are released.

Before treatment begins, social workers try to impress the girls with the fact that they are in a hospital, not a prison. They try to arouse some enthusiasm for treatment by telling the girls about the results of untreated syphilis or gonorrhea — arthritis, sterility, insanity. Most of the girls are contrite and coöperative.

Through such agencies as the Red Cross and Travelers Aid, the social workers check the family situation. If it is good, the girl is sent back home. If not, she is placed with relatives. In cases of married women, discreet inquiries are always made to see whether husbands are willing to take them back. In nearly all cases, they are. Some of the older women are trained for jobs as domestics or workers in war industry. So far, about 20 percent of the patients have been reclaimed.

The hospital has had more than 500 graduates, all of whom have come in sick and gone out well. As a result, Leesville has changed from one of the worst trouble spots in the nation to one of the best. Camp Polk venereal disease rates have dropped dramatically. Figures on other camps

in the vicinity also show consistent improvement. The decline is due almost solely to the good work of the Quarantine Hospital, which demonstrates that the spread of venereal disease can be prevented.

The cost per patient at the Leesville camp, which is operated by the Louisiana State Health Department, is only \$3.11 a day. This includes room, board, drugs, doctors' and nurses' salaries, everything — certainly a cheap solution to a tremendous problem.

Twenty-five or more special hospitals for the rapid treatment of venereal diseases under the supervision of the U. S. Public Health Service are now being planned by federal and state agencies. Rapid-treatment centers are already in operation in Chicago; Rush Springs, Oklahoma; Goldville, South Carolina; and Monett, Missouri. Also, the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services is arranging to use 25 abandoned CCC camps, located near army centers, for similar purposes. They will be run by state health boards, and each will handle from 100 to 300 patients.

If we have the good sense to keep such a chain of hospitals operating after war ends, the country has a chance virtually to eliminate venereal diseases.



An Approach to Lasting Peace

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL in his address of March 21 made the first British pronouncement of world organization to preserve peace. He suggested that as a basis "one can imagine that *under* a world institution embodying or representing the United Nations, and someday all nations, there should come into being a *Council of Europe* and a *Council of Asia*. It is upon the creation of the Council of Europe and the settlement of Europe that the first practical task will be centered. In Europe lie most of the causes which have led to two world wars."

Observing the proprieties, Mr. Churchill made no suggestions as to a "Council of the Western Hemisphere." But his proposal for Europe implies something of the same sort for our hemisphere. Indeed, we have the foundations already laid for co-operative action in preserving peace in the Pan-American Union, which has behind it years of accomplishment and developing strength from decade to decade.

Mr. Churchill indicates that the primary responsibility for maintaining peace should rest in the regional

councils, and that they should inaugurate the machinery for settling controversy and even provide the armed forces to prevent aggression. He is quite specific:

"I hope we shall not lightly cast aside all the immense work which was accomplished by the creation of the League of Nations. Certainly we must take as our foundation the lofty conception of freedom, law and morality which was the spirit of the League. We must try to make the Council of Europe, whatever its name, into a really effective league, with a high court to adjust disputes and with armed forces, national or international or both, held ready to enforce these decisions and prevent renewed aggression and the preparation of future wars.

"This council must eventually embrace the whole of Europe, and all the main branches of the European family must someday be partners in it. What is to happen to the large number of small states whose rights and interests must be safeguarded? It would seem to me that side by side with the great powers there should be a number of groupings of states or confederations which would

express themselves through their own chosen representatives, the whole making a council of great states and groups of states."

Mr. Churchill's suggestion of regional responsibility derives from long British experience and knowledge of European affairs. His ideas are advanced not as firm proposals but as problems worthy of study and discussion. This is the right approach, if we are to reach sound solutions.

The experience of the League of Nations showed the handicaps in having some 30 nation-members from outside Europe taking part in dealing with European questions or policies. In the Assembly of the League each of these nations, no matter how remote or how unfamiliar with European problems, had an equal vote with the nations of Europe. Those of us who witnessed the proceedings of the League soon realized that the universality of world organization, instead of being an unmixed blessing, was only a drag on the settlement of strictly European questions, which made up the vast bulk of League activity.

The published proceedings of the League show this clearly. Take a discussion on any purely local European problem. The few powers directly concerned often figure inconspicuously in the debates, while page after page is devoted to the remarks of delegates from South and Central America, from Near East and Far East. These debates often revealed that the delegates from other parts

of the world were less concerned with settlement than with creating a precedent that might be useful for their countries later on. In many cases they merely indulged in oratory to be reproduced in their home papers. And these outside powers often appeared in blocs, supporting one side of the controversy on grounds not relative to the dispute.

The inevitable effect was the action of European nations — particularly the principal powers — in ignoring the League in their controversies and settlements. They were driven to outside discussions if they wanted a prompt solution.

During 18 years of active League life, there were 19 international diplomatic conferences in Europe outside the League; 36 military alliances and nonaggression pacts which ignored the League; 20 violent actions between nations where the League did not, or was not allowed to, take action. A striking example of this was the conclusion of the Locarno agreements outside the framework of the League. It was a regional problem, dealt with in a regional way.

All this experience makes it natural that Mr. Churchill should suggest a "Council of Europe" to deal with European questions.

In an analysis a year ago of the weaknesses of the League, the authors of this article remarked that the League was unable to formulate broad policies for European peace, and continued:

"The major scene of danger of

war has always been Europe. Yet the League never had a European policy, even at the moment when every European nation was in its membership. For instance, there seems to have been no serious consideration of the crisis generated by the rise of the Axis. That is, the major danger to the world was ignored by the League.

"The whole experience would seem to indicate *that one of the first functions in the prevention of war is the development of regional policies in the different major areas of Europe, Asia and the Western Hemisphere.*"

Mr. Churchill does not elaborate upon the powers or functions of the top "world institution." The implication is that the machinery of settling controversies and enforcement is to rest, at least initially, with the regional organizations. The "world institution" is apparently for emergencies of interregional or world-wide character. The regional organization would relieve Europe from becoming engaged in the domestic problems of the Western Hemisphere or Asia unless they

threatened world war. In other words, that means not isolationism but cooperative regionalism.

Mr. Churchill's regional plan simplifies the problem of detailed organization of the "world institution" to preserve peace.

All human experience shows, however, that whatever this regional or world structure to preserve peace may be, it will be futile unless the foundations are properly laid in the other settlements of the peace. It was in these settlements that Versailles, as distinguished from the League of Nations, failed in peacemaking.

That treaty failed to still the destructive forces of extreme nationalism, imperialism, militarism, fear, hate and revenge. It even stimulated some of them. Not only did these foundations of sand render the League of Nations futile, but they will render any superstructure of leagues, European councils, world institutions, world congresses and world parliaments futile again unless far better settlements are made upon which this superstructure to preserve peace is erected.



Girth Control Center

IN Blacksburg, Virginia, a mountaineer woman had obtained ration books for her 12 children. "Now," instructed the registrar, "take these books over to the next table and the man there will stamp them and give you some literature," referring, of course, to information on the point system. "Oh," replied the woman, "I don't care for any literature, thank you. I *like* a large family."

—Contributed by John Newton Baker

Life in These United States

HIGHWAY No. 1, running from Maine to Florida, passes through a small town in South Carolina. During a political rally, this street was roped off in front of the courthouse. At the height of the oratory, a large car with Massachusetts license plates ground to a sudden stop at the roped-off area.

The driver insolently demanded of an old man standing near, "Hi, fellow, what's going on here?"

The old man took in car and driver with a withering look, then drawled carelessly, "Nothin' unusual. We've caught another damned Yankee and are goin' to have a lynchin' here in a few minutes."

— Ida Mickleberry

SPRING before last I was passing through a small town in the fruit-growing section of the Rockies. The country folks were evidently having a picnic. There were games, singing and dancing to the old-fashioned music of a harmonica. I stopped beside a white-haired, sun-browned country woman in a faded dress.

"What are you celebrating?" I asked.

She looked me over. "You must be a stranger. Don't you know it's Apple Blossom Day?"

Looking around at all the bare trees, I said, "Where are the blossoms?"

She let out a tiny sigh. "They all froze last week, for miles around."

"Then what've you got to be so happy about?"

She squared her stooped shoulders, threw back a proud head. "It'd take more than a little frost to get us folks down. We had a mighty good harvest last year, and — God willing — there will be apple blossoms again next spring."

— Sophie Penna

AUNT SALLY had lived her life in a Maine town. Now she was dying. She had lived frugally, and she did not change in her last minutes. After asking that she be buried in her best satin dress, she added, "It's full, and before you bury me I want you should cut a piece out of the back so you can make a skirt for Susie. It's good stuff and it'll wear."

"But, Aunt Sally, you wouldn't want to go to meet your husband with the back of your dress cut out!" I exclaimed.

Aunt Sally grinned for the last time. "Do as I tell you. I buried John without his pants!"

— Roderick Peattie

THE WIFE of an Oregon professor attended a Thanksgiving tea given in Cambridge, Massachusetts, by the Harvard Dames. One of the Back Bayers approached her and

inquired politely where she was from. When the professor's wife answered, "Oregon," the Bostonian smiled kindly and said, "Oh, then this is your first Thanksgiving!"

— Esther Prentiss

FARMS in Iowa are not all on flat prairies. In the western part of the state, bluffs rise suddenly from the Missouri River bottomland. One July day a car stopped on the road at the foot of the bluff to avoid hitting a little man in overalls and battered straw hat who had just picked himself up from the dusty road.

"What's the matter?" the driver called. "Car hit you?"

"No, gol dern it," was the farmer's reply as he squinted up at the towering bluff. "I've gotta git a fence around my cornfield — this is the third time today I've fallen out of it."

— Margaret Jones

AN OLD sourdough gave me this cross section of American spirit as found in Fairbanks before Alaska had railroads, highways and airplanes:

A message flashed in from a distant Signal Corps station: *Shorty MacKay, woodchopper, here. Both legs badly frozen. Urgent.*

It was 60 below, but "Doc" Matheson hitched up his dogs, covered the 145-mile round trip, and had Shorty in the hospital within 18

hours. Both the patient's legs had to be amputated.

Shorty was a stranger in Fairbanks, yet an hour after word of his plight got out, the hat was passed for money to send him to the States for artificial legs. Everyone in business contributed — miners, merchants, sky-pilots, gamblers, dance-hall girls and ladies of joy. The collection totaled \$2900, and the legless Shorty was taken to Seattle.

The following summer, Fairbanks was having its Fourth of July parade when a dusty little man with a pack on his back and a staff in his hand came tramping along the main street. It was Shorty. From the coast town Valdez, over glaciers and mountains, through forests and swampy tundras, fighting mosquitoes and sleeping in the open, he had walked 400 wilderness miles to Fairbanks on his new store legs!

Immediately after the rousing welcome accorded him, he demanded a list of those who had contributed to his leg fund. "I aim to thank each one, by hell. But I ain't no charity bum. I came back to run my wood camp and repay every man and woman who put in for me when the hat was passed."

But he never did find out who contributed. There wasn't a soul in Fairbanks who remembered giving anything toward Shorty MacKay's new legs.

— Barrett Willoughby



al. Who better than the Germans should be able to describe *der Russe*?

The Nazis' Own Appraisal of the Russian Soldier

Condensed from Infantry Journal

Lieutenant Colonel Paul W. Thompson

THE most important piece of war material in the world today is the Russian private soldier — he of whom, praise the Lord, there are so many. What do the Germans themselves say of this individual whose uncompromising resistance put the first chink in the armor of a would-be world conqueror?

The Germans have eloquently described him in countless tirades of unconscious praise and in laconic military reports from the front.

There is, for example, the statement of the Chief of Staff of the German Twelfth Army, which, after nine months, finally reduced the isolated stronghold of Sevastopol. This report describes, in impatient terms, the resistance encountered again and again in each individual fortification: "The blockhouse was held by 30 Russian soldiers. We worked our way up to it, surmounting unimaginable hazards. Finally we breached a wall and tossed in a hand grenade. Twenty-five of the 30 defenders were killed outright. But did the other five surrender?" The answer, reported bitterly, was an emphatic "No!" The

remaining five Russians had to be subdued the hard way.

The Nazis rage against such tactics, and wonder what kind of man it is who can apply them. How can *der Russe's* diet of black bread, cabbage soup and tea, they ask, give him the vitality and dogged determination to fight on when all seems lost? Why is this Russian soldier, whose felt boots and quilted jacket contrast so greatly with snappy Nazi uniforms, such a formidable opponent?

Der Russe's conduct, illogical to the Teutonic mind, has been irritating the Master Race for two years. In June 1941, a Russian army was trapped and annihilated between Bialystok and Minsk. Was there joy through the German ranks? For answer, read what a leading Nazi military analyst, Colonel Soldan, wrote at the time:

"The difference between the Russian of Tannenberg (1914) and the Russian of Bialystok and Minsk (1941) is that the former surrendered when surrounded, while the latter fought to the bitter end. It is not like the campaign in Poland or in France. In

completely hopeless situations the Russian continues to carry the fight to us. Only a trifling few Russians ever lay down their arms and surrender honorably (and sensibly); the great mass of them choose to fight it out."

The astute Colonel Soldan also offered his readers this estimate of the quality of enemy leadership:

"The Russians were the first to recognize and place in their manuals the fact that modern developments had again made possible the battles of annihilation of 1914 and 1915. The French and British held to the theory of defense; the Russians believed wholeheartedly in the power of offense. So it happens that here in the East we encounter an enemy whose doctrines, training and equipment are much the same as our own."

Another German estimate of the Soviet fighting man is succinctly expressed in an official training manual:

"The Russian takes fullest advantage of his extraordinary sense of orientation, his mastery of camouflage, his willingness to engage in close combat. He often leaves behind observers cleverly installed in trees, to direct artillery fire by radio, even when they themselves are endangered by that fire."

The Germans pride themselves on being "soldiers of iron." But every once in a while one of the iron men finds himself looking in annoyed wonder at the real iron in the make-up of

the Russian. For instance, the German sergeant who presents in *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* a vignette from life on the frozen winter front:

"In the burned-out derelict tanks scattered over no-man's-land sit Russian snipers with telescopic sights, rifles against shoulders, waiting for one of us to show himself. Day and night and again day. There they sit and wait with the nervelessness and stubbornness that only the Russian possesses. Their pockets are full of grain, there is an occasional bottle of vodka, and by each man is a sack of ammunition. So they wait, Godforsaken — but deadly dangerous — behind two inches of steel in no-man's-land."

Another soldier-writer, expounding in the military weekly *Militär-wochenblatt*, concludes that *der Russe* is not a normal being but "something from without this world," possessed of "a strong, highly developed animal instinct" which makes him "insensitive to freezing weather, imperturbable to pain and immune to suffering." Why else would the Russian "always attack, no matter what the odds against him?" The sensible German knows that you attack only when you can bring overwhelming forces to bear.

Another thorn in the side of the German is the resolute industry of the Soviet soldier. He goes out of his way to keep busy, and is likely to "build a road in a location where there is no prospect of immediate action," while the Nazi soldiers "as the

campaign drags on and on are inclined to laziness." *Gott in Himmel!*

One German soldier, writing from the battle front, compares the Russian to an unnamed "animal in South America which can burrow out of sight in the hard earth on the turn of a hand. At digging in, the Russian is our superior."

Der Russe has also shown an ingenuity displeasing to the Germans. He devised the Molotov cocktail out of an empty vodka bottle, gasoline siphoned from a crippled tank; and cotton batting from his own quilted uniform. The outcome was an effective missile for igniting enemy tanks and trucks. A Nazi commentator urges his *Kameraden* "to keep awake and on their toes — or else prepare for sudden death. *Der Russe* is likely to appear anywhere, materializing almost out of thin air."

The Russian characteristics of infinite patience and extraordinary hardihood were perfectly demonstrated in the capture of a town during the 1941 winter counteroffensive. During several succeeding nights the Soviet infantry, clad in white and with weapons wrapped in white, crept forward across a vast, treeless, snow-covered plain dotted with German outposts. Before each dawn they smoothed over their tracks and burrowed into the snow. There, under the eyes of the unsuspecting German lookouts, they lay motionless all day long. When night came, they pursued again their slow, silent approach toward the town. Finally,

at the zero dawn, the assault was launched from close quarters. The surprise was complete and the Germans once more took the count.

Summing up these qualities of the Soviet fighter, Captain Schott of the German army has recently published the following precepts in the *Militärwochenblatt*. Addressed to "the soldier who wants to survive in Russia," they pay unconscious tribute to the Russians:

The soldier in Russia must be a hunter. The Bolshevik's greatest advantage over the German is his highly developed instinct and his lack of sensitivity to weather and terrain. One must be able to stalk and creep like a huntsman.

The soldier in Russia must be able to improvise. The Bolshevik is a master of improvisation. He drops bombs from gliders and knows how to put captured weapons to immediate use. We have learned from him how to construct movable winter shelters from plywood, and how to build roads of tree trunks across swamps.

The soldier in Russia must be constantly on the move. Hardly a day passes on which the Russians, however weak, do not attempt to push against our lines. Day after day they work to improve their positions.

The soldier in Russia must be wide-awake. The Russian attacks during the night and in foggy weather. At the front one must remain awake at night and rest during the day. But in Russia there is little difference between the front and the rear, and anyone who lays down his arms east

of the old Reich frontier may greatly regret it a moment later.

The soldier in Russia must be hard. Real men are needed to make war in 40 degrees of frost or in great heat, in knee-deep mud or in thick dust. The victims of the Bolshevik mass attacks often present a sight against which the young soldier must harden his heart. Only men who do not lose their nerve when death threatens are fit to be fighters against Bolshevism.

There we have a picture of *der Russe* sketched by those who ought to know — his enemies. He is tough, aggressive, resourceful, industrious, brave and steadfast. Sir Walter Scott described in *Marmion* "that keen joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel." That the Nazis are getting any joy out of it is doubtful. More likely their feelings are those of the fellow who had the tiger by the tail.



Patter

An English girl quotes an American soldier's love-making: "Purse your lips, Gorgeous, I'm coming in on the beam."

(Dorothy Charles)

Girl machinist: "It's all right. I saw the doctor and he said those lumps on my arms are just muscles."

(Harold Whitehead)

Definition of genius in Washington: The infinite capacity for taking trains.

(Walter Winchell)

I must remember to write the Browns a bread-and-oleomargarine note. (Gene Carr) . . . My victory garden is a little jewel — 14 carrots. (Bob Burns)

She was one of those women who have gender but not sex.

(James F. Scoggin, Jr.)

An old Negro speaking of his wife: "She ain't got so many faults but she

sho' do make de mos' of dem she is got." (C. L. and J. P. Alley, Jr.)

Bernard Shaw once remarked: "I often quote myself. It adds spice to my conversation."

The ladies discussed the events of the week, neighbor by neighbor. (Francis Nearing) . . . Many a party is given for the pleasure of not inviting someone. (Bakersfield Californian)

Draw-your-own-conclusions-dept.: United States food rationing point values — Brains, 3 points; tongue, 6 points.

When you're down and out something always turns up — and it's usually the noses of your friends.

(Orson Welles)

Feudal Hawaii: Paradise, Ltd.

By

Stanley High

HAWAII is the all-important bastion of the nation's defenses in the Pacific. In peacetime, it is one of the world's pleasantest and most interesting communities, a vast domain worthy of becoming the 49th of the United States. But Hawaii is likewise the all-too-exclusive preserve, for fat profit, of a little handful of families whose feudal rule — through their "Big Five" corporate monopolies — is so tight and complete that even the army on occasion finds its wishes quietly ignored and its plans stalled.

The situation is an amazing anachronism, a survival of the "public be-damned" era of an earlier America. That the feudal families are pleasant, hospitable, cultivated and philanthropic does not alter the fact that their exploitation of the Islands is carried much too far. It is not the islanders alone who pay the bill; the nation as a whole pays tribute.

Hawaii is run from five massive buildings within shadow-reach of each other in downtown Honolulu. Of the men behind desks in those offices, there are probably 15 who matter. They sit separately but they act together. Closely bound by inheritance, intermarriage and a web of interlocked directorates, they would not act any other way. The "Big Five" are Castle & Cooke, Ltd.;

*H*awaii's five feudal families hold a feudal grip upon the Islands and control the trade and commerce.

Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.; American Factors, Ltd.; C. Brewer & Co., Ltd.; Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd.

The history of the Big Five goes well back into the 19th century. They grew to their present stature as "factoring companies" for Hawaii's sugar plantations. In 1876 a reciprocity treaty with the United States opened sugar's boom era. There were then 90 plantations in the Islands, most of them independently operated. Many were isolated, some poorly managed; all were beset with problems of financing, shipping, marketing, purchasing, labor supply. For two and one half percent of the planter's gross income, the factoring company took over the administration of these and numerous other matters. By able management, the factors put system and stability into the sugar industry and greatly facilitated its rise to a \$55,000,000 yearly business. Pineapples, with some of the same Big Five zeal behind them, were helped to a \$50,000,000 status.

Meanwhile, the Big Five sought propitiously into both industries. The 90 sugar plantations were con-

solidated until today there are 38, of which 35 are controlled by the Big Five. Five of the Islands' seven pineapple companies are likewise under the Big Five wing.

The Big Five soon acquired other interests. Controlling the plantations they also controlled the Islands' biggest banking accounts. Today Honolulu has only two banks of consequence — both Big Five-owned.

Similarly, their control of the plantations gave them the Islands' biggest insurance business.

Purchasing for the plantations brought into camp the Islands' largest volume of wholesale and retail merchandising. Today Honolulu's one large department store is Big Five and the largest slice of the Islands' merchandising business flows into Big Five tills.

From Big Five Companies, too, the Honolulu citizen gets his electricity, gas, water and telephone services. He rides on Big Five street-cars; goes to Big Five motion-picture theaters; listens to the Big Five's radio station.

The Big Five controls the large volume of interisland shipping. Today there are only two means of communication among the Islands — one sea, one air — both Big Five.

The interisland passenger steamship fares were investigated in 1937. The report showed that the 194-mile trip from Honolulu on the Island of Oahu to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii cost more than a 500-mile trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

Since the Big Five controlled Hawaii's chief exports — sugar and pineapples — they also readily negotiated absolute control of shipping between Hawaii and continental United States. For Hawaii, 2000 miles from its markets, shipping is a matter of economic life and death. The Big Five have used it for both.

Until the Maritime Commission and the war somewhat rocked the boat, only one shipping company — the Matson Navigation Co., Ltd. — had free access to the Hawaiian trade. It is largely owned and wholly controlled by the Big Five.

Numerous independent efforts to horn in on Island shipping proved profitless. By 1929, the only serious fly in the Matson ointment was the Dollar Steamship Company which, with Hawaii as a port of call on its transpacific schedule, did some Island business. The business was less important than the threat.

Consequently, Matson entered two ships in the transpacific trade in competition with Dollar. That gesture cost Matson \$164,000. But it was efficacious. In exchange for a Matson agreement to keep out of the Orient, Dollar agreed that henceforth it would charge Matson rates on all traffic — freight and passenger — between Honolulu and the mainland. That took care of the fear that Dollar might one day undercut Big Five rates. Dollar also agreed that out of every dollar of gross income on its mainland-Hawaii business — freight and passenger — it

would kick back 50 cents to Matson That took care of everything else.

After 1930, Dollar had to carry the Islands' third-class passengers because Matson, to increase revenues, cut out such accommodations. No matter. Matson got half the price of every third-class ticket sold by Dollar. Frequently Matson had more freight than its ships could handle. Its agents, therefore, sent prospective shippers to Dollar. For that business, too, Dollar had to come across, 50-50.

By such tactics, said the Maritime Commission in 1940, Matson killed off competition, hindered American commerce, retarded the growth of a war-necessary merchant marine and helped "substantially" to bring Dollar to the verge of bankruptcy.

Although Hawaii is entirely agricultural, 85 percent of its food is imported. Sugar and pineapples take 97 percent of the Islands' cultivated land. More food production means less area for the Big Five's two-crop bonanza; less revenue from Matson's sugar and pineapple cargoes to the mainland; less on the high-paying food cargoes from the mainland; less likelihood that the Big Five can maintain food prices at an average of 25 percent above mainland levels.

When an experienced agricultural operator came to Honolulu with plans to increase truck farming, he could get no adequate parcels of land. Several years ago farmers on the Island of Hawaii went ahead on their own to produce vegetables in some

quantity. Interisland freight rates were set so high that their vegetables cost as much in Honolulu as those shipped from Los Angeles.

Actually, fewer vegetables were produced in the 12 months following Pearl Harbor than in the preceding year, despite \$100,000 spent by the government to stimulate truck farming.

When the War Department recently proposed measures for the reduction of the price of foodstuffs, Honolulu's men-in-power looked out of the window and yawned.

And the army - tough enough elsewhere - seems discreetly hesitant to get tough here. Transporting food from the mainland uses a lot of cargo space in ships at a time when ships are the nation's greatest need.

With this amazing setup at the top, the man-at-the-bottom encounters numerous other costly items. To build a home, he runs smack into the lumber trust - affiliated with the Big Five. It does 91 percent of the lumber business. A mainland company made some pre-Pearl Harbor inquiries and reported that, for lumber purchasable on the mainland for \$15 a thousand board feet, the Honolulu lumber trust tacked on a stout \$13.50 for transportation and sold it in Hawaii for \$78 - a \$49.50 markup. Thus, a modest house which in California could have been built for \$3000 cost in Hawaii from \$5000 to \$6000.

Independent lumber dealers, willing to sell within reason, found their

good intentions blocked when the Big Five's steamship company failed to ship their cargo or the Big Five's Honolulu Stevedores, Ltd., failed to move it.

The Big Five also collected from the public in less observable areas. One inquiry disclosed that city and county medical supplies were bought from a Big Five affiliate at prices far above those of independent dealers. Until a city auditor spoke out of turn, the Big Five's department store made it a practice to boost prices substantially for sales to the local government.

If many of these items are also costly to the plantations, that, too, the Big Five can face with equanimity. Their two and one half percent for factoring is collected not from the plantations' net profit but from their gross income. To keep up gross income, therefore, is a major Big Five concern. That concern has sometimes been carried so far as to involve plantations in uneconomically large production which substantially reduced the net profit. In such cases, the stockholders' loss was the Big Five's gain.

Some sugar plantations are owned by many stockholders and profits therefore have to be widely split. Thus, in milking the plantations by heavy charges for transportation, fertilizer, merchandise, machinery and numerous other things, the Big Five merely transfers the profits from the plantations (with many dividend mouths to feed) to these other Big

Five companies which have fewer outsiders to be cut in.

If, being stirred by these manifold pressures, the citizen feels the urge to do something about it, he will be well advised to suppress the impulse. Protected by an antipicketing law and well schooled in the business of strong-arm anti unionism, Hawaii's boss employers have blocked the growth of an organized labor movement. The first contract between an employer and a labor union was not signed until 1936. Today the Island unions have perhaps 6000 members — about one for every 25 eligible workers.

The Territorial legislature which looks to the average citizen for votes looks higher up for orders. Legislation involving Big Five interests so filled the 1941 session that no time could be found to pass the M-Day bill — backed by the army and navy as critical for defense.

Even the courts have been something less than a safeguard. In 1939, for example, the Honolulu Grand Jury, as was its right and duty, gave notice of its intention to nose into numerous smelly situations — bound to involve Big Five interests. The presiding judge quickly took over. Because of "the practical situation obtaining in Hawaii," he told the jury, "the Grand Jury has not the right to institute or prosecute an inquiry on chance or speculation that some crime may be discovered."

That this amazing realm can be kept intact and its rulers on their

thrones in the face of the war's necessities is improbable. Rifts have already appeared.

The Maritime Commission has thrown out the Matson-Dollar agreement. The Civil Aeronautics Authority has canceled a somewhat similar arrangement which Matson made with Pan American Airways. A new governor who can't be bossed — Ingram M. Stainback — is in office.

A sizable slice has already been cut from the Big Five's land holdings on the Island of Oahu for military purposes. Sooner or later the military, fed up at getting nowhere, may order work begun on the food production plans.

Meanwhile, many thousands of workers on war projects have been brought to Hawaii. Thousands of them will stay. No other present prospect causes such general upper-

bracket discomfiture. For the newcomers are undisciplined in the Islands' ways, unawed before their gods, unlikely to jump through the ancient hoops or keep silent when the whips crack. The darkness of this outlook deepened last fall when an avowed anti-Big Fiver was elected to the legislature with the second highest vote of any candidate.

Outwardly the Islands remain on the pleasant periphery of the tropics: seldom too hot, never too cold, always too beautiful. It is in their inward parts that they are being shaken. The charming overlords of Hawaii's antiquated domain have for too long been unwilling to catch up with the times to relish the present likelihood that the times will catch up with them — or to know what, in such an event, they can do about it.



Ultimates

❧ ANN SHERIDAN was elected by Canadian soldiers as "the girl from whom we would most like to have a blood transfusion." — *Coronet*

❧ THE Cedar Chest Manufacturers of America, who make hope chests, declared a "National Fall in Love Week." — *Time*

❧ "You, too, can help the war effort," proclaims a national woman's magazine. "Don't order girdles by telephone!" — *Coronet*

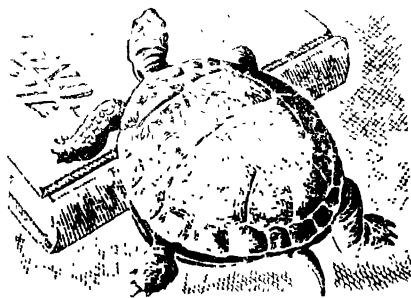
❧ A NEW balloon globe of the world for street-corner strategists has the war areas outlined on a scale of an inch to 800 miles. The balloon can be inflated with three or four deep breaths. Completing your study or discussion for the moment, you let the air out and return the world to your pocket.

— William F. McDermott in *Coronet*

My Pet Achilles, the Amusing Tortoise

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Wallace Stegner



I HAVE never been able to explain to others my peculiar affection for Achilles. People do not usually think of reptiles as desirable pets. A desert tortoise, half gentle buffoon, half philosopher, and wholly harmless, he lived a ruminative, affectionate life.

Achilles was a clean pet; neither germ nor flea could find sanctuary on his tough rind; he could be flushed off with the garden hose and kept as aseptic as an operating room. He was completely indestructible. He wandered into the street, yes; but when he heard the thunder of approaching doom he played that he was a traffic button, and if anything ran over him he shrugged it off. Once he was flipped like a tiddlywink into the gutter by a truck, but after the earth stopped shaking he just poked his head out and began clawing himself up onto the curb.

In the house he fitted neatly under radiators, where he stayed out of sight. He never came begging to the table. He didn't have to be put outside at regular intervals. In all the time he lived with me, I never had to slide out of bed and feel for slippers on the cold floor because Achil-

les hadn't been taken care of; he took care of himself. And from November until February he simply stayed in a closet out of sight and contemplated his soul. Whenever I opened the closet door, there he was, and I had a comfortable feeling.

A tortoise is an interested but not inquisitive house guest. He will walk solemnly around the borders of the rug admiring the colors under his nose, elbowing himself along with admirable deliberation. If you put a book in his path he will hiss and pull in his neck and wait to see if the book wants to start anything. If it doesn't, he will climb over it and resume his walk. He will not go around it. He will not go around anything. If the obstacle is too high to crawl over, he will fall asleep comfortably in front of it.

There are advantages in being cold-blooded. You or I would fly into a temper and kick the book out of the way. Not Achilles. Where our hot blood makes us run ourselves to death in a few years and makes our earthly span a wailing and gnashing of teeth, the tortoise takes things philosophically, and his life expectancy is something over a century.

Insoluble problems put him to sleep. Bad weather puts him to sleep. Anything unpleasant puts him to sleep. Conversely, anything pleasant brings him the pure and undiluted joy that only the innocent and very wise can know. In his waking months, from February to November, Achilles lived the life of Riley, and enjoyed every minute of it.

About the end of February, Achilles would begin to thump and rattle around in the closet. When I opened the door he rowed himself out, moving ponderously as an alderman. After the long hibernation his leathery skin hung in folds, but was he bothered by his clownish appearance? Not he. Posturing and prancing, he did push-ups from the floor with sensuous delight. When I picked him up to scratch his neck or tickle him under the arms, he squirmed and wriggled with delight, and on his face appeared an expression that could only be called a leer.

His principal joy in the spring was food. He ate grass like a horse, tearing off beakfuls with a sidewise swinging motion, lifting his wrinkled neck and chewing with his eyes full of placid peace. In an afternoon he could mow ten square feet of grass. He drank water like a fussy hen, dipping his nose and lifting his neck to let the water run down, leering meanwhile at onlookers.

He loved raw peas, cabbage and string beans, which he ate with regular chopping strokes as if his jaws worked on springs. Three bites to a

string bean, no more, no less. Strawberries put him in a frenzy of bliss. I shall always cherish the memory of Achilles munching strawberries with the juice running down his rhythmic jaws, his whole face beatific.

For three years we lived, two bachelors, in perfect harmony. And then my landlady, visiting one day at a friend's house, discovered another tortoise -- a city gigolo whose shell was painted blue and gold, with a gilt border. She borrowed him, thinking Achilles would enjoy a little company, and brought him home. She knew not what she did.

When she set the stranger on the rug in front of Achilles, the atmosphere was electric. My tortoise, a mousy friar beside this court gallant, hissed like a steam cock and ducked. So did the gilded one. Then both lay like two concrete pillboxes, immobile and suspicious. We watched and waited. After a while the visitor's head came out again; he uncurled his tail, did a push-up, and stood on tiptoe hissing. Achilles hissed back.

I wanted Achilles to annihilate the gigolo. I had seen him bounce trucks off his back. He was not going to be taken over by any town tortoise with painted toenails.

The visiting tortoise weaved side-ward and back, still hissing. I looked at Achilles and was surprised to see that his face was anything but belligerent. He wore the same coy leer that he wore when I tickled him. Then, stepping high, the gilded one

waltzed around Achilles, watching him all the time. Achilles rotated to watch the dance. His beaked face smiled.

The truth struck both my landlady and me at the same time. Achilles, the philosophic bachelor, was a *lady* tortoise — and there was no doubt in the world that she was in love. My landlady, her mouth open and her face getting red, gave me the kind of a look that hangs on the air for ten minutes afterward. Then she hurriedly picked up the painted tortoise and fled.

Achilles was pitiful. For hours after the charmer had gone she wan-

dered around the rug hissing questioningly. She was no longer philosopher: she was lorn female, and acted it. She could not sleep before this problem. She explored under the radiators, under the sofa. Then, returning to the middle of the rug where the miracle had happened, she lay down waiting for it to happen again, I took her out and staked her on the lawn, but she wouldn't eat.

When I went out two hours later the broken string lay on the lawn, but Achilles had disappeared. Whether she ever found her gilded gallant I do not know. Somewhere, perhaps, she did. *Omnia vincit amor.*



Pixies at Large

◀ A MOTORIST on a lonesome road passed a car stuck in the ditch and stopped to help. He found the car's driver carefully using some string to harness a pair of kittens to the front axle.

"You aren't trying to pull that car out with those kittens, are you?"

"Why not?" asked the other man in some irritation. "I got a whip."

— J. C. Furnas and Laurence McKinney in *Esquire*

◀ A MAN who had a cello with a single string used to bow on it for hours at a time, always holding his finger in the same place. His wife endured this for months. Finally in desperation she said, "I have observed that when others play that instrument there are four strings, and the players move their fingers about continuously."

The man stopped for a moment, looked at his wife wisely, and told her, "Of *course* the others have four strings and move their fingers about constantly. They are *looking* for the place. I've found it!"

— William Saroyan, *Fables* (Harcourt Brace)

1022 Government-Owned War Plants

Condensed from The United States News

NEW WAR industries, mushrooming on sites that once were prairies or barren wastes, are changing the industrial map of America. And with changes in the map are coming changes in business control -- for the government owns almost all of these new factories. To date, the government is committed to invest, or has invested, \$14,000,000,000 for plants in new industry. *This represents about a fifth of the total private investment in American factories and mines in the year 1939, and is almost four times the investment of private interests in expanded war plants.*

Government-owned projects, for example, now produce more aluminum than all the private companies put together. The federal stake in the aircraft industry amounts to ten times the investment of private companies before the war. These are hard industrial facts with which postwar planners some day will have to wrestle.

The Defense Plant Corporation is the government's largest investing agency. This subsidiary of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has built and equipped 1022 plants in 43 states, and is building 457 more. Its interests run the industrial gamut from steel mills to flying schools. It owns 395 aircraft factories; 70 arms plants; 54 radio and

The government now has a direct stake in American industry equal to about a fifth of the total private investment in all factories and mines in the United States in the year 1939. This is one of the most momentous developments in our history. It creates a problem which, after the war, will demand an informed public opinion.

communications equipment plants; 161 machine-tool factories; 42 shipyards and plants making ship parts; 57 iron and steel projects; 43 aluminum plants; 24 magnesium plants; 22 plants producing other metals; 6 synthetic rubber factories; and 4 plants making butadiene for synthetic rubber.

A government-business partnership is the dominant feature of Defense Plant Corporation operations. The agency works like a mammoth bank, under the chairmanship of Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones. Most of the plants are operated by private managers, but DPC keeps close tab on all projects through its staff and maintains a sharp watch for profits. The Defense Plant Corporation has no intention of reporting losses on its books, and, if a plant's costs of operation exceed sales, DPC's directors want to know why.

Two types of agreements are made to protect the government's interest

in plant and profit. Lease arrangements are used most often. The Defense Plant Corporation builds and equips a new plant, or provides new equipment for a plant already established, then leases it to private management. For the privilege of operating the factories and selling their output, private companies already have paid \$100,000,000 into the DPC treasury, and earnings are just beginning. Rentals usually are based upon a percentage of sales, and the agency expects a return of 10 to 20 percent on its investment when plants operate at capacity.

Sometimes, however, DPC hires a manager and takes all the earnings itself. This procedure has been followed on 22 projects, mostly magnesium, aluminum and chemical developments. The Dow Chemical Company, for example, hired to manage a DPC magnesium plant in Texas, is paid one half cent for each pound sold; all profits go to DPC.

Whether the industrial changes wrought by DPC are to be permanent or temporary is for a postwar administration to decide. The Defense Plant Corporation has taken care to protect the government's investment while leaving the door open, in most instances, for eventual purchase after the war by companies that now operate them. Defense Plant Corporation terms, however,

offer no bargains. If the managements want to own the plants they must pay DPC either cost plus four percent interest, after deducting rentals, or cost less depreciation; and the arrangement which would return more to the government is the one to be followed.

Officials of DPC also left the door open for the government to decide the future of aluminum, magnesium and synthetic-rubber plants, the Texas tin smelter and the new oil pipe lines. Operators of these tremendously expanded industries are given no options to purchase, lest private monopolies arise. The Defense Plant Corporation thus has put the government in a strong position to influence industrial policy after the war. The dispute after the last war over Muscle Shoals, which developed finally into the Tennessee Valley Authority, could be multiplied a thousandfold this time.

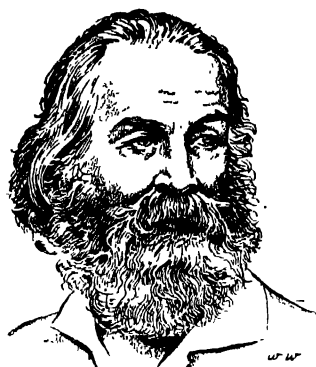
Suggestions have been made that the government take bonds or preferred stock in new private corporations formed to operate these plants after the war. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation set a precedent during the depression by buying into banks and railroads. In any event, the future of war-born industrial regions appears to rest upon some such joint decision by government and industry.



Walt Whitman

POET OF DEMOCRACY

By Max Eastman



EVERY GREAT people has its poet. Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, Dante, Hugo, Li Po — these names float over their countries almost like the national flag. In America — there is little doubt left now — it is Walt Whitman who will occupy this unique place. A recent anthology gives him 74 pages to 27 for Edgar Allan Poe, seven for Longfellow, six for Whittier.

To me there is drama in this, for within my lifetime Walt Whitman died in a shabby little house in Camden, New Jersey, hardly known to the reading public at all and where known regarded for the most part as a disreputable and rather unclean character.

Whitman was, in fact, immaculately clean — so much so that all his friends mentioned it. He was, moreover, by comparison with most poets, a model of Christian virtue. He had no vices or bad habits. He never swore or smoked or gambled; he seldom took a drink. His chief dissipation was to ride on Broadway horse cars.

He was born in 1819 near Huntington, Long Island, in a small gray-shingled cabin, but most of his boyhood was passed in Brooklyn, where his father built houses. By the time he was 20, he had learned the printer's trade, taught school and

He hymned the worth of the common man — and America appreciates its great poet today more than ever before.

started a newspaper — writing and printing it himself and delivering it on horseback. For the next nine years he worked in the print shop, newsroom or editorial office of different New York and Long Island papers. During the last two of these years he was editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

While working on these papers he wrote one or two sentimental verses. But until he was 29 the idea never occurred to him, and certainly never to anybody else, that he might be a great poet.

Everybody around town knew Walter Whitman, and everybody liked him. He was big and strong, had a perfect build, and his face and head were as fine as nature ever produced. But the one thing he was famous for was a magnificently casual attitude toward work. Any afternoon he didn't knock off and go swimming, it was because he had spent the morning riding back and

forth on Fulton Ferry, or up and down Manhattan on the Broadway car. One of his first employers remarked that "if the boy came down with fever and the ague, he would be too lazy to shake," and that reputation grew up with him.

There is a fog around the question of why Whitman left the *Eagle*, and you can see his character looming pretty clearly through the fog. He was a Free-Soil Democrat; that is, he wanted slavery excluded from the new states. The owners of the paper wanted the states to decide.

Less than a month after Whitman left the *Eagle*, he had a contract to edit the New Orleans *Crescent*. His trip to New Orleans was the dividing event in his life. It woke the emotional and imaginative giant slumbering within him. I think there are three reasons for this.

First, the journey over the Alleghenies and down America's great rivers astounded his eyes. He saw spread before him the vastness and incredible richness of the young republic. He fell in love with America. Second, he cast loose a little, in the freely languorous French atmosphere of New Orleans, from the stern mood of the reformer.

Most important, he fell in love with a girl whom he could not, or would not, marry. Nothing is known of that love beyond the girl's heart-melting picture pasted in one of his notebooks, for Walt's reticence about the whole incident was made of Egyptian stone. But there is little doubt — in my mind at least — that her touch was what finally broke open the fountains of immortal song that this strange, in-

dolent, ardent, majestic and yet callow youth contained.

Walt came home from New Orleans, like Saul from the road to Damascus, a changed and consecrated man. He had seen a vision — a vision of the American republic, casting off the last shred of the stale trappings of feudal Europe and leading mankind into a new era of fearlessly free and equal, boldly scientific and yet richly poetic, joyfully expanding physical and spiritual life. He came back the poet and prophet of that sublime event.

Like Saul he made a slight change in his name: he would be what his good friends called him — Walt. And he made a big change in his apparel. As the poet of democracy he peeled off his bow tie, unbuttoned his shirt to where the undershirt showed, and put on for good and all the everyday clothes of the ordinary workman or mechanic. The change was not quite so artificial as it sounds, for he was working now as a carpenter for his father, and that was the costume in which he worked. But it was deeply meaningful to him.

He believed he was making a corresponding change in poetry. Instead of turning pretty verses in imitation of England's poets, he would say what he had to say straight out, the way American workmen do and the Bible does, and let the words sing their own song.

It was not his way of singing, however, that made Walt Whitman great. The greatness lay in the things he sang. A Song of Myself — a declaration of the divine and

sovereign importance of the individual man, not to be found elsewhere in literature. A Song of Sympathy — a larger giving of the self than had ever been sung before. A song of religion transcending the church; of democracy transcending the boundaries of nations; of love breaking free from the prison of silence in which a false shame and a false, puritanical piety had confined it.

It was this last song that gained Whitman an unsavory reputation. In these days when any college girl can buy books on married love at the nearest drugstore, Walt's famous frankness about sex seems almost shy and amateurish. It was in fact prophetic. His was the first book in the world, outside the medical library, to speak of sex relations candidly and yet without comic or erotic emotion. He spoke with intensely reverent emotion — a sense of the sacredness of all being, every least atom, and of himself as part of it. This new serious candor was one of the most momentous changes in the history of human culture.

Walt worked six years on his exalted book of verse, jotting down the lines on ferryboats, along the wharves, on buses, or lying on the lonely beach at Coney Island. He brought them home to the house on Myrtle Avenue, and worked them up on a pine table in a little upstairs room with a single window, a narrow bed and a washstand. To signify democracy and the sacred worth of small and simple things, he called his book *Leaves of Grass*.

When Walt spoke of himself in the book, he spoke for the everyday

working American. He made some prodigiously insolent claims for himself, but what he was trying to say was: "This is the way the American common man should talk. This is how he should stand."

And I or you, pocketless of a dime, may
purchase the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye, or show a
bean in its pod, confounds the learning
of all times,
And there is no trade or employment
but the young man following it may
become a hero,
And there is no object so soft but it
makes a hub for the wheel'd
universe,
And I say to any man or woman, Let
your soul stand cool and composed
before a million universes.

Walt printed 800 copies of his book in a little print shop, seeing them through the press himself. Then he inserted an ad in the New York *Tribune*, sent review copies to critics and editors, and gift copies to a number of eminent Americans. To the bookstores in New York and Brooklyn he peddled them himself in a big canvas bag.

Not a copy, so far as history records, was sold. A friend on the *Tribune* wrote a mildly favorable hack review. The rest of the critics either ignored him or burned him up:

"A heterogeneous mass of bombast, vulgarity and nonsense." . . .
"He is as unacquainted with art as a hog with mathematics." . . .
"We can conceive of no better reward than the lash."

The verdict of the eminent Americans was little better. Wendell Phillips remarked that he found all kinds of leaves there except the fig.

John Greenleaf Whittier threw the book out of the window.

Such was America's reception of her national poet. And then out of the clear sky, out of New England's icy silence, came a letter — a letter that is almost as famous now as the poems:

"Dear sir, I am not blind to the wonderful worth of *Leaves of Grass*. I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I greet you at the beginning of a great career." It was signed with the one pre-eminent name of those times — Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Walt never doubted his own greatness from that day on. But his rise to the heights of fame was slower than an ocean tide. The average American for whom he sang preferred the jingly tinkle of Poe's *The Bells* or *The Raven* to Walt's full-throated song.

The Civil War slowed Walt Whitman's climb to glory. Walt was no soldier. He had a mother's gift for sympathy. As he moved through the world, he loved it all, the good and the bad, instinctively. It is hard for those with a genius for love to take sides in a fight. Moreover Walt had dedicated himself to be the poet of the whole nation.

He solved the conflict in his heart in a way that has given him a place in the history not only of poetry but of love. He moved to Washington, where the great military hospitals were, abandoned his writing, and gave himself to the task of tending the wounded soldiers. Earning a meager livelihood in a paymaster's office, living in a

small top-floor room, he visited the hospitals each day from noon till four o'clock and again from six to nine. He carried a big bag full of gifts for the soldiers — tobacco, paper and envelopes, oranges, gingersnaps. But his greatest gift to them was a mother's tenderness in the robust and powerful figure of a man.

Before each visit he walked a while in the sun and wind, or under the stars. He drank only water and milk, avoided "fats and late suppers," in order to assure himself of a "pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded robust body," through which the healing powers of nature could flow to the suffering soldiers.

He was not obeying the dictates of any creed or faith. He was following the inmost impulse of his own nature, which he believed to be prophetic of what the world, when democracy fully unfolds itself, is destined to become.

Walt gave his prodigious health in that service. He was himself like a wounded soldier when the war was done. He was at home in Brooklyn with his mother, recuperating a second time from "hospital malaria," when the news came of Lincoln's assassination.

It was spring and the lilacs were in bloom in the yard of the little house where they lived. Brooklyn in those days was little more than a rural village, and he did not have to walk far to hear a hermit thrush singing as the evening star peered out in the twilight. He composed his noblest poem there, twining the lilac, the star, the song of the bird and his grief into as sublime a trib-

ute to a hero — and to life and death — as has ever been spoken. Swinburne described his poem *When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd* as "the most sweet and sonorous nocturne ever chanted in the church of the world." More perhaps than any of his other works, this sublime requiem has given Walt Whitman by gradual universal consent the name of America's poet.

After the war Walt got a clerical job in the Indian Bureau. He was working on a new edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and kept the scribbled proof sheets in his desk. Secretary of the Interior Harlan, a preacher-politician from Iowa City, got an itch of curiosity one night and sneaked in and took a look at the book. It gave him a terrible shock there in the lamplight, and he won himself a place in history as a snooping prude by firing his immortal employee. Walt's Irish friend William O'Connor wrote a sizzling pamphlet about the incident, under the title of *The Good Gray Poet*, giving Whitman an inadequate sobriquet that has clung to him ever since.

In 1873 Walt's glorious physique gave out. He woke up one night and found he could not move his left arm or leg. He went calmly to sleep again and the next day

waited quietly for his friends to come. Throughout the 20 years of decline and increasing confinement that followed, he never lost that calm. He never lost his patient, friendly humor. He met the inevitable narrowing of his selfhood with a fortitude equal to the arrogance with which he had announced its expansion.

Friends and admirers, a tiny but increasing company, sent funds to help him. He followed the slowly growing fame of his book with anxious joy, as a mother follows the career of her well-trained child. Tributes came, once in a while — and visits — from those eminent enough to encourage his belief that his book would live.

Walt would have been proudly delighted — and yet also, in his still depths, unsurprised — to know that 50 years after his death a British prime minister, reporting a great military victory to the House of Commons, would quote, like a text from the Bible, his noble admonition:

"Now understand me well — It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."



Feminine Logic

IN NEWARK, N. J., Mrs. Belle Bearison lost a purse containing \$25, got it back with only \$17, plus a note from the anonymous finder explaining that she herself had once lost a purse with \$8 in it.

— *Time*

I Sing for Bing

Reprinted from *The American Magazine*

Mary Martin

I SUPPOSE it's not very original to say that Hollywood is a funny place. But here's what I mean:

A few years ago I was an unknown struggling for a break in the movies, singing in an obscure Hollywood night spot. The place was dim and smoky, hardly fashionable. Not many celebrities came to hear me. But one night, around closing time, in walked a man whose face I recognized at once.

I was singing a song called "Shoe Shine Boy." When I finished, he asked me to sing it again. I did. And again. When he had finally heard enough it was three o'clock in the morning. I was tired but thrilled. He was a movie star. Maybe — well — you never could tell.

He thanked me and left. And, as usual, nothing happened. Soon afterward I left Hollywood.

I eventually got my movie break 3000 miles away from a studio, singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" on a Broadway stage. I returned in triumph with a contract, and recently found myself working at Paramount with that same night owl I'd enter-



tained once back in my hungry days. I recognized him, of course, but he didn't know me from Eve.

One day between scenes I spied a piano on the set, and a naughty impulse seized me. I sat down and broke into that old tune,

"Shoe Shine Boy." Out of the corner of my eye I saw my co-star look up from his newspaper.

"Hey, Mary," he yelled, "play something else, will you?"

"What's wrong with that one?" I asked.

"It brings back a sad memory," he laughed. "I stayed up half the night once listening to a beautiful girl warble that song. I went back the next night to tell her I'd arranged a screen test for her. She'd left, and nobody knew where she'd gone."

Then it was my turn to be startled. "The reason she left," I said, "was that her mother made her quit the next day. Said it wasn't respectable for a girl to stay up till 3 a.m. — even to sing for Bing Crosby."

"How come you know all this?"

"That's easy," I told Bing. "I was the girl who did the singing in that Hollywood night spot."

Bringing the War to the Training Camps

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Don Wharton

AMERICAN SOLDIERS no longer will go into battle completely green. Before facing the enemy every man will undergo battle experiences as realistic as can be devised.

In our training camps today, for example, soldiers crawl 100 yards under machine-gun fire — live .30-caliber bullets which clear the ground by only 36 inches. The men snake their way across ditches and over gentle rises which sometimes bring them up to within 18 inches of the deadly spray. Suddenly there is a blast — TNT exploding in a shell hole a few yards away. The soldiers are shaken up, showered with dirt and mud, while the machine guns keep pouring fire over their heads.

Then they come to barbed wire only six inches off the ground. They twist over onto their backs and shoulder under the strands. They are now so close to the belching machine-gun muzzles that they can feel their blazing heat.

Even if a soldier freezes from fear somewhere along that endless 100 yards, the guns don't stop firing. Some frightened men have spent two hours negotiating the distance,

which calmer ones cover in six minutes. Hours or minutes, if the soldier gets jittery and rises up he's dead.

This "infiltration course" is part of an army-wide plan to inoculate soldiers against the shocks of battle. For years army officers wanted such training, but were stymied by fear of public opinion. Now, facing grim realities, every soldier is being subjected to the sights, sounds and other sensations of combat. The basic idea is to risk a few casualties and thereby save thousands of American lives. Recently at Fort Bragg, N. C., a paratrooper going through the wire under machine-gun fire was hit in the thigh by a ricocheting bullet. He let out an unearthly yell, but his whole platoon — because of their training — hugged the ground closer instead of jumping up in panic. That one minor wound may on some foreign field save 10 percent of that platoon.

Troops now maneuver in woods and fields while real artillery shells whistle overhead toward "enemy" positions. They dig trenches, lie in them while tanks roar across, and then bob up to throw "sticky" grenades and Molotov cocktails at the

tanks. They are dived at by planes that spray them with tear gas.

The soldiers race through tough blitz courses, swing across creeks on ropes while TNT explodes beneath them, fire at surprise targets which bob up close by — fire real ammunition, not blanks. They learn firsthand about booby traps. I saw one infantryman explode four in less than a minute of clumsiness. Where soldiers two years ago complained of maneuvers with dummy guns, trainees now stalk snipers in deep forests while trained marksmen send bullets crashing near them.

Every camp now practices street fighting in "enemy" villages. At Fort Benning, Georgia, the "German" village, complete with stores, houses, a school and even a mayor's home, stretches for a quarter of a mile along two avenues connected by side streets. Infantry officer candidates try to take the village from comrades stationed in key buildings. The attack is synchronized with machine-gun fire that sweeps through the streets. While squads are taking one group of buildings the machine gun keeps the enemy down. Then an officer candidate signals, the machine-gun fire lifts, and the men rush the buildings across the street. This is grim business — a missed signal would mean half a squad wiped out.

When the paratroops being trained in North Carolina tackle their dummy village, they jump from planes, collect their machine guns, mortars and ammunition, move for

ten miles on a compass course through swamps, TNT and barbed wire, crawl under machine-gun fire, and then carry out their assault with live ammunition.

The paratroops are incredibly tough. To get through "enemy" barbed wire they crawl up close, with dynamite exploding all around them, and then two paratroopers spring up, run crouching forward, and slam-bang with all their weight into two posts that hold the wire. A split second behind this pair come two more paratroopers who throw themselves, hands across faces, onto the wire itself — between the tottering posts. Other paratroopers then use these men's backs as steppingstones.

Here and there ingenious officers are working on the sights and smells of battle. Chemists have developed battlefield odors which will be added to the village fighting exercises. Properly used, these odors will reduce the soldier's shock on first encountering the smell of decaying flesh. Considerable work is going into developing dummies which resemble men with horrible wounds. One division commander is getting a blood-like paint which he will have individuals burst inside their shirts while advancing under fire.

A parachute officer in Alabama visited a slaughterhouse, bought a supply of hogs' guts, and spread them on barbed wire. Without tipping off his men he had them crawl under that wire. Another parachute officer, at Fort Bragg, purchased a

couple of dead mules — only two days dead — for his men to practice bayoneting. Others have tried bayoneting animal skins filled with a reddish liquid resembling blood.

At least one American division has developed a chamber of horrors for the training of staff officers. Assembling in a woods at night, the officers crawl into slit trenches to work out a command problem. While working they are harassed by rifle fire, demolitions, the roar of nearby motors, horrible stenches, the agonized cry of a wounded man, flashes of varicolored lights, and a wind which drives sand into their faces. When one of the staff reaches for a telephone he finds it sticky — coated with a slimy red substance. Flashlights reveal a dead man — made from a clothing-stored dummy — with a bloody face and a sickening shell-torn stomach.

Grim as such experiences are, veterans back from the various fronts stress the importance of this conditioning. They tell of soldiers who were killed because they had not had experience in crawling under machine-gun fire. A paratroop officer who saw action in Tunisia told me that troops sometimes did not move forward aggressively at first, because of the overwhelming shock of the strange sights and sounds of actual battle. Once he saw a group of American ammunition carriers shocked into inactivity simply by the tremendous

noise of real fighting. Instead of getting the ammunition forward to a machine gun these men were huddled together, hugging the ground, shaking — pitifully unaware that their route was protected by a hill.

Such combat experiences show the value of the army's new battle inoculation courses. This rough and tough conditioning process necessarily means casualties, just as you have casualties among men learning to fly or to drive army trucks. But of the thousands who have gone through the machine-gun crawling course, I am told that only a handful have been wounded and but two killed. Three men were drowned on one battle course so tough none but veterans are ever put through it. Once in a great while a man will get powder burns from dynamite. Recently one paratrooper, tired out in the digging phase, dropped off to sleep and didn't waken when his outfit moved on. He was still sleeping when shells began landing in his vicinity, but he got out unhit, ran smack into his division commander, and had his moment of glory telling the general all about life under shell-fire.

After talking with scores of officers and men, I have yet to find one who objected to the new realistic battle training. Their general attitude is simple: the tougher it gets the more chance they have of surviving the real thing.

Tribute to Greatness

Condensed from Vogue

Allene Talmey



THERE is a communicable greatness about Madame Chiang, a tight-rope tension, a living control. Standing beside ripened politicians on platforms, she looks like a steel sword, thinned, beautiful, purposeful. Her phrases are always exact, her speeches have a disciplined cleanness. Her mind sees the target, figures the attack, and dives. When she is not ready to attack, but is attacked, she wards off pursuit with proverb and charm, using her beauty for delay.

When she spoke at Madison Square Garden, New York, she cut through a sumptuous display of tired adjectives by a team of nine Governors to say: "There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world." She said: "No matter what we have undergone and suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lesson gained thereby."

When she spoke, with her own heartbreaking emotion, at Wellesley College, she spoke on what she, best of all women, knew—the necessity for world coöperation, the responsibility of the educated women. She said: "First comes coöperation . . . Second, the spirit of humility . . . Last but not least ranks probity in thought and action. It is transcendent thinking, and the translating of these thoughts into deeds worthy of the name of human progress, which differentiates men from beasts."

When she spoke to Congress, she made a speech of which the nut was simply: Japan is our first concern. "Let us not forget that Japan in her occupied areas today has greater resources at her command than Germany. Let us not forget that the longer Japan is left in undisputed possession of these resources, the stronger she must become. Each passing day takes more toll in lives of both Americans and Chinese."

So deep ran the heroine worship, so important was her mission, so stirring was her appeal, both intellectually and as a woman, that there were moments when it was necessary to remind Americans of her war program. Direct, crisp-minded, she said, "Push the enemy into the sea."

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(Vogue, April 15, '43)

I Confess My Faith

Condensed from The United States News

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

MY MOTHER lived very close to God, and her example has influenced me greatly in recent years. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first." And we could not hurry her. Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask Him to bless her child and grant the request. It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. Whenever Mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

By nature I am not a religious person, at least in the common acceptance of that term. I am practical-minded and somewhat skeptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality were more or less imaginary. I believed in the world seen, not the world unseen. I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me.

During my childhood I always had to go to church and I hated the long sermons. I do not yet believe in predigested religion in sugar-coated doses. But today I feel that this churchgoing habit established something, a kind of stability, for which I am grateful to my parents.

China's First Lady, who has captured the affection and respect of the American people, here reveals the source of her strength.

As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted that she was not her children's intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I knew that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us.

One day I was talking with Mother about the imminent Japanese menace, and I suddenly cried out:

"Mother, you're so powerful in prayer, why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan — by an earthquake or something?"

Looking at me gravely, she said: "When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

That made a deep impression on me. And today I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases

as related to my religion. First, there was a tremendous enthusiasm and patriotism — a passionate desire to do something for my country. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to unite China and make her strong. I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase, beginning with the Japanese invasion. I saw the Japanese overrun our richest provinces, I saw our people die from enemy action and flood and famine. And I saw the death of my saintly mother. All these things have made me realize my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency. To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water. I was plunged into spiritual despair, bleakness, desolation.

Then I realized that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was my mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian.

Too honest to profess faith just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible. And I suddenly realized that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone, but losing because there were so many things he did not understand.

I began to see that what I was

doing to help, for the sake of the country, was only a substitute for what he needed. I was letting him head toward a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Understanding that, and feeling my human inadequacy, I was driven back to my mother's God. I knew there was a power greater than myself. I knew God was there. But Mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me. It was up to me to help the General spiritually, and in helping him I grew spiritually, myself.

I had formerly prayed that God would do this or that. Now I prayed only that God would make His will known to me. Thus I entered into the third period, where I wanted to do not my will but God's. And despair and despondency are not mine today.

Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it. In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinate to that one beautiful thing.

An integrated life is like that. That one flower, as I see it now, is the will of God. But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability.

Prayer is more than meditation. In meditation the source of strength is one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own.

I am often bewildered; I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance; in prayer, God enlightens my understanding, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him.

It is something like this: I go walking, and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other. I cannot tell where one begins and another leaves off. But when I talk with God He lifts me up where I can see clearly, where everything has a distinct contour.

I do not think it possible to make

this understandable to one who has not tried it. What I do want to make clear is that whether we try to get guidance or not, it's there, available to each of us. But only by practicing the presence of God, by daily communion with Him, can one learn how to use this source of strength. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him.

With me religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength *and mind* to do the will of God.



Random Harvest

☛ CROSSING the Iowa prairie by train one July day many years ago, I was enchanted by the gorgeous masses of hollyhocks that lined the right-of-way. A brakeman explained that a traveler had scattered the seed for 200 miles along the tracks. These glowing spires were the result. Ever since, I've been a disciple of Johnny Appleseed. Usually the pockets of my coat have a handful of nuts or fruit-pits and an envelope or two of perennial flower seeds. Most of them are gathered on walks in autumn, as casually as they are planted. Now I have patches of beach-plum and pitch pine along the New England shore and sea-grapes in Florida and peaches and creamy-bellied yucca almost anywhere. It's a lot of fun, as anyone who tries it will learn.

— Louis Banigan

☛ CALIFORNIA redwood trees may one day be a common sight across the nation because of the hobby of a San Francisco businessman. Clarence F. Pratt has sent seedlings to practically every state, and they are thriving. He digs the seedlings himself on week-ends, keeps them planted in tins in a little nursery, and takes batches of them with him to distribute on business trips. Upon request, he mails seedlings at his own expense to anyone who will plant and care for them. His only stipulation is that they be given plenty of room, because in 5000 years each might be 50 feet or more across! — *The Christian Science Monitor*

Equality cannot be granted. It has to be earned. The price is character and achievement.

The World's Biggest Negro Business

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Archibald Rutledge

ANYBODY in Durham, North Carolina, can point out to you the six-story building which houses the \$60,000,000 North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, largest business enterprise in the world operated by and for Negroes. But 44 years ago, when the company was founded by John Merrick (barber), Dr. A. M. Moore (physician), and Charles C. Spaulding (\$10-a-month dishwasher in a small hotel), the only visible sign of the company was three high, stiff white collars.

Spaulding, now 68, president and guiding spirit of the company, recalls October 28, 1898, with a twinkle in his eye. "When we started this company we had no money, no knowledge. We had only those collars — the highest, most respectable-looking white collars we could find."

In the beginning, the company was so small that the state insurance commissioners probably did not even know of its existence until it had established itself on a sound footing. But that required years of struggle. The first policyholder was insured for \$40, and the company had no assets except his initial premium of 65 cents. When he died suddenly not

long after he had been insured, the directors called a hasty meeting in Merrick's barbershop to pay this first claim out of their own pockets. When Spaulding, the company's only field agent, went on a trip he was often delayed in getting home until he could collect enough premiums to pay his traveling expenses.

The company, however, had an important tangible asset in the person of old Washington Duke, the tobacco tycoon who built up one of America's great fortunes. Duke used to come into Merrick's barbershop every morning to get shaved. When Merrick had the financier "down and lathered" he would propound the business questions that the three directors of the insurance company found difficult to handle. Duke, blowing the suds aside, would advise his Negro friend, and the advice was always followed. If Washington Duke were living today he could be very proud of having encouraged those daring Negroes, who have now achieved the most signal business success in the history of their race.

When the company was started no existing firm would bond Negroes; and under the law, all insurance offi-

cers and agents must be bonded. The officers of the Mutual formed their own bonding company. In that day no banks would finance Negro business, no fire-insurance companies would insure Negro property. Spaulding and his fellow officers founded their own. Today the Mutual has the public commendation of both the state insurance commissioner and the state commissioner of banks.

The bank is on the ground floor of the company's building in Durham. The second floor is occupied by a complete modern clinic headed by a graduate of the Harvard Medical School. Only a few other insurance companies, such as the Metropolitan, have such a service. The building also contains a research library, devoted to the Negro in general, as well as to the business of insurance; a complete printing establishment; and a model cafeteria, where the whole staff — 112 persons, all Negroes — can get first-class meals at cost.

The company now has 700 agents, and 375,000 outstanding policies averaging \$632 apiece. It holds \$1,000,000 worth of government securities. Since its organization it has paid policyholders more than \$20,000,000, and insurance now in force is in excess of \$60,000,000.

In studying the North Carolina Mutual Life, I became more and more aware that its business aspects are subordinated to a consideration of the economic salvation of the Negro race.

"What the Negro today needs

most," Spaulding says, "is people he can trust to advise him on how to save his money. Do you see that big bank over there?" He pointed out of his office window. "That is a white bank, and every one of the 150 Negro employes of the city of Durham used to cash his check there and spend his money right away. The Negro does not yet quite understand the responsibility of freedom. He knows he is free to spend his dollar; what we try to teach him is that he is likewise free to save it.

"I went to my white friends in that bank and said, 'Let me take over those city employe accounts.' They did, and our personnel officer persuaded the Negroes to save systematically and invest their money in government bonds. Some 50 or 60 are now buying their own homes."

The company publishes and distributes many booklets designed to teach the Negro health and economics. It also encourages Negro education in general. Its own officers, office force and field agents are college or high school graduates. Spaulding himself sent many members of his present staff to school and college.

Charles Spaulding was born and raised on a small farm, and he retains the winning simplicity and directness of the farm boy. He is quick in all his physical movements, and his thought processes are even quicker. After I had talked with him ten minutes I realized that I was conversing with as authentic and fine a person as you are likely to find in America.

The editor of a leading North Carolina newspaper once told me, "Charlie Spaulding is one of the most truly valuable men we have in the state." But his recognition is not limited to his own state: He is a member of the Commission on Interracial Coöperation, he has received the Harmon Award for outstanding service to his race, he has been elected a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and he is the recipient of many honorary degrees.

Asked whether he was satisfied with what Negroes have accomplished, Spaulding said, "We have come a long way, but we have a long way to go. Here in my South, my people have achieved self-confidence, and in so doing have won respect. We are developing a race pride. Why shouldn't we? Never before has a race of subjected people made the progress American Negroes have made in the 75 years since they were slaves. We have had help; yes, lots of it. We still need help, and we need sympathy and understanding more. But in the end the Negro's salvation is in his own hands, and I thank God I have lived to see the day that he recognizes it."

I asked about the Negro's relative chances, North or South. With some emotion Spaulding answered, "There are more disillusioned souls in Harlem than there are in the whole South. Many of them went there as farm boys and girls, because of the lure of the city. For the most

part their best chance would have been here in the South. Booker Washington said to us, 'Let down your buckets where you are.' "

I was eager also to discover what ideas this Negro leader had on the question of racial equality.

"Equality," he replied, "is a thing that should not be demanded, because it cannot be granted. It has to be earned. No utopian dreamer can achieve it for another man. You can't drink from the spring high up on the mountain unless you climb for the water. If the Negro wants equality — except of opportunity — he must pay for it, and the unalterable price is character and achievement.

"For a long time, possibly forever, there will be two distinct races in America, and instead of insisting on the forced recognition of so-called equality I give my time to bringing up the level of my own people. They can, by attainment, without being like white people, still be Americans of whom this country can be proud. The fact that our races are segregated does not prevent the Negro from rising. It is idle and foolish to talk about granting equality, except equality of *opportunity*."

Ahead of my host, I was walking toward the elevator. He paused to greet one of his employes. I barely overheard him say: "You are doing fine. God bless you."

I think I overheard what might be the almighty solvent for human relations — affection.

One Man's Meat

Extract from an article by
E. B. White
in Harper's Magazine

FROM another State comes a letter from a teacher, enclosing a pamphlet about the High School Victory Corps which the Federal Security Agency of the U. S. Office of Education is promoting in the high schools of the land. This pamphlet, for all its honest purpose, chilled my correspondent to the bone, and it does me too. The Corps is designed to prepare high school children for their place in the war before they have left school. They are to be given a sort of pre-flight training. They will be made physically fit, will wear a uniform, and will be taught "the habit of immediate and unquestioned obedience to proper authority" (whatever that is). The pamphlet is full of insignia, *esprit de corps*, and organizational charts—rectangles connected by straight lines, illustrating those subtle dependencies so pleasing to the bureaucratic heart. It also contains a cutout pattern showing how to make the Victory Corps cap, like a page out of the *Modern Priscilla*. Membership in the Corps is voluntary, but somehow the word "Victory" leaves a boy or girl little choice in the matter, I should think.

In essence the plan put forward is to prepare youth for war production by changing his normal studies and diverting him into technical, voca-

tional, and military paths. This sounds reasonable enough, and maybe it is. As for me, I can't help thinking it is a highly dubious course, even in the present state of affairs. The question obviously is this: at precisely what moment in a youngster's life shall we summon the drillmaster and the technician to take over? Shall we do it well in advance of the great day, or shall we hold off till the last possible moment, in the meantime hanging tight to the teachers of history, English, philosophy, language, art? The Office of Education has made its answer. It says "start now," and perhaps that is the wise course. But I am the parent of a boy about to enter high school and to me the Victory Corps pamphlet is a dismal and forbidding prospectus. I think there is a considerable temptation in any war to become so absorbed in its military urgencies as to forget the broad strategy of life itself. I should feel more confident about the general program of whipping the Axis if I felt sure that the high schools of America were sticking to their guns right up to the last minute. The winning of the war is a more complex thing than the clinching of a military victory. If we prepare children at an early age for nothing but military triumph, direct their gaze steadily toward the infamous

enemy, and indoctrinate them with hatred for opposing peoples, we shall endanger our own position. The best pre-flight training is a view of the whole sky, not a close-up of an instrument panel.

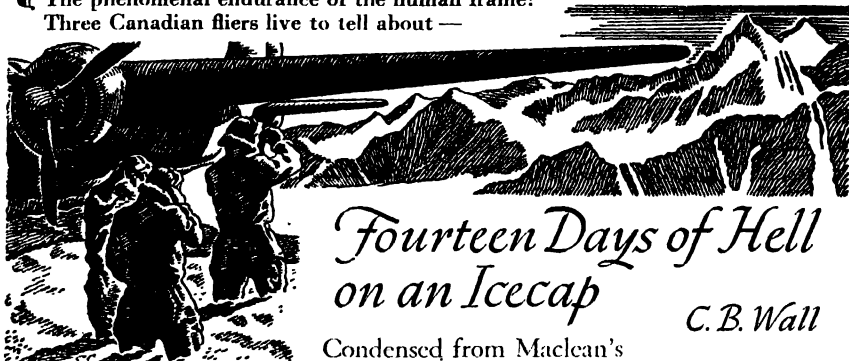
War itself is a Nazifying process. Whether we like it or not we are bound to lose certain ground. A war program compels us to adopt, in modified form, the tactics which we despise — control of manpower, control of ideas, mass action for a common goal, the relinquishing of individualism. But to go farther and convert our intermediary schools into induction centers for the armed forces may turn out to be the short view rather than the long one. If, when this war is at last ended, we have millions of youngsters who are possessed of the physiques of gods and the technical skills and attitudes of mechanics, we shall be in bad shape to start the long road back. The brave new world will be neither brave nor new if it is measured in super-highways and dedicated to the ideal of flying and motoring — which seems to be the prevalent concept.

High-school children in uniform are somehow a symbol of defeat, not victory. Adolescence is the time for the shedding of authority, not for the habit of obedience. It is the time when boys and girls should look into a microscope and see a living cell, when they should sprout a bean and observe a frog's heartbeat, when they should hear a spirited teacher

read English ballads, when they should translate Virgil and learn about the glory of Greece, and feel the first internal combustion of their own thought particles on reading Emerson. These are the years when, if ever, come the small sympathetic responses which lead a youth into the channels for which he should be headed? If we make a technician and a junior warrior out of him he may never encounter the signpost which points the way he should be going. Besides, from the records of fighting countries, it would seem that the best ones, the ones that come out on top, are not those whose fighters have had a long period of indoctrination and technical and physical training, but the casual nations whose soldiers leap into arms when and because they have to, fresh from homes and schools and offices, and then fight hard and well, with the staying power which a free and somewhat disorderly youth has given them. Which lasts longer anyway, a German soldier, taught from the age of eight to serve the state, or an American boy, reared on books and games and comics and the romance of the cinema palace?

I think our children should still go to high school wearing that justly famous American uniform, some duds of their own. The world, which is obviously on the verge of something big, will do itself a good turn if it will not try to make all its pubescents into airplane mechanics.

¶ The phenomenal endurance of the human frame!
Three Canadian fliers live to tell about —



Fourteen Days of Hell on an Icecap

C. B. Wall

Condensed from Maclean's

"IF YOU want to know what it was like for the first seven days," said Pilot Officer David Goodlet, "take two of your best friends, climb inside a steel cylinder and set the temperature at 40 below. For food, eat half a dog biscuit a day. For water, suck the ice your breath forms on the walls of the cylinder."

From his chair at the radiator, Flight Sergeant Arthur Weaver added: "And you shouldn't be able to know where you are or if you're going to get out. That was the worst part of it."

Two months before, while flying a bomber to England, Goodlet, Weaver and a third crew member — Navigator Al Nash — had been forced down on a glacier on the coast of Greenland. For 14 days, in temperatures as low as -40° , the three had kept themselves alive.

I was talking with Goodlet and Weaver in a Toronto hotel. Both were very thin and very young. Weaver was 21, Goodlet 22. Al Nash was spending his leave in Winnipeg,

but he might as well have been sitting here with us. The three of them had gone through this thing together, and Weaver and Goodlet weren't forgetting it.

The room was well heated, but Weaver kept on his heavy service overcoat and continued to hug the radiator. "It's been two months since they took us off that icecap, but I still can't get warm," he said.

Two hours out of Newfoundland they had run into heavy fog. Then the radio went dead. Goodlet tried to get above the weather, but the bomber iced up and refused to climb. They flew blind at about 15,000 feet for the next six hours.

"With half an hour's gas left, I knew I had to start letting down," Goodlet said. "We passed through heavy clouds, wondering all the time if we were going to bump into a mountain. Al relieved things a little. He kept yelling into the intercom mike. 'Fifth floor: ladies' wear, lingerie, fancy hosiery.' Stuff like that. He was down to the bargain basement when we came out of the fog.

"I could see we were about 15 miles inside the coast line. There were mountains, jagged as broken beer bottles, running parallel with the coast. We were flying over a snow-covered plateau sloping from these mountains to the sea.

"I went back and forth at about 500. It was hard picking a spot to try to land because the plateau was crisscrossed with crevasses. But I finally set her down on her belly — leaving the wheels up, of course."

"He makes it sound bloody simple," Weaver said, taking up the story. "But landing in deep snow at 110 is something of a trick. There wasn't a jar. Al and I yelled, 'Good show!' and pounded the hell out of Dave when he came down from the pilot's compartment.

"Dave stepped outside to have a look and sank into the snow up to his crotch. We pulled him back and slammed the door. The sun was setting and we heard the wind blowing snow against the ship. I looked at the thermometer. It was 34 below zero.

"We decided to eat the sandwiches and drink the coffee they'd given us when we took off. But the coffee was frozen solid, and the sandwiches were hard as bricks. So we sat there sort of sucking at them until they melted enough to chew.

"Then we smoked, lighting one cigarette off the other. We had plenty of cigarettes — we were taking 5000 to friends in England — but we had only one pack of paper matches and Dave's lighter.

"Every ten minutes we'd pound each other and kick our feet against the floor and sides, but the cold seemed to be getting inside of us. Dave climbed into the cockpit and read the air-speed indicator. It showed 62 miles an hour and you could almost feel the wind right through the steel sides of the plane.

"I don't believe we'd have lasted through the first 24 hours if Al hadn't had the idea of ripping our parachutes into strips and winding them around our bodies and feet. By midnight the thermometer had gone down to 41 below and we were shaking with cold. We decided to crawl into the tail and lie on top of each other. Al stretched out and I got on top of him and Dave got on top of me and we pulled some more of the parachute silk over us. The heat of our bodies helped a little but we all kept on shivering. We stayed like that all night, taking turns at being middle man because that was the warmest spot.

"We talked all night — about everything we could think of. We decided to ration the box of iron biscuits — our only food — to one biscuit apiece every 24 hours. These biscuits were about half an inch square and were supposed to be full of vitamins, but they tasted like sawdust.

"Then we got talking about Gandhi and how long a man could go without food. Somehow that made us feel better, because we knew he was just a little old shriveled-up guy

and if he could go for 50 or 60 days without food we thought we could, too. None of us said anything about Gandhi having the break in temperature.

"At eight next morning we pried open the door and looked out. The blizzard was still on, but the thermometer had gone up to 28 below.

"I think we were hungrier the second night than at any time later on. We remembered the Christmas dinners we'd had when we were kids, and talked about the stuff we'd left on our plates. That night we all raised our right hands and swore we'd never leave anything on a plate again.

"All the time we were talking, we kept on smoking and shuffling around. Our feet would get numb and we were afraid they'd freeze solid and gangrene would set in.

"That was the way it went for three days. About 11 the third night, the plane stopped shivering and we knew the wind had died down. The door was jammed with ice, but we cracked it open and jumped out. Al took his astro shots very slow and careful and found we were just within the Arctic Circle, about 15 miles from the Atlantic and 110 miles from the nearest place on our map.

"By that time our brains were a little numb, too. We weren't particularly scared. We started talking over how we could get to that place.

"We decided to inflate the rubber dinghy, drag it over the snow to

open water, and paddle those 110 miles. But to get through the deep snow to the coast we'd need snowshoes. We found some plywood box tops in the cargo, worked all night with Dave's knife, and by morning had five pretty good snowshoes. We made the sixth out of the cushion in the pilot's cockpit. Then we collected the compass, the Very pistol, three marine distress signals and the box of biscuits.

"We'd just about got set when the wind rose and everything was gray again with whirling snow. It made us feel like hell and we didn't talk so much.

"Fooling with the radio that afternoon, I somehow got it working and picked up a Canadian airport — very low and weak. I broke in with the SOS and our position, and got an acknowledgment just as my batteries cut out.

"Both my hands were so frozen that toward the end I was hitting the key with my fist. But getting that message through helped us keep going, and we spent two more days and nights talking, smoking and nibbling on the biscuits — which we'd cut down to one quarter a day.

"There was no letup in the wind or the cold, and the inside of the plane became covered with ice about three inches thick. You got the feeling that the ice was closing in on you and there was nothing you could do to stop it except to stop breathing.

"Our mouths were sore and bleeding from sucking snow and ice, but

no matter how much we sucked we couldn't quench our thirst. None of us had slept since we'd left Newfoundland, yet we didn't seem to be tired any longer or even hungry.

"On the sixth morning, the weather cleared and we inflated the dinghy with the carbon-dioxide cartridge. We destroyed the bombsight and burned all papers, using the flame to melt a cup of coffee, and started off. But the dinghy pulled hard and we couldn't go 50 yards without getting winded. In two hours we covered only a quarter of a mile; then the snow started again. We knew we couldn't last long in that stuff, so we worked back to the plane and holed in again.

"The next afternoon the weather took a funny turn. The temperature shot up 54 degrees and rain started. When we stepped out it was like stepping into the tropics. The snow was mushy and the going was even harder than the day before, but we kept on until dark.

"That night our flying suits and boots froze to us like armor. We propped the dinghy up with its aluminum oars and crouched on the lee side for the next 17 hours of darkness.

"As soon as it got light we started toward the coast. We had to walk off course for a mile to get around the first crevasse. And then we heard the sound of a plane. We made a dive for the marine signals. Only one worked, but that one was enough. The plane circled low above us and dropped

small parachutes with food, clothing, sleeping bags, a bottle of Scotch, snowshoes, 100 feet of rope and a note of instructions.

"We put on dry clothes and opened the rations, which were divided into separate meals. We started with breakfast and worked our way through dinner. The note told us to rope ourselves together and keep on toward the coast in as straight a line as possible. A patrol boat would pick us up. After that we got into the sleeping bags and fell asleep—for the first time in nine days. We woke up an hour later, sick as pups. That night, rain and sleet soaked and then froze our clothes and sleeping bags. It was damned cold lying in that slush, so we stood for the next 17 hours holding the sleeping bags over our heads to keep the rain off. We didn't dare take a step because of those crevasses.

"The next morning a heavy fog covered everything, so we had to stay put. We spent the day massaging our swollen feet. They were plenty sore, and it hurt like hell to walk with those snowshoes. We rubbed our feet with a little of the Scotch and that helped. The fog lifted about 2:30 the next afternoon and we began to plow across the snow. We were getting weak now so we discarded the sleeping bags.

"The temperature went way down that night and we huddled close together with our arms around each other. That was a mistake, because after an hour we were all frozen to-

gether in a solid mass and it took a lot of our strength to pry ourselves apart.

"I think that night, for the first time, we began to wonder if we were going to make it. The icecap was heaving, and every hour or so there'd be a thundering noise that echoed between the mountain ranges.

"Al said we should sing a hymn but none of us knew anything that was like a hymn except "God Save the King" and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." So we sang those. It made our lips and mouths bleed like the devil but we felt better.

"The next day was clear and we made better time, although there were more crevasses as we neared the coast. We were moving and thinking like automatons now. Even when we came to the edge of a crevasse — and some were a thousand feet deep — we didn't feel any fear. We'd just methodically back away and walk around it.

"About 3:30 the next afternoon we spotted what looked like a row-boat out in the ice field. Our ship! We forgot our sore feet, our thirst, how tired we were and put everything we had into the last couple of miles between us and the coast.

"We reached the edge of the glacier just before dark and found we were on a sheer cliff of ice about 250 feet above the coast line. With Dave's lighter we tried to set our parkas on fire, but they were too damp.

"About seven, the ship shot off flares and played its powerful searchlights along the coast. The three of us jiggled and yelled our heads off every time the searchlights swept across us. But the lights never settled on us.

"When daylight came we saw a plane take off near the ship. We yelled and waved our parkas. The pilot didn't spot us. Soon he turned back toward the boat.

"About dark the boat headed out to sea. We didn't say anything. We just stood there and watched it until darkness blotted it out.

"We thought we were gone then. We didn't have enough strength left to make it back to the plane and we knew we couldn't stand even one more of those 40-below nights in the open.

"About an hour after dark, Dave said he thought the parkas might be dry enough to burn now. We tore part of them into strips. Dave's lighter was getting low on fuel and it took a lot of sparking to get it going. But when it did the parkas caught and we had a good, bright blaze.

"As soon as the flames went up there was a burst of flares from the ship and its signal lamp started blinking. I read the Morse: 'Move back from edge of glacier and bear south to meet landing party.'

"The three of us yelled and pounded each other. We felt wonderful. There was a bright moon that night and we backtracked over the crevassed area, then followed the glacier slope.

"A landing party picked us up six hours later and took us to the ship. It was a U. S. Coast Guard patrol vessel and the crew treated us like newborn babies. The skipper told us he had given us up for lost when he spotted our fire.

"I thought we'd been more or less normal all the time, but the ship's doctor told us later that we were in a sort of twilight between sanity and insanity and that we'd probably have cracked in another day and night.

"The thing that interested him most was the fact that we'd had only about two hours' sleep in those 14 days. He gave us stuff to make us sleep but even in the sick bay I couldn't sleep more than an hour at a time. I'd wake up to find Al and

Dave awake, too, smoking and talking the same as they did back in the plane.

"It's been like that ever since. Neither Dave nor I could sleep more than an hour at a time. I don't know how it is with Al, but I'll bet he's waking up in the middle of the night, too, shivering with cold and scared to death he's back on that glacier."

I asked them what they thought it was that had kept them going. Neither Weaver nor Goodlet answered immediately. Then Weaver said:

"Dave had his wife and baby daughter. Al was worried about his mother, alone out in Winnipeg. And I had my wife. Do you see what I mean? We had something to live for."



The Run Around

A MAN so desperate he was on the verge of suicide consulted Dr. Henry C. Link, the psychologist. He couldn't sleep; he had lost his grip. Link agreed that suicide was the only way out and suggested that the man run himself to death. "After supper, tell the family you are going for a walk. But don't walk. Run as hard as you can. You are middle-aged, probably your heart is bad, and you will drop dead. No one will know. There will be no disgrace."

The man thought the suggestion was perfect. That night he started to run, but self-preservation took control, and he stopped far short of running so long that he would drop dead. He went home, and for the first time in months slept like a baby. The next night he tried it again; the result was the same — a good night's sleep. By the third night, he was feeling so fine he wanted to live forever.

— Paul Speicher in *R & R Magazine*

¶ A noted humorist, in his own
sprightly manner, asks —

Are the Darned Things Mushrooms?

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Stephen Leacock

I AM very fond of mushrooms. Often I go out to the country, gather a whole basketful. I carry them part of the way home; then I throw them away.

Sometimes I carry them only as far as the pasture fence and throw them away there; at other times I take them farther, and throw them away in a culvert. Sometimes I go alone, or sometimes with another man who is also keen on mushrooms — and then we perhaps don't throw them away until after we have said good-bye.

The trouble is, you see, are the darned things mushrooms? I feel all right about it when I pick them, and then later, the doubt comes. Are they really mushrooms, or are they that deadly thing — what's it called, the *Culex americanus*? or the *Codex sinaticus*? — anyhow the kind that poisons you in less than five minutes.

Yet it seems such a shame to throw away beautiful mushrooms, without at least trying them out, that at times I carry my mushrooms right into town and give them away to any friends I meet.

And that reminds me of the day I gave the mushrooms to Arthur Hart,

or rather, to use the name that he gave himself, Art 'Art. Art was a friendly little Cockney, and liked to be called by his Christian name, Art, rather than by his surname 'Art.

As soon as he felt that he had made an acquaintance he would explain himself: "I sy, I down't like formality. When people start, 'Art this and 'Art that, I always sy, 'Look 'ere, ole chap, down't call me 'Art; just call me Art.'"

Well, I was coming back one day from getting mushrooms and had just thrown my basketful into a culvert when I met my friend Webber on the street, and he gave me another basketful. I couldn't throw them away while Webber was in sight, and I was still carrying them when I met Art.

"My 'at," he said, "those are fine mushrooms!"

I realized that he probably knew all about mushrooms. So I said, "Take them, Art, I have some already."

Art gratefully went away with the mushrooms.

And the next day, first thing I knew, somebody said to me on the street:

"Did you hear about Arthur Hart? They don't think he'll live."

"Great Caesar!" I said. "What's the matter?" — though I felt I knew.

"Poisoned, so the doctors say; something he must have eaten, only Arthur says he didn't eat anything in particular at all."

It occurred to me that if Art was going to say nothing about the mushrooms, I wouldn't mention them either, not even later on. Life has to carry these buried recollections.

However, Art got better. I saw him on the street a few days later and I said, "Art, I'm terribly sorry about giving you those mushrooms

that poisoned you, and it was fine of you to say nothing about it."

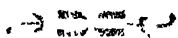
"Ho, no!" Art said. "I didn't eat the mushrooms. I threw them away as soon as you were out of sight. I always do."

"But what poisoned you, Art?" I asked.

Art looked all around and put his hand to the side of his mouth and said in a low voice:

"Hooch!"

THERE seems a sort of moral to this, but it might work the wrong way. I won't try to draw it: I'll leave the cork in it.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 66 —

THE LATE Justice Holmes once declared that human beings can always come to an agreement, if they only try long enough. And he cited the conversation of two Minnesota farmers who had not seen each other in a long time:

"Hello, Axel! What have you been doing?"

"I been in the hospital."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good. I married the nurse."

"That's good!"

"No, that's bad; she's got nine children."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good; she's got a big house."

"That's good!"

"No, that's bad; the house burned down."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good; she burned up with the house."

"That's good!"

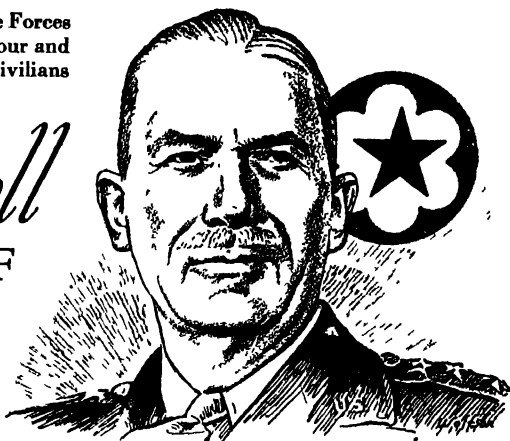
"Yes, that's good!"

¶ The chief of the Army Service Forces commands one soldier in every four and employs more than 1,000,000 civilians

Somervell OF THE ASF

Condensed from Life

Charles J. V. Murphy



IN TERMS of responsibility, Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, Chief of the Army Service Forces (formerly the Services of Supply), is the No. 2 man in the army, under Chief of Staff Marshall. Marshall plans the strategy, Arnold runs the Air Forces, McNair trains the Ground Forces, but everything else is under this army engineer from Arkansas, whom Bernard Baruch once described as "one of the few Americans who really understand total war."

The job which Somervell fills calls for a hard, uncompromising man. He is obliged to tell the strategists, when they plan the campaigns, what they can expect in men, munitions and material on the fighting fronts.

"Army Service Forces is set up to do nearly everything but the actual fighting," says Somervell. It receives raw recruits (Service Commands), feeds, houses and clothes the army (Quartermaster), builds the camps and roads and bridges (Construction

and Engineers), pays off the troops (Finance Division), acts as policeman and judge (Provost Marshal and Judge Advocate), provides the weapons for killing the enemy (Ordnance), runs the communications (Signal Corps), moves the troops and supplies (Transportation), cares for the wounded (Surgeon General) and ministers to the soul (Corps of Chaplains). Army Service Forces employs nearly 1,000,000 civilians, and in the 8,200,000-man army being built this year one man out of four will belong to ASF.

Somervell has few of the conventional characteristics of the detail-minded desk executive. At West Point he was known as a dandy. Today, at 50, the beautifully tailored uniform, close-cropped mustache, gray hair slicked back from the temples, the low Arkansas drawl that barely carries across a table, and the lean look of breeding combine to suggest a cold, reserved character. Actually, he is in the Elizabethan tradition, all

lace and velvet and courtliness outside, fury and purposefulness within. "Dynamite in a Tiffany box" is the way one observer has put it.

Since taking over ASF in March 1942 he has fired or demoted more than a dozen generals and whole squads of colonels. Not long ago Secretary of War Stimson complained about a blunder made by an ASF colonel stationed in Washington. General Somervell looked into the facts and decided that there had indeed been carelessness. By midnight the unhappy blunderer was on a ship, bound for the ASF equivalent of Siberia.

Somervell, the only son of a doctor father and a schoolteacher mother, was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1892. By 1907, when the family moved to Washington, D. C., he was a good-looking youth with a passion for baseball, which he played on the capital's sand lots with a bosom companion named Larry MacPhail, who later became boss of the Brooklyn Dodgers and is now a lieutenant colonel in ASF.

"I never knew what I wanted to be," Somervell says, "until one day in Washington I saw a couple of West Point cadets. They looked perfect to me." He entered the Academy in 1910. "I had a wonderful time at the Point," he recalls, "but I can't say that I made much of myself." Actually, he was graduated sixth in his class, easily qualifying for the top 15 gazetted to the Engineers Corps.

Somervell fought his first war against Germany sweating over ammunition dumps, depots and barracks in France. He earned a D.S.M., but the drudgery sharpened his desire for real fighting. In the fall of 1918 when his leave came up, instead of plunging into the dubious joys of Paris he headed for the front in a borrowed car. "I have yet to hear a hostile shot," he had told his commanding officer, "and I'm not going home with that on my record."

He arrived at the front a day before the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and a divisional commander whom he knew gave him the job of his G-3 officer who had just been captured by the Germans. He won a D.S.C. by a dangerous reconnaissance, made with two scouts, behind the German lines.

After the Armistice Lieutenant Colonel Somervell stayed on with the Army of Occupation as assistant chief of staff until 1920. While stationed at Coblenz he startled his classmates, who regarded him as a gay blade, by getting married to a YMCA worker, Miss Anna Purnell of Chicago. He gave them another turn by simultaneously taking up economics, under the tutelage of Walker D. Hines, ex-wartime director of U. S. railroads and then arbiter of German river shipping. Later he assisted Hines on a League of Nations survey of navigation on the Rhine and Danube.

Early in 1933 Kamâl Atatürk asked Hines to make an economic

study of Turkey. Hines accepted on condition that Somervell manage the field survey. Midway through the task, Hines died. But Somervell went ahead, crisscrossing Turkey from the Bosphorus to the Iranian frontier in a Chevrolet. Then he immured himself in an office and for three months, eight hours a day, dictated a report that filled seven volumes. For this the Turks paid him the ultimate compliment of describing him as the man who knew more about Turkey than the Turks.

In 1936 Harry Hopkins appointed Somervell WPA Administrator for New York City. Even today in his occasional references to his WPA career, the General has the self-conscious manner of a man trying to describe a nightmare. But he succeeded in keeping upward of 200,000 people more or less usefully employed, and he survived for nearly four years at a post where seven predecessors had quickly foundered.

After Dunkirk Somervell pulled wires to get back to active service, and in December 1940 he was put in charge of the army's badly bungled camp-building program. He inherited an appalling mess and his simple boast "I finally got the army under a roof" covers one of the outstanding jobs of the prewar defense era. This won him promotion to assistant chief of staff under General Marshall.

Somervell guides the tremendous ASF show like the chairman of the board of a great corporation. His office in the new Pentagon Building

looks like that of any big executive, except for the hidden wall maps and the soundproofed side office with its battery of private telephones, including one connecting directly with the White House. He arrives at his desk at 8 o'clock in the morning and usually leaves about 7 p.m., often lugging home enough work to keep him occupied until midnight. Tuesdays and Fridays he joins the solemn powwows of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, where combined army and navy strategy is thrashed out.

He often utilizes a free week-end for a quick look around one of the embarkation ports or factory areas on the home front. Usually he appears unannounced and strides about asking questions, taking his own notes, arguing with cooks over the menus, with privates over the quality of army boots.

Like most strong-willed men, the General practices stern self-discipline marked by spasms of puritanical self-reform. However late he works at night he always rises at the army hour of 5:45. He has strong convictions about "physical tone," and when he gave up cigarettes, liquor and coffee last summer on the theory that it would step up his efficiency, his staff looked for trouble. Appraising their liverish complexions, he would say meaningfully: "You fellows cannot imagine how much better I feel now that I have given up those things." But one day a month later his secretary came out of his office smiling. Clouds of to-

bacco smoke billowing in her wake gave away the backslider.

On the wall of the General's office hangs the motto: "We Do the Impossible Immediately. The Miraculous Takes a Little Longer." Somervell claims no miracles, and admits with candor that even "the impossible" continues to give trouble. Judgment on how he is doing his job must of course await the final test of battle, although he came off well in the initial phase of the African campaign, the preparation for which kept him busy 14 hours a day, seven days a week, for four months.

Somervell's outstanding contri-

bution to the war effort has really been in the realm of national discipline. It was he who first raised the issue between the civilian's butter and the fighting man's guns. "I am not trying to wipe out the civilian," Somervell says, "but if the army is to have enough to win, the civilian economy must be cut to the bone. My ambition is to see the U. S. Army the best-equipped, the best-fed, the most mobile army on earth. Nobody's going to court-martial me if I give it too much. But if I should give it too little, then a court-martial would be much too good for me."



The Old Army Game

ON A TOUR through the Jersey City Quartermaster Depot, newspaper reporters learned that the army had bought 229,500 pairs of transparent dice to be sold at post exchanges as a "comfort" item for morale. A Depot officer explained: "The dice are for parcheesi. Men in the army play a lot of parcheesi."

— *Newsweek*



275 Days to Christmas

IN Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Scottish-born William Kinnear got his 1943 Christmas cards in the mail just ahead of a penny boost in postal rates.

— *Time*

The Truth about Menstruation

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Maxine Davis

YOU'VE quarreled with your husband over nothing. Or you've made seven errors in the three-paragraph letter just as your harried boss is trying to catch a plane. Or you're so wretched, so doubled up with misery in your midriff, that you've had to go to bed.

You are not unusual. Most women are disturbed sometime or other by actual physical pain, by depression or by general inefficiency, because of the "time of the month."

For most of us these incidents are much less frequent than they were for our mothers. The average woman today is not more hardy than her ancestors, but modern science has routed a good many of the handicaps that used to be associated with the menstrual period.

The average age when menstruation begins is 13.8 years, but it may begin any time between 11 and 17. Blondes tend to be earlier than brunettes, Jewish girls before non-Jewish. Hot or cold climates, contrary to popular theory, have nothing to do with it. According to the books, menstruation occurs every 28 days, but the interval is not the same in every woman. Each of us has a different chronometer, set by some mysterious combination of forces in

our bodies. Susie may menstruate every three weeks, Joan every six weeks and Sally every 28 days, but this does not mean there is something wrong with any of them. Each is normal according to her own timing. Scientists have long agreed that "the only regular thing about menstruation is its irregularity."

A period may last from three to seven days, though five is the average. It won't be the same every month, year in and year out, for many things cause irregularity. Diseases — from tuberculosis to the flu or just a cold in the head — affect it, as do glandular disorders. Change of altitude or climate causes periods to be early or late, long or short. Certain psychological hazards may hasten or retard them. If you've ever feared you were pregnant, or if you've wanted a baby very much indeed, you probably have been quite late and had every symptom of early pregnancy.

Then, too, most women are extremely irregular at the beginning and close of their reproductive life. It is not unusual for a child to menstruate once and then wait several months before her next experience, or for a woman nearing 50 to have two or more months elapse between periods.

As for painful menstruation, the gynecologist will tell you there are two types: primary and secondary.

For the primary variety, the kind most often complained of, his instruments and tests show no good reason. Often the cause goes back to the patient's childhood. Here's Mary Jones, who complains that her menstrual period is preceded by unbearable headaches and backaches, and that during the first two days she has such cramping pains that she can't get as far as the bus, let alone the office. She's already lost a couple of jobs because of repeated absences. What can the doctor do for her?

He ultimately finds that at Mary's first menstrual period her mother inquired anxiously, "Don't you have any pains?" Mary didn't, nor did she the second or third time; but the fourth month she wanted to stay home from school, so she decided to have pains. After a while she built up the idea until the pains became real, and stayed real.

Mary's doctor gives her treatment involving the use of hormones, and after a short time she has no more serious difficulties. Actually the doctor may not be at all sure that hormones have any value whatever, but if a woman believes in them she can be benefited because of their psychological effect.

It is wise to remember that your daughter's menstruation is a normal function. If you expect her to go to gym and dances and parties, and generally to let the period make no

difference in her routine, the chances are that she never will have any trouble.

It is important to get rid of old superstitions concerning menstruation, such as the necessity for rest and the danger of taking baths or exercising during the period. All of that is nonsense. If pains are trying, as they often are, the doctor will give a sedative.

What the gynecologist calls the secondary type of pains is in many cases due to an obstruction in the cervical canal. Childbirth will often correct the condition. If a baby is not imminent, a gynecologist can dilate the canal. Another cause is tumors, which need attention for themselves as well as for the monthly suffering they inflict. Malposition of the uterus, when it is tipped too far forward or too far back, may also cause extreme discomfort. These and other conditions can be corrected, so if you suffer with the onset of every period you should consult a gynecologist.

Most women have some general symptoms before or at the beginning of their periods about which no doctor can do anything. Their breasts may be somewhat enlarged and sensitive. They may have slight aches. They may suffer a sense of tension and feel depressed. In such cases there is nothing to do but remember that tomorrow everything will look brighter.

There are two other main disturbances — profuse menstruation and

the absence of menstruation. If you suffer from the first, the gynecologist may decide that you need a metabolism test, or a little iron to build you up. This condition should be carefully treated, as loss of blood may become serious: your normal loss should be less than three ounces a month. The absence of menstruation may be caused by certain physical maldevelopments, by glandular deficiencies, or by catching cold. Occasionally it may be a symptom of tuberculosis. Many mothers will worry when they notice this absence in their daughters, but it is not serious in girls up to 18 if health is normal.

Many women bleed between periods. If you bleed for a day or so and then stop, don't be alarmed. But if you bleed almost daily, there is a possibility of a malignant growth. The sooner you go to a doctor, the better; for if there is a growth, it is

comparatively easy to cure in its earlier stages.

You may notice a very slight staining in the middle of the interval between your periods. This is a common experience. It occurs at the time of ovulation. Typically, it is accompanied by a little pain for two or three hours on one side or the other. It will recur, perhaps, for two or three months; then you won't notice it again for seven or eight months or for several years. It is natural and normal. And it is useful in ascertaining your period of fertility if you are anxious to have a baby, for you become pregnant at the time of ovulation.

The worst thing that can be said about menstruation is that it interferes so regularly with your life. Be sensible about this. Ignore all the old wives' tales — and never repeat a single one of them to your daughters.



Come — Back

¶ A YOUNG English officer put up at a famous Park Avenue hotel, neglecting to ask the room rate first. On his departure, he was given his bill. He gazed at it a moment and then sought the cashier. "Am I correct," he asked, "in assuming that suggestions from your patrons are welcome?"

"They certainly are," said the cashier. "Hasn't everything been satisfactory?"

"Everything has been fine," said the officer, "but I have noticed that you have a sign posted in your rooms which reads, 'Have you left anything?' Change the sign to read, 'Have you anything left?'"

— Bennett Cerf, *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books)

Getting the Nazi Goat

3. INSTEAD of filling their columns with hot news on Nazi issues, as the invaders want them to, Danish newspapers play up stories like these: dedication of a new public comfort station in Copenhagen Square; the tragic death of an elk, with editorials, letters to the editor, and public-discussion follow-ups on what to do with the corpse; the future of Danish grammar and horse racing. Whenever the British air force carries out a raid, the papers break out with pictures of smiling citizens in air-raid shelters, and lyrical descriptions of burning buildings. — Peter Edson in *N. Y. World-Telegram*

4. IN A movie theater in Oporto, Portugal, a newsreel showed German mechanized forces. The audience watched in stony silence. Then came a film of the British navy in action.

The audience stirred uneasily; Portuguese were expected to be neutral. Suddenly someone shouted: "Three cheers for the Oporto Football Club!" Cheers broke out and continued to the end of the film. — *The Christian Science Monitor*

5. LONDON broadcasts the voice of Hitler more than that of any other man. Hour after hour and day after day for many months, the BBC has broadcast to Germany recordings of his war speeches so Germans will not forget his arrogant assertions and extravagant promises.

— Freling Foster in *Collier's*

6. THE DUTCH have revealed under adversity a sense of humor few foreigners knew they possessed. Dutch newspapers published pages of dog pictures

every time Hitler and Mussolini met.

The Dutch radio station in London broadcast to the 300,000 Netherlander at forced labor in Germany: "It takes a quarter of a minute to blow your nose. But to do it properly takes a full minute. If 300,000 men will frequently blow their noses, whether from necessity or not, at the lowest estimate thousands of Hitler's working hours will be lost — only by blowing your nose." — Peter Edson in *N. Y. World-Telegram*; *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

7. CZECHOSLOVAKIANS use literal obedience or "honest" misunderstanding as a chief weapon against the invaders. When British planes dropped leaflets in Bohemia and Moravia, Nazi authorities ordered that they be turned in under threat of severe reprisals. Promptly, Czechs posted samples of the leaflets conspicuously on public buildings with a notice that persons finding similar leaflets must turn them in at once. The Germans could not take exception to this implicit obedience — and everyone had a good opportunity to read the London message.

— N. Y. Post

8. ONE of the most hated men in Norway is Hendrik Rogstad, the Nazi who had 34 people executed in Trondheim in three days. Shortly afterward, Rogstad's sleep began to be broken by telephone calls at all hours of the night.

"This is Henry Gleditsch," a voice would say. "Are you sleeping well?"

The words were always the same except that the name was one or another of all 34 victims. Rogstad finally ordered all public phone booths closed at night.

— *This Week*

People Are Fun

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Gelett Burgess

Author of "Have You an Educated Heart?"
"The Bromide and Other Theories," etc.

NO ADVENTURE in life is more interesting than meeting a new person. And that doesn't mean being presented to some glamorous movie idol. Talking with any plain Bob Harris of South Falls can be just as exciting — if you know how to get the kick out of it.

One dismal night in a dull restaurant I asked the waitress if she didn't get sick of watching people forever eating and eating.

"Oh Lord, no!" she said. "You never know who'll sit down at your table. And they're all so different; I love to watch them."

"Even when they're grouches and pawl you out?"

"Sure," she laughed. "You see, I got a kind of game. I pretend they're all actors playin' parts in a movie right here. Why, only this noon a fresh young twerp breezed in who was every bit as good as Mickey Rooney. Believe me," she said, "people are lots of fun."

That girl had a rare and valuable gift. She could think objectively. She could be interested in people and enjoy them whether she liked

them or not. When you have that detached view, it is as if everyone were playing a role just to amuse you. And so the mannerisms and eccentricities of people you see every day divert you as highly as a good play.

It's instructive to look at people you meet, even your own friends occasionally, in a detached way. For if you can put an imaginary frame round them, cutting them off from their business background and social environment, you'll get an unprejudiced view of them and see things you've never noticed before. We may know a person for years and yet acquire little personal information about him. Familiarity often makes us take a person for granted as good or bad, wise or foolish; and we like or dislike him without knowing exactly why.

Authors, always on the watch for colorful characters, see them objectively. Do you imagine that Dickens, when he first ran across the original of Uriah Heep, got worked up over his hypocrisy? No; he was too much interested, probably, in Uriah's lack

of eyebrows and the 'umble way he had of rubbing his hands together.

Try it yourself the next time you have to pay a duty call on Aunt Clara. Why allow her to weary you? Study her expressions, tones and gestures as if you were going to put her into a book. You rub the glaze of inattention from your eyes, and start taking her in for the first time.

Although people are fun merely to watch, the fact that every particular mannerism means something makes the study not only entertaining but valuable. If you can interpret these human peculiarities your passive enjoyment becomes active, and your imagination is stimulated.

Try paying someone a sincere but unexpected compliment, and watch the reaction. It's as interesting as a chemical experiment. And the next time you have occasion to hand anyone money, note the way it's accepted. By the manner in which it is handled, lovingly or carelessly, you can tell whether the recipient is a tightwad or a spender. If it's a child's allowance, he is likely to put the money in his cupped hands and go off jingling it in anticipation of spending it. If it's the return of a loan to a friend, he will accept it almost deprecatingly — unless he never expected to get it back, in which case he'll put it away quickly just to be safe.

You can't really come to know a person, of course, without first getting acquainted. People don't, as a rule, show their real selves at a first

meeting. Getting acquainted is a process something like unwrapping a mummy. Everything a person says is a partial revelation of character. If you know how, you can unwind layer after layer of conversation, getting nearer and nearer, till you come upon the other's inner verity — a king, a slave or a sacred monkey. And there's always one chance in a thousand that you'll discover that rarest thing in the world, a friend.

If you wish meeting a new person to be an adventure, though, you can't just let nature take its course. It's an art; and you must have a method. By a sort of conversational reconnaissance you find out what the other is most interested in, and keep him talking about it.

If you keep your eyes and ears open, there are plenty of clues to a person's interests. Suppose you are on a train. Notice what the fellow next to you is reading. You can almost type a person by what he reads. And the way he dresses may suggest his tastes and possibly his business. To get him talking, make a stab at guessing where he is from. He won't mind.

Then let him talk — while you listen. You will probably gain some interesting information. What makes these new encounters most worth while is that every person you meet usually knows something you don't know. Everyone is a specialist in something. Recently, during a train ride, I managed to get out of the man in the seat next to mine a liberal edu-

location in insulation: how rock wool is made, how long it has been used, what it does for a house. And a man I met in the diner told me many fascinating details of the jewelry business, something I had known nothing about.

In the first number of *The Reader's Digest* the late John M. Siddall, editor of *The American Magazine*, gave this advice:

"To collect knowledge you must read, study, look about you, ask questions. Some people do, most don't. It takes humility to ask questions. Yet the most remarkable men

in the world are eternal collectors of facts."

After the publication of Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, someone asked the skipper of the fishing schooner in which the author had taken a trip to the Banks what Kipling was like.

"Curious cuss," said the skipper. "Big mustache and specs. His eyes was microscopes and he had six cars, and he asked ten million questions."

Kipling was a man who found adventure and profit in getting acquainted. He knew that people are fun.



Grandstand View of the Japanese

Arthur Daley in *The New York Times*

SPORT followers know something of Japanese willingness to absorb punishment in order to gain their goal. During the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid one of the standing jokes was the Japanese skiers who did not do very much standing. A week before the games one of them lost control in mid-air and crashed into the bleachers. But he climbed off his hospital cot for the Olympic competition, leaped farther than he had ever sailed in his life, and finished eighth. That intense nationalistic flame which permeates every Japanese had impelled him to outdo himself.

The Japanese first appeared in Olympic aquatic competition in 1920 at Antwerp. While American performers thrashed away with a lusty free-style stroke, the Japanese unfolded — believe

it or not — an old-fashioned side-stroke made famous by your maiden aunt. All it provided was enough locomotion to keep from drowning. But the Nipponese were at Antwerp merely to learn. Four years later at Paris, with the side-stroke abandoned, they took two fifth places. At Amsterdam, another four years later, they had a first, a second, a third and a fourth.

Then came the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles. Clarence (Buster) Crabbe took the 400-meter free style for the United States, but the Nipponese won every other swimming race. This was accomplished with specially trained 15- and 16-year-old boys who burned out so fast that they were worthless for the future — typical of Japanese disregard of the individual.

America Is Not God

Condensed from The Progressive

William Henry Chamberlin

A GOOD MANY Americans attribute to the United States the omniscience and omnipotence usually reserved for the Deity. They cherish the delusion that it is only necessary for America to wish for something in international affairs to make that something happen. One result is that our foreign policy has been more guided by cloudy abstractions than that of any other great power.

This naïve belief that America possesses divine powers has been responsible for some very inaccurate interpretations of past events. And unless it is curbed, it will let us in for some sorry disillusioned headaches after the present conflict is over. For by all previous historical experience, a war of coalition always ends in compromises between the viewpoints of the partners, not in the unconditional triumph of the aspirations of one of the allies.

It is often taken for granted that all would have been well with the world if we had joined the League of Nations after the first World War.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, distinguished foreign correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*, has lived and worked in Russia, Japan, and various countries of Europe. He is the author of *Japan Over Asia*, *Collectivism — A False Utopia* and *The World's Iron Age*.

While coöperating whole-heartedly with other nations in preventing future wars, let us recognize the necessity for making compromises.

Apart from the fact that the terms of the peace were glaringly at variance with the Wilsonian Fourteen Points, the record does not bear out this theory that American membership in the League would have averted war.*

Canada was a member of the League. The Canadian government, responding to majority opinion at home, invariably tried to reduce Canada's commitments to fight under the terms of the League covenants to a minimum. There can be little doubt that the American government would have acted similarly.

And, after all, American troops were not needed to stop Hitler when he tore up the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty in 1935 and broke the Locarno Treaty by sending troops into the Rhineland in 1936. It was not lack of physical power, but lack of will and unity on the part of France and England, that prevented the adoption of measures that would have stopped the Nazi menace at negligible cost.

* See "An Approach to Lasting Peace" on page 10 of this issue.

It is a strange illusion among some Americans to regard this country as the primary obstacle to the realization of idealistic but often impractical schemes of world salvation — to believe that we alone thwart the rest of the countries from immediately falling in line.

Our State Department has made a point of not recognizing the Soviet annexation of the three Baltic republics, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. Stalin, in his latest message to the Red Army, treats this annexation as an accomplished fact. It is safe to predict that the fate of the Baltic states will depend on the ability of the Red Army to occupy them, and not on any idealistic generalities, such as the Atlantic Charter. A good many other postwar settlements will inevitably be carried out in the same rough-and-ready manner.

Before we commit ourselves to any adventurous anti-Soviet policies

it would be wise to remember that the mere fact of total defeat and disarmament of Germany and Japan will leave the Soviet Union by far the strongest power on the continents of Europe and Asia. In fact it will be extremely difficult to implement any settlement in Eastern Europe, in the Far East, or in other Asiatic regions adjacent to the Soviet Union that does not meet with the approval of Moscow.

If we should ever be so ill-advised as to try to force our will, our philosophy of government, or our standards of morality on other countries, the effort will end in fiasco. We will avoid many postwar disappointments if we examine the attitude of other countries realistically, if we recognize the limitations which geography imposes on our international influence, and if we engrave on our minds the slogan of healthy humility: America is not God.

Out of the Frying Pan —

DURING a cold snap early this spring a pretty secretary at the Army and Navy Munitions Board reported for work dressed in woolen snuggies. The office didn't observe the 65-degree heat limit and, as the temperature soared, life became unbearable for the woolen-clad miss. Finally she grabbed a large manila envelope, retired to the ladies' room and removed her snuggies. She placed the envelope with the woolies on her desk, and shortly afterward it disappeared.

Hours later the snuggies were intercepted, but not until after they had made the rounds of the board. The envelope not only was addressed to the secretary's boss, a commander, but printed on it in large red letters was, "All Naval Officers — Circulate and Initial."

— Jerry Klutz in *Washington Post*

Korea — Exhibit "A" in Japan's New Order

Condensed from *Asia*
(With additions by the author)

George Kent

THE KOREAN BOY hid in an ox stall as the Japanese soldier entered the barn. The soldier pushed a protesting hen off her nest and picked up an egg. Puncturing it with a pin from his collar insignia, he sucked it dry. Then he put the empty egg back in the straw and strolled out.

In Washington the other day that boy — now a grown man active in an organization plotting for Korean independence — told me the story and said: "What the soldier did to that egg, Japan has done to my country." The slow, carefully planned sack of Korea shows what any conquered population may expect from a Japanese victory.

Korea is a mountainous peninsula jutting out from Manchukuo toward Japan, a scant 135 miles from the principal Japanese island. Nippon has long regarded the peninsula as her steppingstone to Asia — her highway to conquest. She obtained it by treachery. In 1904, when Japan attacked Russia, the Korean king allowed Japanese troops to cross his country in return for a treaty by which Japan guaranteed Korean independence. But when the war was

over, the Japanese army stayed on and in 1910 Tokyo tore up the treaty and annexed the peninsula.

Before the conquest Korea was drowsy, unworldly country of small landowners. Farming methods were crude, but everybody had enough to eat — and a little left over. In the cities there were banks, good shops and prosperous small industries.

Today, after 33 years of Japanese rule, Korea is a sullen, embittered country, poorer and hungrier than at any time in its history. The land is ruled by a military governor general, chosen in Tokyo, whose word carries the power of life or death. To support his authority he has 400,000 Japanese soldiers and police.

Under this regime Koreans have been deprived of the most elementary human rights. They are forbidden to speak Korean. The Korean names for both places and individuals have been changed to the Japanese equivalents. Thus Korea itself is now called Chosen.

Before the Japanese came, prostitution was virtually unknown; today there is more of it in Korea than in any other country in the world except Japan. Even more reprehensible

is the Japanese traffic in Korean girls. Dr. Horace H. Underwood, former president of Chosen Christian University, reports that he and his representatives counted an average of 1000 Korean women a month passing through the small port of Antung en route to Japanese army brothels in Manchukuo and China. Traffic through other ports was even greater.

The wealth of the country has been pumped across the sea to Nippon with an icy disregard for the welfare of the people. Along the streets of Seoul, the Korean capital, you see only Japanese shops filled with Japanese goods. The store clerks are Japanese, and so are the well-dressed individuals on the sidewalks. The Koreans are hawking vegetables, pulling rickshas, carrying heavy loads. The Japanese have acquired possession of banks, mines and four fifths of the arable land.

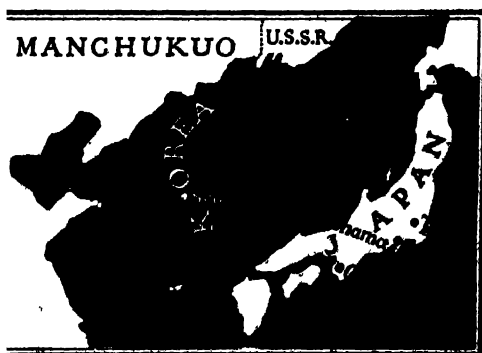
To the farmers, who comprise 80 percent of the population, the conquest has meant a systematic house-to-house looting. It began as a search for weapons, soon became outright seizure of all articles of value. After three decades of this, virtually nothing is left to the

to 18,000,000 out of a total population of 23,000,000 have become tenants and squatters. The average tenant's share of the crop, when all deductions are made, gives him an annual income of about \$10. And if his land fails to produce what the authorities regard as a good crop he may be forcibly sent to colonize Manchukuo.

Japanese agricultural specialists have succeeded in doubling the harvests since 1910. Yet official figures show that the Koreans themselves now have only half as much food as they did before the annexation. They produce the finest rice in the world, but are obliged to sell it to Japanese merchants. Koreans can eat rice only once a week — about two handfuls per person, mixed with barley. Six days a week they subsist on cheap millet imported from Manchukuo.

Each spring, millions of farm families roam the barren hillsides, scratching up roots and bark and weeds to keep from dying of hunger. "It is the land of the spring starvation,"

Japanese citizens gained possession of the land by "legal means" — heavy taxes, exorbitant charges for irrigation water, loans at rates that ran up to 70 percent. Close



the Japanese governor general writes in his annual report. But he offers no remedy. The only help comes from imperial botanists, who supply a list of edible wild plants!

Today a Japanese coolie can slap or kick a Korean aristocrat and go unpunished. In a post office or railway station, wherever lines form, the Japanese must be waited on first.

There are separate schools for the "inferior race." Most of the teachers are Japanese men who stand before their classes in belt and sword and make it clear that the object of education is to produce "good and loyal subjects of the Emperor."

Even the right to worship as they please has been denied the Koreans. In every classroom and private home the law requires at least one well-tended Shinto shrine. Shintoism exalts the Japanese Emperor to the status of a divine being. Korean Christian clergymen are roughly handled. One of them in the course of a sermon declared, "God is the only creator of the universe." The police interpreted this as sedition and kept him in jail for four years. Several hundred other Korean Christian ministers have been imprisoned for their beliefs.

But the desire for freedom has not been broken. In 1919 the people arose in one of the strangest and most impractical revolutions in the history of the human spirit. Two million men, women and children, unarmed and pledged not to wield a stick or throw a stone, gathered in

city and village squares, listened to the reading of a declaration of independence drawn up by the Korean Provisional Government in Exile, and shouted: "Ten thousand years of life to Korea!"

Tokyo revealed her essential incapacity for government by suppressing this wistful rebellion with unimaginative brutality. Mounted police, swinging iron hooks, charged into unresisting crowds. Soldiers fired into gatherings of school children waving Korean flags. In two instances, one of which was reported to me by a survivor, Christian churches were set on fire and the congregation riddled with bullets as they tried to escape. Some 300,000 persons were arrested. The dead were estimated at 5000 to 7000.

In 1923, after the Yokohama earthquake, a rumor was started that Koreans in Japan were plotting to take advantage of the national disaster to wreak revenge. A pogrom followed. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* estimates 9000 were slain, one of the most heinous massacres in the history of modern nations.

Yet the people of the peninsula remain unconquered and unassimilated. The proof is the failure of Japan in the present emergency to conscript Koreans for military service. The experiment was tried in 1937 when some 400 young Koreans were taken into the army and sent to China. One night a group of them killed their Japanese officers. The Japanese have not repeated the experiment.

Hundreds of thousands of Koreans are organized in secret societies. "Koreans are by nature gentle and tolerant," says Kim San, a Korean rebel leader, "but there is no anger like the anger of a patient man who has suffered too long. Beware the gentle water buffalo!"

Japan has become dependent on Korea for rice and fish, cotton, iron, coal, graphite, magnesium and aluminum. She has erected airplane and chemical factories. Some 500,000 Koreans are employed in the mines

and factories. There are sound reasons for believing that efforts are being made to organize these and other Koreans for the day when sabotage will do the most good. Already there has been a significant rise in the number of train wrecks and "industrial accidents." Jimmy Doolittle's bombing of Japan was followed immediately in Korea by the destruction of a powder factory and a number of oil tanks. Japan's New Order began in Korea, and the Koreans may have much to do with putting an end to it.

And Were Their Faces Red!

¶ WHEN Philip Guedalla was president of the debating society at Oxford, he begged a friend to ask him two special questions — there are always questions before the debate starts — to which he had carefully prepared answers. The friend agreed and put the first question. Mr. Guedalla's witty reply sent a ripple of laughter through the assembly. His brilliant retort to the second question brought down the house. The friend now felt it was his turn and, rising gravely from his seat once more, inquired:

"What was the third question you wished me to ask you?"

— Hesketh Pearson, *Ventilations* (Lippincott)

¶ MRS. LAURITZ MELCHIOR, wife of the singer, has a very bad memory for names and faces. Recently, she determined to do better. The next day, while she was waiting for a taxi on Madison Avenue, a handsome man stopped and said, "How do you do?"

"Why, how do you do, how are you?" replied Mrs. Melchior cordially, but wondering who this could be. When the man suggested they stop at a nearby restaurant for a cocktail, Mrs. Melchior accepted. He was very agreeable, but she still couldn't think who he was. Finally she broke down and confessed, "I am so sorry, but my memory for names and faces is notably bad — tell me, where have we met?"

"We haven't," the man said calmly.

— Katharine Brush

So You Think You're Clever

Condensed from The American Magazine

John Henry Cutler, Ph.D.



HERE is a quiz that's practically guaranteed to have you tied in mental knots for an hour or so. You'll probably hate us when you get through. If so, you can repair your shattered ego by trying some of these teasers on your friends.

If you can answer every question right, you are obviously a genius. Anyone who makes only five mistakes or less is still fit company for Kieran. But any mortal with the normal complement of brains should get 9 to 12 right out of the 25.

There are plenty of catch questions, with no holds barred, so read every word carefully. Write down your answers, then turn to page 78 for the bad

1. If 3 cats can kill 3 rats in 3 minutes, how long will it take 100 cats to kill 100 rats?
2. I have two current United States coins in my hand. Together they total 55 cents. One is not a nickel. What are the coins?
3. A whisky-and-soda costs 55 cents. The whisky costs 50 cents more than the soda. How much does the soda cost?
4. A little Indian and a big Indian are walking down a path. The little Indian is the big Indian's son. The big Indian is not the little Indian's father. Who is it?
5. Which is correct: 8 and 8 are 15, or 8 and 8 is 15?
6. Is it legal for a man to marry his widow's sister?
7. A monkey is at the bottom of a 30-foot well. Each day he jumps up three feet and slips back two. At that rate, when will the monkey reach the top of the well?
8. There are 10 black stockings and 10 white stockings in a drawer. If you reach into the drawer in the dark, what is the minimum number of stockings you must take out before you are *sure* of having a pair that match?
9. Take two apples from three apples and what have you got?
10. I have two minutes in which to catch a train, and two miles to go. If I go the first mile at the rate of 10 miles per hour, at what rate must I go the second mile in order to catch the train?
11. The number of eggs in a basket doubles every minute. The basket is full of eggs in an hour. When was the basket half full?
12. A shepherd had 17 sheep. All but nine died. How many did he have left?

13. A rope ladder 10 feet long is hanging over the side of a ship. The rungs are a foot apart, and the bottom rung is resting on the surface of the ocean. The tide rises at the rate of six inches an hour. When will the first three rungs be covered with water?

14. Two fathers and two sons each shot a duck, and none of them shot the same duck. Only three ducks were shot. Why?

15. A customer hands a cigar clerk a five-dollar bill for two dollars' worth of cigars. The latter has no change, but gets some next door from a drug clerk, who gives him five one-dollar bills for the five-dollar bill. The customer leaves with the cigars and three dollars in change. An hour later the drug clerk rushes in, saying the five-dollar bill was counterfeit. The cigar clerk gives him a good five-dollar bill. How much did the cigar clerk lose in money and cigars?

16. Find *all* the errors in this sentence: When the West Point plebe asked the sailor to return the wax for his (the West Pointer's) mustache, the sailor reached into his watch pocket and pulled out a hen's tooth instead.

17. What is the smallest number of ducks that could swim in this formation: two ducks in front of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck between two ducks?

18. We all know there are 12 one-cent stamps in a dozen, but how many two-cent stamps are there in a dozen?

19. A boat will carry only 200 pounds.

How may a man weighing 200 pounds and his two sons, each of whom weighs 100 pounds, use it to cross a river?

20. A set of ten books is arranged in orderly fashion on a shelf. Each book has 100 pages, making 1000 pages in all. A worm starting on the first page of the first book eats through the last page of the last book. How many pages has he eaten?

21. The archaeologist who said he found a silver coin marked 649 B.C. was either lying or kidding. Why?

22. Two trains, 100 miles apart, approach each other on the same track, the first at the rate of 60 miles an hour, the other at the rate of 40. A bee is going 25 miles an hour. What distance does it cover by the time the trains meet, if it started at the same time as the trains?

23. A king, wishing to get rid of his prime minister, puts two pieces of paper in a hat. He tells a judge present that if the prime minister draws out the scrap marked "Stay" he may remain in the kingdom, but if he draws the scrap marked "Go" he must scam. The hitch is, the king wrote "Go" on both scraps of paper. But when the crafty prime minister showed the judge one piece of paper, the judge decided in his favor. How did the prime minister outwit the king?

24. Which would you prefer, a truckload of nickels, or half a truckload of dimes?

25. In which book of the Bible does it tell about Abel's slaying Cain?



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

 By Frederic Loomis, M.D.

"DOCTOR," said a familiar voice on the telephone, "you remember my father, the sea captain? He was at the hospital when you delivered my baby. Now he's in the hospital himself. He is 74 years old, and the doctor tells me he hasn't a chance. Can you take time to see him for a minute or two? He seems to be out of his head. He thinks he's at sea again. But he told me he wanted to talk with you."

After office hours, I went to the "captain's cabin," as the hospital nurses called it. His expression of annoyance at my intrusion changed to one of welcome when he recognized me.

"Hoy there, Cap," he shouted. "Come alongside and make fast. Waiting for you."

He was sitting up in bed, with a battered cap on his head. On the dresser was a sextant and beside it was a ship's clock, which was striking

two bells as I entered. I shook hands with him, my hand disappearing in his like a gopher popping into its hole.

"Got a little trouble down in the engine room, Doc," he began. "Must have got my pipes fouled some way. Told my daughter I wished you were the old man on this ship —"

He stopped suddenly. His eyes closed for a moment as his face clouded with pain. "Sorry," he said, as the paroxysm passed. "I sent for you because I've got to tell you something. They probably told you I was daffy. Well, I'm not. All this seafaring talk is just a smoke screen. I know what's the matter with me. I know I'll never get out of this bunk. That's why I'm sort of making believe — to distract my mind and keep things interesting. I can't stand lying here in this bunk thinking — and not *doing* anything."

The door opened and a little nurse in a probationer's uniform came in.

"Hey, you boot," he shouted, "when you come into the captain's cabin, you damn well knock on the door."

When the startled girl left, the old man turned to me.

"I'm sorry, Doc," he said quietly, "but I'm putting up a bluff. I don't want these people around here to think I might be scared of dying —"

SOLDIER, miner, doctor and author, Frederic Loomis was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1877. When he was 20 he left the University of Michigan to serve in the Spanish-American War. Later he went to Alaska to become a miner. He was over 30 when he returned to Michigan to complete his university course and study medicine. In 1917 he went into private practice as a gynecologist and obstetrician in Oakland, California, and he still lives in nearby Piedmont. He is the author of *Consultation Room* and *The Bond Between Us*.

me, a deepwater captain! I couldn't stand that. I can't go to sea again, but it helps to feel that I'm aboard ship. Now, what I wanted was this: after I'm piped over the side, you tell Nancy that all this monkey business was deliberate and that I wasn't barmy at all — so she won't think maybe that little cadet of hers might inherit something bad. That might worry her.

"But for now, Doc, we're going to have a ship's company here. My doc is the commodore; I have to take his orders. I'm the captain and you're another. That way we can talk free and easy, and maybe eat together once in a while, only my mess now is nothing but hellish pap and bilgewater.

"The intern will be an ensign, and the nurses will be petty officers. The other young kids running around here will be the deck apes, the poor little pretty, scared things."

The door opened and his doctor came in. Instantly the old gentleman came to a stiff salute, his face like stone but on my side the flicker of an eyelid.

"Good evening, Captain," the doctor said, returning the salute. "Your report, please."

"Still in dry dock getting the bottom scraped, sir. Progress slow, sir."

"The engine room, Captain? Any report?"

"Damn gang incompetent, sir. Ensign came on the bridge at four bells, sir, but . . ."

I saluted and bowed myself out.

I TELEPHONED the office of the company he had served so many years and they sent me a box filled with tiny company flags, the kind they use at gala dinner parties at sea. With them they sent the Stars and Stripes and a large silk flag with the company's emblem. The larger flags were put up in his room while he was asleep, and he was almost overcome when he woke. On every tray that was taken to him thereafter was placed the little flag his ship had carried so long on distant seas. Nancy brought his master's license in the narrow black frame that had held it on the ship. The effect was magical.

I sat with him often as his case grew worse. One day, between attacks of pain, he said, "Doc, you remember that poor little scared deck ape who came in the first day you were here? I've been finding out about her. Her name is Fremstad or Jensen or some Skandihooovian name like that, and her father was a sailor out of Oslo. Died at sea, and she's trying to make the grade here so she can support her mother. She's half sick herself and they don't think they can let her stay on. Will you help me arrange for a couple of tickets for her so she can go to Honolulu with her mother? I'll see there's a little cumshaw slipped in with the tickets too, to pay for things while they are away. Seamen stick together. Get her out of here until she gets some sheathing on her ribs. And God help you if she ever finds out where the money came from."

I took the chief nurse into my confidence. Within a week the little nurse was on her way to Honolulu with her mother. The skipper beamed like an illuminated Buddha, and told me to keep my mouth shut.

One day a new general-duty nurse came on the floor. She heard his story from the other girls. Her black eyes sparkled.

"My dad was at sea many years and I made a few voyages with him," she said. "I know these old shell-backs. Let me relieve his special when she goes to dinner tonight. If you hear anyone hollering for help, it won't be me."

At five o'clock his bell rang repeatedly. The new nurse entered.

"My Gawd!" he roared. "Another boot! This ship is nothing but a damn kaleidoscope. I ring the bell and God only knows what will stick her head in. Where's my nurse? Who are you?"

The nurse walked quickly to the foot of his bed, her eyes boring into him without a flicker.

"You go to hell, you blistered old barnacle!" she said. "You keep a decent tongue in your head or your old boilers can bust wide open for all I care! I'm dogging the watch for your regular nurse tonight, but never again unless you stow that stuff and keep it stowed!"

The old man gasped, and a look almost of rapture spread over his face.

"Oh, you darlin'," he cried. "You beautiful son of a gun! Those are the

first civil words I've heard from a woman on this blasted ship. What's your name? Don't go way from me! Pick up my gear like a good girl, will you please? Stow it proper, and then break out a smoke for me."

He told me all about it the next day, still happy to have found one woman who could speak such beautiful English.

ON SUNDAY, December 7, 1941, I was sitting by the side of the skipper's bed when the first flash of the Japanese attack came over the radio. I thought the old man's end had come. The veins stood out along his temples and for a moment his face seemed to blaze — and then the torrent of his anger broke. I listened in awe to a flood of invective, including wondrous phrases that had been born of genius in seaboard taverns so far away that they seldom reach these shores.

He returned at last to himself, a damned old hulk lying on the beach, as he said: "Me, who had a destroyer in the last war, and ought to be doing my country's job again!" Suddenly he was strangely quiet. A captain must think when he faces danger. In a few moments his eyes closed and he dropped off to sleep.

The first person I saw when I entered the hospital next day was the black-eyed nurse who had astonished the skipper with her sea talk. Instead of fire in her eyes there were traces of tears.

"I'm leaving the hospital," she

said. "I'm going into the service as a nurse. That darling old skipper called me last night and put his arm around my shoulders. He said he wanted to think of me as his daughter and he *wanted me in there*—doing my damnedest for the boys that were hurt, and for *him*. I'm on my way."

The captain's bed was covered with the morning papers, but above them his eyes, which had become increasingly feeble, gleamed again as they must have when he faced trouble on his ship.

"Get me a stenographer," he said. "I've got a job to do before I shove off. Got to hurry."

Each morning his strength lasted only an hour or two before pain and exhaustion were too much for him, but his table was white with the letters he had dictated. Sometimes he was too tired to sign them and I did it for him. Nearly all of them were words of praise to those whose names he had seen in the papers—little people who had suddenly become big in the face of danger. One was to the mother in Alabama who had gone back to work so that her son could enlist. One was to a farm boy in Arkansas who had walked 40 miles to a recruiting station. Another, filled with envy, was to a father whose picture showed him looking at his three husky boys on the day they enlisted. Two or three were to former shipmates who were young enough for active service, blistering them with the fires of hell if they waited to be asked.

I did not try to stop him. He was happy again, though each day his activity grew less. I wondered at the driving force that made a dying old man so effective in a war he had made his own.

The hospital superintendent called me in one day and told me he did not know what he was going to do with the old captain.

"He's just about wrecking my hospital," he said. "I wish he would go to work on some other institution. Eight of our best nurses have followed that black-eyed Susan. Two of our interns have enlisted. He'll have *me* wearing brass buttons next."

ONE AFTERNOON I went down to the almost deserted water front where for years I have spent much spare time. Thinking that it might please the skipper for a moment and remind him of a story, I asked the first officer of a ship for a piece of tarred rope. It smelled to Heaven. It brought back in a single whiff the dirty water fronts of Shanghai, the reeking docks of Singapore. I took it to the hospital.

As I entered the room I saw that the end was suddenly at hand, painlessly, even comfortably, as often happens. The doctor stood beside him, his fingers on the thready pulse. He motioned to me to take the other wrist. Nancy and several nurses hovered near.

To our surprise the captain smiled when he heard my voice.

"Blue Peter's up, Cap," he said. I had to bend close to hear him. "Shore

jobs all done and . . ." With a sudden surge of strength in his voice, "What's that I smell?"

I had forgotten the rope end, but now I put it in the hand that had grown so thin and white. We held his hand close to his face and he took a deep breath. A cloud of contentment settled over his features.

"Cast off forward," he said. "All clear aft . . ." His voice trailed off. We leaned forward, our throats in but little better condition than his. Suddenly his words were clear again, like the throb of a propeller when it breaks the surface in a rough sea.

"Steady as she is . . . full ahead . . . aloha, Nancy."

Answers to "So You Think You're Clever"

(From page 72)

1. Three minutes. It takes each cat three minutes to kill each rat.
2. A 50-cent piece and a nickel. The other is a nickel.
3. Two and a half cents.
4. Mother.
5. Neither; 8 and 8 are still 16.
6. Only dead men have widows, what?
7. On the 28th day. At the end of the 27th day he had ascended 27 feet. On the 28th day, he reaches the top.
8. Three. You might have a pair after taking out two, but the third one must match either the black or the white stocking already removed.
9. Two apples, of course.
10. Too bad you missed it. You used up all your time going the first mile.
11. In 59 minutes. If the basket is full in 60 minutes, it was half-full a minute earlier, or at the end of 59 minutes.
12. Nine.
13. Never. The ladder and ship will rise with the tide.
14. There were a grandfather, father, and son. The father was both father and son.
15. Five dollars, two in merchandise and three in cash.
16. West Point students don't sport mustaches; sailors don't have watch pockets; and you are right in saying hens don't have teeth.
17. Three ducks in a row, one after the other.
18. Twelve.
19. The two sons go first. One brings back the boat and Pappy rows over. Then the other son returns for his brother.
20. He ate 802. Look at a row of books on a shelf. You can see why the worm didn't touch 99 pages of the first and 99 pages of the last.
21. How did anyone know Christ was coming in 649 years?
22. Twenty-five miles. The trains met in an hour, giving the bee one hour to travel.
23. The prime minister destroyed the first scrap he drew, and since the other said "Go," the one he disposed of must have said "Stay," the judge decided.
24. Since the dimes are smaller, and worth twice as much, you'd be smart to take the half truckload.
25. None. Cain slew Abel.

Industry's Plan for Postwar Prosperity

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

Roger William Riis

BY THE END of this year, one third of all Americans over 16 will be in uniform or making war goods. What will happen when the war ends and these 30,000,000 Americans find their war jobs — civil or military — gone? The historic answer is calamity — millions of unemployed; panic, social unrest. But history also tells us that no organized effort ever was made to lay plans in advance to avert postwar collapse.

Today, in the firm faith that postwar depression can be averted if intelligent plans are made, a notable group of hardheaded American industrialists is working out a program to maintain high levels of production and employment in the critical postwar years.

They have organized under the colorless name of the Committee for Economic Development, but there is nothing stodgy about the aims of the organization or the way its members are working to achieve them. These men are out to eliminate the deadly business cycle of prosperity and crash, and they think in terms of new products, new incentives, new jobs, new horizons.

They started their thinking with the job, the worker and the machine, and they began field work in

A group of hardheaded businessmen organize to tackle the Number One after-the-war problem.

four communities: Peoria, Ill.; Reading, Pa.; Wheeling, W. Va.; and Rochester, N. Y.

In Peoria an energetic canvass of present employment got the facts about the city's 56 factories employing 32,423 workers. Then they began asking questions: What new products can these factories make when the war is over? What development work can be started today? What plans must be made to organize men, money, equipment? What technical improvements in design and processes can we apply? What new materials will be available? Where do our suppliers fit into this, and our customers? What effect will postwar imports have on materials, costs and processes?

This study uncovered possibilities which have wide interest. Peoria employment in 1940 was 24,721; last year it was 32,423; after the war, the committee calculates carefully, it can be held at 31,830. That is 29 percent more than the "normal" of 1940; and it is less than two percent below the high wartime figure.

On the drawing boards and blue-

prints of Peoria factories are ideas for new production, in clear, sharp form. Similarly, in Rochester a local committee is studying in detail new products which factories can make after the war, and ways to shift workers from war goods to consumer goods without layoff. Plant superintendents are examining every drill press and screw machine in its relation to postwar consumer production. In Toledo one relatively small plant already has 32 research projects in its engineering department, looking to tomorrow. The committee's field work will bring such ideas to light in factories in every town, and the collated data will be cleared among thousands of companies.

These are no guesses by economic theorists; these are facts from factories, where the jobs are. True, Peoria is only one city, though sales of the companies studied run around \$270,000,000. The cheering fact is that hundreds of cities are starting similar studies, all coordinated under the Committee for Economic Development.

Quietly at work for a full year, the committee has a board of trustees consisting of 18 leading industrialists and economists of open minds and no prior allegiances.* They are nei-

ther anti-New Deal nor pro-New Deal, they represent no association or particular business interest. It is not a pressure group, not a political organization, not a trade association, not a government agency.

Under the trustees are two committees, one of research, one of field development. The research group includes many of the ablest economists of our great universities and business schools. Their job is to frame next steps and dig into the economic problems. The field development group, composed of industrialists, is rapidly spreading the committee's local organization through 150 district chairmen into every community.

This alliance between business and the professors is in itself a dynamic new thing. Thirty years ago the farmers made alliance with the colleges and benefited sharply. The Roosevelt administration early drew advantage from academic thinking.

C. Davis, president, Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis; Ralph E. Flanders, president, Jones & Lamson Machine Co.; M. B. Folsom, treasurer, Eastman Kodak Company; Clarence Francis, president, General Foods Corporation; Lou Holland, president, Holland Engraving Company; Charles R. Hook, president, American Rolling Mill Co.; Jay Hormel, president, George A. Hormel & Co.; Reagan Houston, industrialist and merchant, San Antonio, Texas; Eric Johnston, president, Brown Johnston Company; Harrison Jones, chairman of the board, Coca-Cola Company; Charles F. Kettering, vice-president, General Motors Corp.; Thomas B. McCabe, president, Scott Paper Company; Reuben B. Robertson, vice-president, Champion Paper & Fibre Company; Harry Scheriman, president, Hook of the Month Club; John Stuart, chairman, Quaker Oats Company.

* The board of trustees of the Committee for Economic Development is composed of the following outstanding industrialists and economists: Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, chairman; William Benton, vice-president of the University of Chicago, vice-chairman; W. L. Clayton, industrialist and merchant, Houston, Texas; Chester

Now at last the industrialists are seeking the same help.

The economists' first objective was to analyze the reconversion of factories to peacetime equipment. They broke this down into a dozen subdivisions, from the experience of 1918, through taxes and on to international trade; and they assigned to each subhead an able staff of specialists. Their findings will be combined with data coming from the field committee.

The economists have other important matters on their schedule: ways to facilitate organization and growth of small business; restraints on monopolistic practices; channeling savings into business investments; maintenance of consumer incomes; control of money and credit; the international economic position of the United States.

Out of this examination of the economic scene will come, for the first time, true knowledge of just what it is that makes "a job," how best we can insure the jobs we have and make more of them, and how we can widen the horizon for every job.

It is more than a striving for security; security is passive and, as a final goal, alien in American thought. It is a striving for opportunity; opportunity is aggressive and in the American tradition. Furthermore, this program is not being imposed, however benevolently, from above. It is "grass roots" stuff.

Average political thought, going

no further than the creation of relief jobs through public-works programs, is way behind the thinking of these economists and industrialists. A genuine job comes when there is real, productive work to be done.

Here is the committee's philosophy:

"Our program originates in and is limited by certain articles of faith. We believe that the common good is prior to and higher than the good of any individual and of every private interest. We believe in the American system of free enterprise. By that we do not mean that the government should let business alone, nor that economic opportunity should take precedence over political liberty, nor that the 'good old days' of the '20's should return.

"By free enterprise we mean freedom of opportunity, opportunity to work, to live decently, to educate children in the arts of citizenship and human happiness and in the skills of a trade or profession to provide against sickness and old age. We stress opportunity, not contrasted with security but identified with security. We believe in socially responsible risk-taking for the common good, with the hope of private profit as an incentive."

Note that there is no criticism of any other school of thought. But sharp in the committee's attention is the conviction that the system of free enterprise *must* justify itself after this war.



¶ A SOLUTION for the developing shortage of proteins as ingenious as it is miraculous is offered by the Department of the Interior. This is nothing less than the proposal that every farm in the nation diversify its crops by raising fish. First, a pond is to be dug. Then it is to be stocked with "seed fish." Washington ichthyologists estimate that the farmer will be able to gather 200 or 300 pounds of usable fish per acre.

This plan of fish farming has endless possibilities. Perhaps the Agricultural Adjustment Administration will take a hand and assign fish crop quotas. Farmers will receive checks for acres of fish withheld from production. The bureau of soil erosion will perfect a plan by which fishponds will become part of a vast irrigation system that will make the desert bloom and convert the United States into a Venice. In consequence of mileage rationing the automobile will disappear, but it never will be missed, for great fleets of gondolas will ply the canals, providing a new industry that will end the nation's unemployment problem. Vocal teachers will be in great demand, teaching the gondoliers "Santa Lucia."

A new day is beginning to break and we owe it all to the bureaucrats, those modest and misunderstood men.

— Chicago Tribune

¶ THE FOLLOWING item recently appeared in the New York *World-Telegram*:

A messenger bearing "Requisition 11964" on the letterhead of "The United States of America Office of War

Information, New York City" appeared at the World-Telegram offices yesterday, and requested a copy of the final edition for February 9. The requisition, duly filled out and signed, promised: "A confirming order will follow in a few days." The messenger was given the newspaper and departed.

Today the confirming order itself arrived, filled out in 14 different places, along with an "Important Notice" letter giving instructions on how to fill out four attached forms, one white and three yellow, in order to obtain payment of three cents.

Among the instructions were: "Do not write in the spaces intended for government employees" and "The name of the vendor (payee) and the signature and title (president, partner, proprietor, owner) must appear under the certificate at the left center of the voucher."

As it would have taken considerable time to fill out all the forms and answer the government's letter, the World-Telegram called the Office of War Information and said, please, wouldn't the government accept the paper for nothing? The Office of War Information said no — all the forms had to be filled out as per instructions.

After struggling with the forms for a time, the World-Telegram put in another call, which reached another government official, who agreed to accept the paper as a gift.

We hope he doesn't change his mind.

We don't want the three cents.

Letter to a Soldier

Condensed from *Liberty*

Latham Ovens

SHE DIPPED her pen in the blue-gray ink. It reminded her of the blue-gray lights that danced in his eyes when he smiled. Little things like that kept making his absence seem like a dream.

Eagerly, she wrote: "My dearest —" But she couldn't go on. She pressed her lips together in a tight little line. He knew she wasn't much of a writer, but he'd want her to set things down just as she'd say them if he were here.

If he were here! She shut her eyes to close out the thought. But it did no good. She could see the familiar determination in his face, feel his strong arms around her.

At first she had tried to keep him from going to the war. And he had listened to her. They'd closed their eyes and ears to the war. But it didn't work. It wasn't anything he'd said, of course. But his arms were a little less tight when he held her, his kisses were less impulsive, and some of the light in his eyes had dimmed.

So she'd sent him off to war, and her heart with him.

But she mustn't write of this. She must tell him only that she was well, and keeping very busy, and missed him very much. Then tell him that

it wouldn't be much longer before the war was won and they'd be together again.

She got that much down on the paper, her pen racing to keep up with the well-chosen words. Not the little secret, hidden words that filled her heart.

Don't tell him of the hours spent lying across her bed, looking out her window to where the moonlight cut a bright silver path across the lawn. Don't remind him of how they used to walk that path together, down to the river's edge, with nothing to break the silence of their contentment but the gentle lap-lap of the water against the bank. Tell him only the things that won't worry or distract him. A soldier has a job to do, and she mustn't intrude her loneliness to take his mind off that.

She gripped the pen hard to keep it from recording all the things it mustn't say. Guiding it in slender, careful strokes, she told him about the weather and the crops; about the family, and about his brother.

She wanted to ask if the war and the battles, and the sting of defeat and the glory of victory, had made any change in him. She knew they must have.

She couldn't very well tell him of her prayer each night: *"Dear God, please take Your very best care of him. Don't let them harm him. Give him the strength and courage to do what it is his duty to do. Then please, dear God, bring him safely back to me!"*

This was the sort of thing you could whisper into your pillow. Something personal, between you and God. But you couldn't write it — not even in a letter to him.

All the while she was thinking this,

her pen was writing safer things. Telling him how the flowers in the garden were in bloom again. How the horses all looked well this year.

And having told him all this, she signed the letter, the pen moving easily across the bottom of the page: *"Your affectionate wife, Martha."*

Then she folded her letter, put it into an envelope and addressed it: General George Washington, Headquarters of the Continental Army, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.



Off Moments

HE WAS a young soldier and his face looked red and earnest when he came into the Red Cross Canteen in Los Angeles. Would he like some doughnuts and coffee? "No, thank you." Cigarettes? No. Stationery? No. Still he lingered, his face getting redder. "I wonder —" he finally blurted. "Well, it's this. Four weeks ago my wife had a baby and I've never seen it. I'd just kinda like to hold a baby for a little while to see what it would be like. I thought maybe you folks could get one for me."

Within an hour the soldier sat contentedly holding a baby — exactly four weeks old.

— *The Red Cross Courier*

ONE Sunday morning, when I was in charge of a car full of young air-corps recruits on a troop train, I witnessed the darnedest incident I've seen in five years' service. The boys had been buzz-

ing noisily all morning, but suddenly silence fell in one section of the car. I noticed a half dozen men standing around two seats that faced each other. I didn't care to have the boys arrive broke at their first army post, so I decided to stop what I assumed must be a card game.

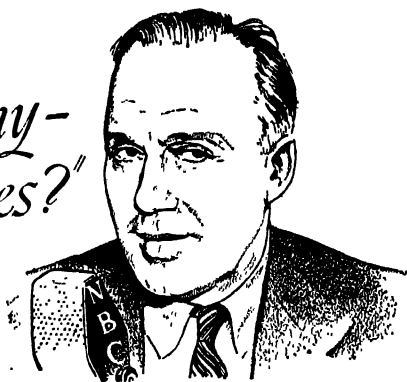
Instead, I found a chunky young man reading Mass aloud. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish boys gathered quietly around him and stood with bowed heads. Soon, from the cars forward and behind, men came in silently. For 40 minutes, boys of different faiths, or no faith at all — not knowing the reader, and with no announcement other than grapevine whispering — jammed the car. Their intent faces were something to behold. When "Chunky" had read the last "Amen," they wandered slowly back to their seats and for an hour it was very, very quiet. — Sergeant John J. Leonard

¶ How a would-be violinist
became radio's most popular —
and most worried — comedian

"This Is Jack Benny — Who Cares?"

Condensed from Redbook

Frederick Van Ryn



ONE EVENING in 1932 a pale, trembling man who looked as if he might faint any moment, stepped to a mike in a New York radio studio, took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny. There will be a slight pause while you say, 'Who cares?'"

Today, at least 30,000,000 persons care enough to listen to Jack Benny every Sunday night. About to celebrate his 11th anniversary on the air, he is the possessor of one of the best-known voices in the world. No other American, with the exception of President Roosevelt, can boast such a steady radio following. And probably most of his followers can name the leading members of the Benny cast: his heckling girl friend, Mary Livingston; his valet, Rochester; his gullible tenor, Dennis Day; his *non compos mentis* boarder, Mr. Billingsley; and his playful polar bear, Carmichael, who exists only in the imagination of Benny's script writers.

Their goings on are taken quite seriously by numbers of his listeners,

who frequently volunteer advice, suggestions and help. An Iowa farmer was so touched by the plight of Rochester, who could not cure Benny's horse of the lamentable habit of sitting down in the middle of the street, that he mailed in a gadget which he described as a "cow-kicker." "I guarantee," read the accompanying letter, "that this invention of mine will make even a mule get up." Benny fans have donated cans of grease and decorative gadgets for his imaginary 22-year-old Maxwell car; even the War Production Board, presumably a hardheaded outfit, once wrote Benny asking him to contribute the Maxwell to the scrap campaign. The comedian had the dickens of a time locating a car of the right make and age, which he duly presented to the WPB while notables cheered and newsreel cameras whirled.

Success and money (he gets \$17,500 per broadcast and \$125,000 per picture) have brought Benny lots of things, but not what he needs most — freedom from worries. He is the

greatest worrier in show business. To quote his wife, Mary Livingston, Jack "lives on a steady diet of finger-nails and coffee."

No sooner is one program over than Benny begins fretting about next Sunday's bill. He foresees all kinds of pitfalls and prophesies disaster. When his associates point out that a practical business concern like General Foods, his present sponsor, thinks well enough of his program to spend a lion's share of its advertising budget on it, he shakes his head. "That's what those other guys used to say," he replies, "and now you've got to put on a diving suit to find their Crossley rating."

Bright and early on Monday morning he telephones his writers, Bill Morrow (\$2000 a week) and Eddie Beloin (\$1000). "Any ideas, boys?" "None," they reassure him cheerfully. "Just gags." "I'm not interested in gags," says Jack irritably. "Gags die, humor remains."

He hangs up and begins biting his nails. Then he goes for a long walk. He recognizes nobody, sees nothing. Once in a while he stops and, to the amazement of passers-by, bursts out laughing. He has thought up a "situation." Unlike other laugh-provoking programs, Benny's shows are never built around gags but always around a "situation." "If your basic situation isn't amusing and believable," he says solemnly, "no amount of gags will save you."

What he calls a "situation" is really the plot. That is why his half-hour

program is a short story instead of a mumble-jumble of wisecracks and smart repartee. A basically true short story, at that. When it deals with his frantic preparations for a trip to New York, he is actually about to take an eastbound train. If it's a birthday party, he is actually about to give one. "I just elaborate and exaggerate a lot," he explains. The elaboration and exaggerations invariably make Benny the butt of the remarks of all the other members of the cast.

With "the situation" determined upon, Morrow and Beloin lock themselves in a room and start work on the script. By Wednesday they have the first draft ready. Benny reads it slowly, frowning. He gets up, goes to the window and chews his unlighted cigar. The silence is unbearable. Finally Jack speaks up. He suggests changes. "He is the best editor I ever met," says Morrow. "He knows the characters in his show so well that he can put his finger on a false note at once."

At the first rehearsal, on Friday, Benny hears the actors read their lines and decides what's still wrong with the show. After that, Morrow and Beloin start rewriting the script again. They never stop polishing and blue-penciling until the program goes on the air.

Rochester's role and Jack's perennial feud with Fred Allen — two features of Benny's show of which his audience can never have enough — were both unplanned additions to

the program. About six years ago, Jack decided that he needed a colored actor to play the part of a Pullman porter on his next show. A chap named Eddie Anderson was engaged for that one performance. But Jack's public clamored for more "Rochester," and after his second radio appearance he was signed up for keeps. True to his formula, Benny always keeps Rochester in the same role. The public expects Rochester to be a valet, so a valet he is.

The Fred Allen-Jack Benny battle began just as spontaneously. Several years ago Allen decided to stage a take-off on Major Bowes' amateur program. He rounded up singers who couldn't sing, actors who couldn't act, musicians who couldn't play. One of the performers, a boy in short pants, told Allen that he was a violinist, and wanted to play *The Beel*. While the boy was scraping away, Allen recalled that the piece was Benny's specialty. At the end he commented, "Only eight and you can already play *The Beel*. Why, Jack Benny ought to be ashamed."

On the following Sunday, Benny produced four people who supposedly knew him when he was a child in Waukegan, Illinois, and who testified that he could play *The Bee* when he was six. Allen came back with some disparaging remarks about Waukegan. That started the ball rolling. Soon Benny and Allen realized that inadvertently they had stumbled across something big. But even today they never tell each other what they

are going to say. They sometimes appear as guests on each other's programs, and Allen, an ad libber par excellence, generally gets the best of these encounters. One night when Allen took a particularly vicious verbal swing at Jack, the latter gasped: "If my writers were here with me you wouldn't dare talk to me like that!"

A silent, shy man, Benny admits that by no stretch of the imagination could he be described as the life of the party. He laughs — uproariously — at other people's jokes, but makes no attempt to top them. The fact that he is the nation's leading comedian still puzzles him greatly. He cherishes a clipping concerning his first vaudeville appearance in New York, in 1921. It says, succinctly, "We would like more violin and less chatter."

Jack, the son of a Waukegan storekeeper, started out to be a musician. While still in his early teens he played the violin in small orchestras at school dances and policemen's balls. He tried to get a job in the local theater, but the manager didn't think he was good enough and hired him as a doorman instead.

Eventually — Jack was 17 then — he teamed up with a pianist named Cora Salisbury and toured small Illinois towns in a "dumb" act — neither of them said a word.

In 1918 Jack, then 22, joined the navy. He visualized himself in an admiral's uniform. Much to his disgust, he was assigned to play in

"Maritime Frolics," a show put on by the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He played his violin between the acts to raise money for navy relief. For a while he was notably unsuccessful. But one night he stopped playing and made a few remarks. The audience howled and came across with a gratifying contribution to the relief fund.

That started Jack thinking. By the time war was over he had reached two drastic decisions: he changed his name from Benjamin Kubelsky to Jack Benny and gave up his ambition to be a great violinist in favor of becoming a vaudeville performer.

There followed 14 years of vaudeville all over the country. Then one day Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist, bumped into him in a New York restaurant and said, "Jack, will you appear as a guest on my radio program tomorrow night?" "But I don't know a thing about radio," Jack protested. "Nobody does," said Sullivan. Mary Livingston recalls that the night preceding his air debut Jack couldn't sleep a wink and kept repeating, "Am I going to flop! Am I going to flop!"

Nine years later, on May 9, 1941,

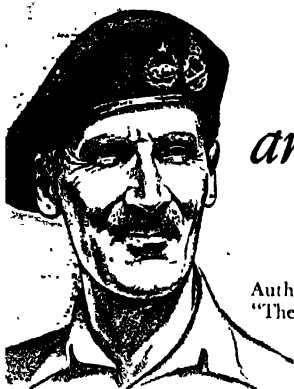
1000 screen, stage and radio stars producers, and heads of advertising agencies paid tribute in Los Angeles to the man they described as "the greatest radio personality in the world." Niles Trammel, president of NBC, announced over a coast-to-coast network that his company had decided to make Jack Benny the only individual in the history of radio "to own his own time." Seven to 7:30 p.m. on Sunday was to belong to Benny for the remainder of his life. He might change sponsors at his pleasure, but the half hour he had made the most valuable on the air was to be his for keeps.

At 49, Benny has one ambition and one fear. He would like to wind up his career as a motion-picture director and he is deathly scared lest he miss hearing a good story. Recently he entertained a few people at his home and went to bed at the stroke of midnight, pleading an early rehearsal. The others stayed up, swapping yarns. About four o'clock in the morning, somebody made a remark that provoked loud laughter. Immediately Jack burst out of his bedroom. "What was that?" he asked anxiously. "What got that laugh?"



¶ To THE first contributor of each accepted item of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered. Address Patter Editor, Box 605, Pleasantville, N. Y.

(Patter and Picturesque Speech on pages 18 and 104)

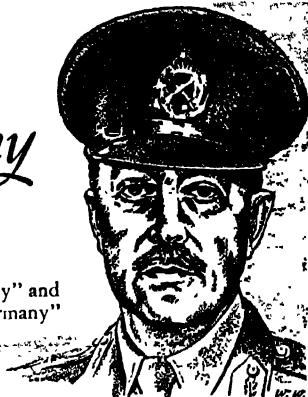


Two Men and an Army

By

Allan A. Michie

Author of "Retreat to Victory" and
"The Air Offensive against Germany"



IN THE hot, stinking summer of 1942 Cairo was in a "flap." The German-Italian armies of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel were but a morning's drive from Egypt's capital. The great offensive into Libya by the British 8th Army which had begun so promisingly the winter before had misfired and the British troops had fallen back toward the Nile, their armored equipment smashed or captured.

General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Middle East Commander in Chief, had taken personal command of the 8th Army and rallied the bewildered, discouraged troops at El Alamein on a makeshift defense line that ran from the blue Mediterranean 40 miles inland to the treacherous quicksands of the Qattara Depression. The Axis was being held, but for how long no one knew.

Barely 70 miles ahead of Rommel lay the great British naval base of Alexandria, and just beyond it the glittering prize for which Axis arms had struggled for three years

— the Suez Canal, gateway to India and junction with Japan. Obviously, Rommel would be willing to risk all to reach this goal.

The indifferent Egyptians prepared to accept their Axis conquerors. Anti-British students openly cheered Rommel's name in the streets. Wives of British officers, and wealthy Britons and American businessmen hastily departed for Palestine and South Africa.

Less than six months later Rommel's once-proud *Afrika Korps* had been humiliated. It had been chased farther than any army in history — some 1600 miles, almost as far as from New York to Denver. Penned in in a narrow box between Bizerte and Tunis, it was doomed.

Many things helped beat Rommel — the excellence and quantity of British-American equipment, Allied air superiority, perfect coöperation between ground and air units. But the story of those six months which changed the course of the war and the destiny of the world is, after all,

largely the story of two men and an army.

Few cocktail sippers in Cairo's Shepherd's Hotel bothered to look up that hot summer day in 1942 as a scrawny, long-nosed British general arrived, glanced at them disapprovingly and strode across the terrace. Few, indeed, would have recognized him, for Lieutenant General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, newly appointed commander of the 8th Army, was unknown except in military circles.

The army regarded him as a somewhat eccentric but competent officer with a passion for hard work; a devout, dour, humorless abstainer who neither drank, smoked nor swore. He had distinguished himself as a young officer in World War I, and had since won the reputation of being a good divisional commander. An admirer of England's Bible-thumping Oliver Cromwell, Montgomery himself had a Cromwellian streak. "I read my Bible every day and I recommend you to do the same," he had told his staff. His other favorite book was *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The troops he had commanded in England remembered him as a stern disciplinarian who had put them through grueling endurance tests. A fanatic on fitness, Montgomery required all his men and officers up to brigadiers to run a seven-mile course once a week, and he usually ran the route with them. When the older officers complained, he changed it to a six-mile run.

The battle-hardened veterans of the 8th Army had heard about this "Spartan general" and weren't too sure they would like him. Before long, however, they were calling him "Monty," and crowding around for a look at him whenever he appeared.

Montgomery was actually second choice as 8th Army commander, summoned only after Lieutenant General William Gott had died in a plane crash on his way to Cairo. But he had long been slated for a high command. In the spring of 1942 Ambassador Winant was asked to circulate among British army men, size them up, and recommend a commander suitable for British and American forces. During a visit to Monty, he asked, "General, suppose you were ordered tonight to attack Calais—how long would it take you to plan an offensive and get into action?" Winant expected an answer running into weeks. Instead, Monty phoned his staff headquarters. At dawn next day his divisions staged a full-dress mock attack against the "Germans." Winant was so much impressed that he recommended Montgomery for leader of the Anglo-American North African offensive, then in its preliminary planning stages.

General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, who had been appointed to replace Auchinleck as Middle East Commander in Chief, was Montgomery's close friend. Both men had been in tight spots before. Alexander, an aggressive fighter,

whose motto is "Attack, attack and re-attack, even when you are on the defensive," had ironically been fated to conduct two of Britain's great retreats — Dunkirk and Burma.

At Dunkirk, Alexander organized the final evacuation. When one of his aides moaned, "The situation is catastrophic," Alexander retorted crisply, "I am sorry, I don't understand long words like that." His studied coolness communicated itself to the men waiting patiently for boats while Nazi dive bombers roared overhead. When there was nothing more to do but wait and suffer, he squatted on the beach and built himself a sand castle. In the fading light of the last day, he toured the sands to see that no live soldier had been left behind. He and a naval officer were the last to leave.

The situation in Burma was hopeless when Alexander was flown out to take command. He was instructed to hold the Japs as long as possible so that Wavell could organize the defense of India. With his tiny, ill-equipped army of 25,000 he fought 100,000 Japs for four months, and escaped across the only mountain road into India a few days before the monsoon made the road impassable. In British military circles, this is regarded as a feat second only to the masterful evacuation from Dunkirk.

Montgomery had been at Dunkirk, too. He had told his men, "If you run out of ammunition, tear the enemy to pieces with your hands." After Dunkirk he and Alexander

were given adjoining commands on the south and southeast of England, the coastal strip certain to bear the brunt if the Nazis invaded.

These were the two men whom Churchill brought together to save the crucial Middle East. Churchill's orders were simple: "Rommel must be destroyed." The strategy was simple: The Alamein line must be held at all costs until new equipment and reserves reached the desert, and then the *Afrika Korps* must be pushed back. The strategical job of coordinating the 8th Army's advance with the British-American invasion of North Africa, then in the making, was Alexander's job. The tactics of defeating Rommel were left to Montgomery.

Wasting no time in Cairo's brain-fogging atmosphere, Montgomery drove into the desert early on the morning after his arrival and climbed the humpy Hill of Jesus, farthest advanced salient of the Alamein line. Through binoculars he scanned the enemy lines, less than 2000 yards away across the sizzling desert.

Behind Rommel's front lines stood scores of concealed 88-mm. guns, the scourge of British and American tanks. Behind them lay at least 300 tanks and in the rear some 850 additional tanks. Rommel had 160,000 soldiers, and more were arriving every day as the Nazi supply lines improved.

The Alamein line was a bottleneck whichever side you stood on. The British troops prevented Rommel

from fanning out into the Valley of the Nile. But Rommel's troops also were a cork that the British would have to dislodge before they could go anywhere.

Those who saw Monty that day on the Hill of Jesus believe that he decided on the spot just how and when Rommel could be defeated. That night in his caravan-headquarters of four auto trailers, captured in 1941 from Italian General "Electric Whiskers" Bergonzoli, he began drafting the tactical plan that was to carry him halfway across Africa on Rommel's heels.

Montgomery realized at once that the character of desert warfare had temporarily altered. The war of tank *vs.* tank, of sea-style battles on the wide open sands, had for the moment changed to the static trench warfare of the first World War. For the Alamein battle the offensive weapon would again be the "poor bloody infantry" of the last war, with artillery and the air arm paving the way. The tanks would have to wait until the cork was driven out of the bottleneck.

On paper, at least, Monty felt he had an even chance to succeed. If he did, and if he could destroy the German tanks, he knew that Rommel would have to cut and run. In the desert you don't stand and fight without armor.

The 8th Army already had half a dozen crack infantry divisions in the line — including tough New Zealanders and Australians, veterans of

Greece and Crete, unmatched in close-quarter bayonet work; and the 4th Indian Division, which had stormed the Italian-held cliffs of Keren in Abyssinia and taken rocky "Hellfire Pass" in Egypt from the Germans. Churchill had promised two additional divisions, plentiful numbers of the new British six-pounder antitank gun, a great concentration of aircraft, new British heavy tanks and — best of all — several hundred new American Sherman tanks with high-velocity 75-mm. guns, already being unloaded at Suez.

Monty asked for two months to get ready for an offensive. Meantime, the job was to hold off Rommel's attack. It came three weeks after Monty arrived. Rommel threw the full weight of 300 tanks against the center and south of the line, feeling for a weak spot through which the armor could flow and flank the British positions — the traditional Rommel tactics. Monty, carefully hoarding his armor, refused to fight a battle of metal. Craftily he allowed Rommel's tanks to flow into fissures in the defenses — then he met them with antitank guns and the 75-mm. guns of the American-made General Grant tanks, lying hull down in the sand dunes. When the Nazi commander finally withdrew he had lost 140 tanks, almost half his forward armored strength. The British lost 37 tanks.

"Egypt has been saved," announced Montgomery, confidently.

To Wendell Willkie, then visiting his desert headquarters, he said, "With the superiority in tanks and planes I have established as a result of this battle, it is now mathematically certain that I will eventually destroy Rommel."

Monty sounds boastful. And so he is. But he has had what it takes to make good on all his boasts so far. He believes in meticulous planning. He insists on knowing down to the last bullet what resources he has. On his daily visits to the front, he surprises field commanders by knowing more about their troop dispositions than they do. Every division, regiment, battalion, battery and platoon has its exact task. Monty sees that it is carried out to the letter. That is his formula for success.

His offensive against Rommel was worked out to the last tin of bully beef. On October 23, 1942, a night on which the moon was right for all-night fighting, he was ready to attack.

For two weeks Allied planes had been bombing strategic targets in Rommel's rear, while British and American fighter planes sought to knock the *Luftwaffe* out of the skies. As the zero hour approached, the air attack was stepped up. Bombers shuttled back and forth to Rommel's supply lines and airdromes, while fighters strafed his front lines and gun posts. Montgomery believes that every man from the generals to the ~~last~~ kid private should know what is going on and what is expected of

him, so while the air attack was under way he called in his officers, told them his plans, sent them back to tell their units.

Thirty minutes before zero hour came a barrage the like of which had not been seen since World War I. British guns stood almost hub-to-hub along the 40-mile Alamein line. Monty has always preached that a barrage should be on a scale sufficient to shake the enemy's morale. At 10 p.m., while the barrage inched forward, sappers began clearing wide paths through the mine fields. After them came the infantry, doggedly working forward from one Axis position to another.

All that night and the next day and for several days more the battle swayed back and forth over this desert version of Flanders Fields. Rommel counterattacked furiously; for every yard won and lost, men died. Then on November 2 Montgomery judged the time had come for his surprise punch. The Sherman tanks emerged from their tarpaulin camouflage and rolled forward. At El Aqqaqir they met and trounced the remains of Rommel's 15th and 21st panzer divisions, knocking out two thirds of Rommel's 1000 tanks. Monty was jubilant. In an order of the day to his troops, he said, "There is good hunting to be had farther to the west. On with the task and good hunting to you all!"

Rommel hastily piled his beaten *Afrika Korps* into trucks, leaving most of his Italians behind because

he lacked transport for them, and fled back along the coast road. Fighting occasional rear-guard actions to gain time, he retreated past Matrûh, up "Hellfire Pass," beyond Derna, Tobruk, Benghazi, around to Tripoli and into Tunisia. On his heels, relentlessly pressing forward week after week, came Monty and his avenging 8th Army. Along the way they bagged 80,000 Italian and 20,000 German prisoners. Crowded Monty: "Nothing has stopped us, nothing will!"

Twice during his long retreat Rommel tried to make a stand, at El Aghéila and at the Mareth line. Each time Montgomery smashed the Axis defenses.

"Rommel is a skilled general," Monty told Willkie, "but he has one weakness. He repeats his tactics. And that's the way I'm going to get him."

Montgomery, on the other hand, showed himself versatile. For one battle he would take a page right out of the newest German rule-book, and the next time he would take a page from history. To crack the Alamein line he followed the pattern of World War I fighting. At the Mareth line he combined a frontal assault with a daring dash through the desert around the enemy's right flank. At other points along the face of Africa he broke the enemy's defenses by all-armored attacks.

Montgomery was convinced that earlier British reverses stemmed from inadequate coöperation among

aircraft, ground troops and artillery, and he was determined not to repeat that mistake. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham lived at Monty's headquarters and together they hammered out a design of ground-air coördination that not only beat Rommel but will also serve as a model for all other Allied offensive operations.

As the 8th Army pursued Rommel along the Mediterranean, the spotlight of publicity hugged Montgomery. Alexander, back in Cairo's GHQ, was almost forgotten. But for routing Rommel the two men deserve about equal credit. They complemented each other perfectly. Alexander, able to see things in broad perspective, was an ideal man for handling the over-all military and diplomatic problems of the Middle East command. The explosive Montgomery provided the spark that made the 8th Army irresistible.

Both Montgomery and Alexander have been professional soldiers all their adult lives. Montgomery joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment straight from Sandhurst, Britain's West Point, in 1908. In the first World War he was twice wounded and won the DSO and the *Croix de guerre*. Between wars he passed through the usual chain of assignments as a staff officer in Ireland, England and India, taught at the staff colleges at Camberley in England and at Quetta in Baluchistan, and commanded a division during "the troubles" in Palestine in 1938.

Alexander, one of the Old Contemptibles, commanded a battalion of the crack Irish Guards at the age of 24 in the last war, went over the top 30 times before being severely wounded, and won the DSO and the MC. Between wars he helped reorganize the Latvian army, fought on India's Northwest Frontier, and held commands at Gibraltar and in England. At 45 he was a major general, at that time the youngest general in the British army. By British standards both are still comparatively young for high command — Alexander is 51, Montgomery 55.

But the two men are alike only in their military background. The faultlessly dressed, trim-mustached Alexander, third son of the fourth Earl of Caledon, is a polished product of Harrow. He speaks fluent French, Italian, German, Russian and Urdu. At one time he was aide to King Edward VIII. He is one of the few generals in the British army with an adequate private income.

Monty's father was a bishop of the Anglican Church, who took his family to Tasmania when Bernard was a month old. Young Montgomery was intended for the church, but as a lad of 12 he saw Australians marching off to the Boer War and decided to become a soldier.

Alexander, suave, traveled, wins his points by sheer charm. He is not a man to give way easily — but he is so polite that he seems self-effacing. Montgomery is brusque and staccato-voiced. He makes no effort

to conceal his egotism, must dominate every conversation. He has a high theatrical sense, and never misses a chance for a touch of drama. When his troops captured Nazi General Wilhelm Ritter von Thoma, Monty promptly invited him to dinner. He keeps a picture of Rommel pinned over his bed and wishes that he had known the Nazi Field Marshal. "If I had met him I should know the type of man he is and so be able to judge better what he is going to do next," says Monty.

Somewhere in Egypt he picked up a German officer's suit of silk underwear, which he now wears. He spurns the red hatband of the staff officer, and prefers an Australian slouch hat studded with the regimental badges of his troops or a sloppy tank corps beret.

He is a martinet. He dismisses his staff officers at the slightest provocation. Once he fired an officer assigned to his headquarters before the man had time to unpack his bags. "You are a good officer but you are not good enough for me," barked Monty. He used to open his lectures with the curt order: "I do not approve of smoking or coughing. There will be no smoking. For two minutes you may cough; thereafter coughing will cease for 20 minutes, when I shall allow another 60 seconds for coughing."

When he married, at the age of 40, he ran the household with military discipline, and later issued daily orders for the care and upbringing

of his only son. When someone asked him if he wished for more children he replied, "Certainly not. There is far too much staff work involved."

The Alexander-Montgomery combination had the advantage of tackling the job at a time when first-class equipment, both British and American, was beginning to reach the 8th Army. Their predecessors had to get along without proper tools. But even with all the tanks and guns and planes, no general could have licked Rommel but for the spirit of the fighting men of the 8th Army.

For almost three years they had waged heartbreaking seesaw campaigns across some of the toughest terrain in the world. They had endured the heat that turns rifle barrels hot as pokers in a fire, khamsin winds that burned the swirling sand into their flesh, flies that covered their food and bodies, disease, disappointment and privation. Their losses have been heavy. The 4th Indian division, for example, has required 100 percent replacement because of casualties since the opening of the desert war. All along the Mediterranean they had left their dead: Britons, South Africans, New Zealanders, Australians, Fighting French, Greeks and Poles, in shallow, lonely graves that are inscribed, "This is hallowed ground. They died in the service of their country."

Sometimes they had been badly led, as on that awful June day of 1942 when most of their tanks were sent into an ambush of Rommel's deadly 88-mm. guns. They had seen stupid mistakes; once 90 heavy Valentine tanks rumbled onto a Nazi mine field and only 19 came back, because someone had given a wrong compass bearing. Never had they had adequate equipment. In the early days against the Italians, they had held Egypt with fewer than 15,000 men, a few score antiquated armored cars and 87 planes.

But through it all the men of the 8th Army refused to admit they were defeated and therefore never were defeated. They never lost confidence that, given the proper equipment, they could beat Rommel's armies. They waited a long time to prove that, man to fighting man, they were better soldiers than the Nazis.

Conceived in adversity, nurtured in defeat and retreat, brought up on blood and sand, the 8th Army has grown in battle to be the best equipped, coordinated and experienced single fighting machine on the Allied side. It was left to Churchill to pay it the simple tribute of the free world when it marched proudly into Tripoli. Said the Prime Minister: "When after the war is over a man is asked what he did, it will be enough for him to say, 'I marched with the 8th Army.'"



To Paste in Your Hat

A DISTINGUISHED British economist said to me the other day in New York: "I don't care what you do in America after the war — high tariffs or no tariffs, much international trade or little — so long as you do one thing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Keep *prosperous*. If you slide into deep depression, not only will you go down, but you will drag the whole world with you."

— Stuart Chase in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

BATAAN taught us the value of keeping our national word with other peoples. Three fourths of those who stood against the Japs on Bataan were Filipinos, and no American soldier there fought with fiercer courage than they. The reason — as President Manuel L. Quezon remarked later — was that the Filipinos were fighting for their own country.

— William Philip Simms in *N. Y. World-Telegram*

Does anybody still remember how cogently it was demonstrated just a few years ago that our younger generation had been demoralized by skeptical professors, deprived of faith and courage by the destructive criticism of intellectuals? What now of these young men, cynical and without faith, at Bataan, on Guadalcanal, in the Coral Sea, and off Midway Island?

That generation *was* skeptical, coolly analytical, hard to ignite. *And it still is.*

The moral? — That a skeptical generation can meet a great test; that it may even be better equipped to face

the postwar world — less likely to fall for adolescent illusions — more likely to build securely — than one which took things on authority.

— Nathaniel Peffer in *Harper's*

THE "Let's-Get-It-Over-in-a-Hurry" philosophy is all right for the actual fighting but that's just the beginning of our problem. People ask me when we shall win this war and I reply that I shall never know. I shall not know whether we have won because not until we have had at least two generations of peace will the world know whether we've attained the desired end.

— Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of *N. Y. Times*

WHAT is it that gives American soldiers their essential toughness? It seems to me that Americans, without really being conscious of it, are fiercely proud of being Americans. They seem to be aware instinctively that they are a mixture of all the peoples in the world — well nourished, athletic, free to think, less frustrated and so better integrated than others. And with this subconscious realization comes the conviction that nothing on earth can keep an American from doing a job he knows he really has to do.

— Ira Wollert, *Battle for the Solomons*
(Houghton Mifflin)

I THINK it is a mistake to try to base Anglo-American relations mainly upon sentiment. We may not always like each other very much. I think it is a mistake to try to base them on common origins, common parentage, even common language, because there will be occasions when we differ; therefore it is desirable to base them on their true foundation, which is a common interest in peace and in preventing a repetition of these catastrophic world conflicts every 20 years. — Anthony Eden

☛ **The meatleggers steal your money and threaten your health — here's a war job for women**

Clamp Down on the Black Market Now!

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Ge Kent

THE CRISIS in meat has blown back into our lives that unsavory ghost of the '20's — the bootlegger. He is in the money again, peddling a new kind of death and disease. He's in the black market, a racket that promises to make the old alky and beer business seem a penny-ante operation.

The setup is perfect. Plenty of war-worker money around, and nothing to spend it on. A huge appetite for meat, and not enough of it. The packers estimate they could sell 20 billion pounds this year if they could get it, which is twice as much as the amount in sight and much more than we have ever eaten before. The body of enforcement officers is small, and owing to the manpower shortage there is little prospect of improvement.

By fall, we are going to have even less meat. The demands of the army and lend lease will grow larger; the shortage of feeds, breeding stock and farm labor will have made themselves felt. We're going to be told to tighten our belts as we have never tightened them before. But we're spoiled and crave steak and some of us don't care what it costs or how we get it.

When a Chicago reporter wrote that the city's housewives were spending \$1,000,000 weekly for bootleg meat, the enforcement officer for the area, Raymond McKeough, said the amount was put much too low.

Secretary of Agriculture Wickard estimates that 20 percent of the cattle, hogs and sheep already slaughtered go into the black market. This tallies with the estimate of a big meat packer that more than 5,000,000 cattle and 8,000,000 hogs are going to the public through illegal channels.

Receipts at the legitimate livestock centers have fallen off: hogs, 28 percent; calves, 26 percent; cattle, 12 percent. "The missing livestock can be accounted for in one way only: they went to the black market," says the American Meat Institute, the packers' trade association.

Deprived of the normal flow of meat animals, many packers are being forced to the wall. A New England plant which handled from 1500 to 2000 calves per week is now dressing between 150 and 200. One in Louisiana which processed 700 cattle a week is now handling fewer than 200. Tövre's, which supplied Arizona and part of California, has been

compelled to reduce its output 65 percent.

This leaves a large number of wholesalers and retailers with no meat for their customers. They are faced with the choice of closing shop or going to the black market. They usually go to the black market.

There are three elements in that market: meat-dealers, farmers and racketeers.

The largest racketeering enterprise was broken up recently when Pete Golas, a small-time hoodlum who was once a liver peddler, was indicted. Using Capone money, it is said, Golas muscled into control of seven independent packing plants in the Middle West, and within the space of a few months made millions. In December alone, he distributed 10,000,000 pounds of beef and veal, collecting \$2,000,000 above ceiling prices. One of Golas' lieutenants bragged: "I can be fined \$1000 every day and still make money."

Golas' method was first to acquire plants from which to operate, next to outbid legitimate packers in buying every head of livestock he could lay his hands on, and then to ship the meat to New York and Philadelphia. There it was sold to retailers at the ceiling price, so that for every transaction an invoice properly made out was on record. But no dealer could get Golas' meat unless he paid heavily on the side. And, of course, the customers of the local butchers in the end pay the racketeer's profit.

As the black market gets systema-

tized, this promises to become the pattern of operation. But more typical at present is the small-town butcher who always did a little slaughtering and who, lured by the prospect of making easy money, is now killing 10 to 100 times as much as he did before. In Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, there used to be 40 slaughterers; now there are 105. Some farmers have discovered that they can make more money selling animals slaughtered than alive.

I know one Indiana town where there were three butchers who depended upon an independent packer for their supplies. The packer went out of business. The butchers frantically telephoned and even made personal visits to Chicago packers — but their refrigerators stayed empty. Finally one of them drove out into the country in a small delivery wagon and returned with a carcass. He found it paid him to do this several times a week. Where once he did a bare third of the meat business in town he now does it all. At last reports, he was expanding and planning to sell meat in the next town. This is a typical black-market success story.

The larger bootleggers drive from farm to farm, buying — for cash — every available animal. There's no law against farmers selling their stock this way. Delivery is made at night and the bootleggers, regardless of sanitation, slaughter where they may — by the road, in the woods, in dirty barns and sheds.

A Pacific Coast packer reports that one day his crew of hog butchers didn't show up for work. When they showed up the following morning, he asked them where they'd been. "Working," they replied. And they had — for black operators, at \$25 per day.

Cattle rustlers have returned to the range country of the West, equipped with high-powered rifles and fast trucks. They stop their trucks on the plain, shoot into a herd, butcher in haste, toss the choice parts into the vehicles and speed off. The rest of the carcass is left on the ground for the buzzards and coyotes.

Some of the men who used to run liquor are now turning to meat. The sheriff of a dry county in Georgia pursued a well-known local bootlegger into a tavern, arriving in time to see the proprietor slip a package into the icebox. "Open it up," ordered the officer. The bundle was not whisky but a haunch of red meat.

The meatleggers offer large bribes to everybody connected with the industry. One packer I know was offered a *bonus* of \$75,000 for a quantity of meat. Truck drivers taking meat out of Cleveland have been stopped by men with impressive rolls of money, who offer to pay cash for all or part of their loads. The black mobsters often go boldly into the stockyards and outbid the legitimate buyers. A favorite trick is to buy in young range cattle at

high prices, butcher them in an alley, or empty warehouse, and peddle the meat as veal.

From any viewpoint this prospect of a full-blown racket in meat is deplorable, but most frightening is its threat to public health. The meat is slaughtered with no regard for sanitation.

On a business trip between Chicago and Peoria, a friend of mine counted seven roadside slaughterers. Carcasses hanging from trees and rude scaffolding were covered with flies.

An enforcement officer reported finding freshly killed hogs dangling from a tree that shaded an old-fashioned privy. The ground was a mire of blood and offal. A dog was gnawing at a skull. Here, too, there were flies. "I'm not a doctor," said the officer, "but when flies, a privy and fresh meat get together, I know the answer."

A cattle buyer in a Michigan market followed a truckload of steers to a garage near Detroit. Peering through a window he saw three men dressing the beasts on a table set on the grimy earth floor. When one of the carcasses slipped off the table, the bootlegger simply wiped the grit off with a dirty rag. Federal inspectors will often condemn meat if it falls to the immaculate tiled floor of a modern packing plant.

In all bootleg slaughtering there is also terrific waste, since the racketeers are interested only in meat. The loss in hides alone has already been

enough to deprive every person in the country of one pair of shoes. Losses in surgical thread, bristles, grease, and glandular products such as insulin cannot be estimated.

The other end of the racket is in the cities. The men who run our little butcher shops are decent and law-respecting but they are caught between pincers. One jaw is the meat supply house or packer, the other the public. They often have only the choice of joining the black league and surviving, or of being honest and going under.

So to get meat they pay bribes, camouflaged in one way or another. Sometimes they pay wholesalers a "service charge" of 25 cents to \$5 a hundredweight — graft under a fancy name. At other times they are required to leave a cash deposit with each order, "to make sure their account is kept in good shape." When the meat is delivered, the shopkeeper pays the full ceiling price — the deposit is forgotten. Thus the meatlegger takes his huge profit and yet is able to show investigators that the invoices are legally correct.

Some packing-house employees have been collecting as much as \$2000 weekly in bluntly demanded "tips." Meat truckers have been asking and getting \$25 a load for "service." The retail butchers have also accepted short weight.

The retailer can get his money back in one way only: he passes it on to you and me. He may leave more fat on the ham or chops, or mix an

undue quantity of fat in your hamburger. He may also give you short weight. Hundreds of butchers have been arrested in New York and other cities, charged with a combination of short weight and ceiling-price violations.

Independent butchers who have gone black market have been making a great deal of money by overcharges which the Office of War Information says run from 10 to 35 cents per pound. Many shops in New York City whose weekly turnover never before topped \$600 have been grossing \$2500. Much of their new business has been at the expense of chain stores which, because they did not deal with the racketeers, did not receive enough meat.

Meat dealers may baldly suggest that they cannot afford to sell at the ceiling price, and invite you to pay a higher figure, or they may keep the meat hidden until you in desperation offer to "pay a little extra." There is a great deal of back-room and under-the-counter bootlegging. Delivery to the home, perhaps by men who do not even own a shop, is the next step — and it's not very far off.

The crisis is approaching a point at which something drastic must be done. If let go, the black racket will get completely out of hand and become utterly incapable of solution.

The example of England may be helpful, although the problem there is simplified by the relative smallness of the country and the fact that 50

percent of the meat is imported. The British system is to control the movement of meat from farm to consumer, punishing all offenders promptly and severely. All livestock is registered and farmers may not kill for home use. All slaughter must be done in government abattoirs. Wholesalers, truckers and shopkeepers can deal in meat only if licensed, and these licenses are withdrawn the moment the law is broken. Without a license a man cannot do business. The system works.

The first requisite of any attempt to do away with black market here must be a tough but equitable set of rules governing the meat business from range and feed lot through slaughterhouse to shopper, and providing quick, stiff punishment for offenders. OPA enforcement offi-

cials are now strangled in legal red tape.

The second — and perhaps the only measure that can save the situation — is to get housewives, as individuals and as groups, to police the butcher shops. They must insist that ceiling prices be observed; and, even more important, that all meat carry the stamp of a government-licensed slaughterer. Unstamped meat is black-market meat, not only illegal but dangerous to health.

An all-embracing system of regulation, simple enough to be understood by everybody and enforced by the vigilance of American women, can break the black market. The people will accept any system of control if it is set before them in a way that appeals to their common sense and love of country.



The Secret of Her Po

❁ I USED to wonder at the power over men which such women as Peggy Joyce have. Then one night in the Casino at Cannes I saw her enter with a man, and I watched her. When they were seated, she turned and looked slowly, attentively around the room — a long, careful, thorough look satisfying her curiosity as to who was there, what the women were wearing, etc. Then she turned back to the man, *and for the rest of the evening I never once saw her take her eyes from him.* She paid him the greatest compliment — the compliment of her undivided attention.

— Clarita de Forceville, *Marriages Are Made at Home* (Knopf)

Why I Love America

Condensed from *Common Sense*

André Maurois

Author of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble,"
"Ariel: The Life of Shelley," "The Art of Living,"
and many other books

WITH no disloyalty to my beloved France, I embrace America. I salute its courage and audacity, its kindliness and good will, its turbulent energy and unquenchable zest. I love America because I find here both the freedom that ennobles life and the discipline without which such freedom becomes anarchy. Crises that drive other peoples to revolution are solved here by orderly democratic methods. No matter how heated the campaign, no thought of revolutionary violence occurs to Americans.

I never fail to be impressed by the American talent for self-government, and by your ability to thrash out a problem in debate. America was born in a town meeting; today through its enormous networks it has become one immense town hall. It sometimes seems to me that the whole nation turns every night into a gigantic radio forum. "For God's sake, let us hear both sides of the question," cried Thomas Jefferson, while the Constitution was being framed. Today *all* sides of the question are being canvassed by fervent champions. This unceasing discussion creates a highly charged current of public opinion, so vigorous and

healthy that encrustations of error are scoured away.

John Morley wrote of Lincoln: "He is the great American, honest, shrewd, wise, human, cheerful, blundering occasionally, but through his blunders struggling onward toward what he believes right." That sentence is a good description of the American people themselves. They may blunder when they are badly informed, but they do struggle toward what they believe right. I love their good will and their good faith.

I love America because it is a land of intellectual curiosity. No nation has a keener desire to know and to understand. The American passion for self-improvement is almost conflagratory; it blazes forth in correspondence courses, night schools and in numberless projects for adult education. No other people in the world make such a fetish of the printed page, or consume so many of them for their intellectual roughage.

I could mention the courtesy of Americans, which despite a certain bluntness of manner surpasses in sincerity any other courtesy I have ever known. American courtesy seems to

spring not from any formal code of manners but from a deep conviction of the dignity of human life.

I love your country for the grandeur of its spiritual ideals and physical spaces, the good looks of its people, the comradeship that exists between its men and women. I could say America stirred me like a poem of Walt Whitman, or that I am fascinated by the shifting kaleidoscope of skyscrapers, snow-capped mountains, endless plains and maple-shaded

towns. But none of these things either separately or taken together can wholly explain my emotions about your America. I think I love your country because it is the great hope of mankind. I surrender my affections to America because of its unconquerable habit of laying down its life and treasure to maintain the forces of good in the world. Against the warm earth of America, fertile with new strength and promise, I lay my heart to beat.



Picturesque Speech

A gangling youth at the age when his voice shifted gears (Christina Green) . . .
A pert cupcake of a hat (Margaret Lee Runbeck) . . . A Negro with a voice like black plush (Margaret Lee Runbeck)

He had a clear, open face — somewhat like an underwear button (Rose Franken) . . . More pose than poise (A. R. Cowper) . . . As solemn as a potato . . . To corn a phrase (Fred Allen)

The preacher shook his voice at the congregation (Mary Bott) . . . His eyes whisk-broomed over the headlines (Don Tracy) . . . He stared past the fire into his thoughts (John Steinbeck) . . . She opened hearts as if they were lockets (Thomas Wolfe) . . . She pushed little cushions of comfort under his tired mind.

(Alice Ross Colver)

"I still have so much to tell you. I've only unpacked the little things on top. All the big heavy ones are underneath." (Katherine Mansfield) . . . A fragile happiness like fine glass — it might break any minute and cut the hand that held it. (Manning Collins)

The waterfall spread its broad white apron (Ethel Thompson) . . . A tugboat nuzzling her brood to berth (Carl Nesmith) . . . A rhumba that would rattle the fenders off a jeep (Time) . . . The wakeful asthma of the clock. (Christopher Morley)

Thumbnail characterization of Mayor La Guardia: For nine years we citizens have walked the thorny path of municipal rectitude while he bustled along ahead of us, allowing the twigs he pushed aside to snap back in our faces. (The New Yorker)

The Marines Land in Elysia

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Captain Robert P. Parsons



Medical officer in charge of a USMC base hospital unit on a South Pacific island

WHAT happens when you take equal parts of two nice peoples, white and brown, and mix them suddenly and intimately? That experiment was made when the U. S. Marines occupied an island in the South Pacific which I shall call Elysia.

The Elysians are only a few generations removed from cannibals, but they have changed their diet to such items as taro roots, bananas, pork and an infinite variety of dishes prepared from the ubiquitous coconut. They are a gentle, friendly people of great simplicity. They are also the happiest people I have ever seen.

Until 1942, their only contact with white men was through a few traders and missionaries. The white man did not affect them much, except that the Church instilled into them some social order and discipline, and taught the women to cover their bodies when in public. The Elysians love religion — the preaching, ritual and ceremony, and above all the singing.

The Marines about equaled the local population in number. They moved into the villages, pitching their tents among and around the little grass shacks. They even moved into several of the larger huts, some-

The war's pleasantest assignment — the engaging life with the natives on a peaceful South Seas tropical island.

times without waiting for the natives to move out: shelter is something you must have in Elysia, the way it rains.

Each group had its own customs, and knew nothing about those of the other side. But each saw the need for extensive compromises and willingly broke with tradition. It is debatable which side found greater difficulties, amusement or mystification through all the changes.

I attended a meeting of a native debating society one evening and was given a running translation of an argument concerning wisdom. One elderly Elysian woman doubted the value of the white man's kind of wisdom. "What is the use of it," she said, "when it teaches them so many new and terrible ways of destroying each other in such large numbers?"

One of the first and most serious problems was camp sanitation. Pigs were everywhere, including the white man's living quarters. The Marine captain told the high chief to fence in the animals in a designated area well removed from the village. "Okay,

Cap," said the chief, "we do." The natives brought rocks and in a couple of days had enclosed two acres. But an occasional pig got out.

"Chief, tell your people that any pig I see in the village I am going to shoot," said the captain. "Okay, Cap," agreed the chief, pleased with an arrangement whereby the Marines would do some of his slaughtering. "You shoot, we eat."

Plumbing, modern or otherwise, was something to which the Elysian had given no thought; the whole jungle was his latrine—and the jungle came close to the villages and Marine encampments. Sanitary officers recommended that the natives be provided with privies and be required to use them. The whole problem was perplexing to the chief. He asked questions about technical details and pondered some minutes, then he announced with decision: "Okay, Cap, you build, we use."

It was easy to provide the men with such standard recreation as sports, music, movies and reading matter. But when it came to dances the only girls were brown ones who had no shoes and no experience in American dancing. Moreover, they were outnumbered five to one by the Marines, and there was also the question of what the Elysian boys and parents might think about it. The whole thing had to be entered into cautiously.

The success of the experiment, however, was incredible. The bare feet of the girls detracted nothing

from their grace or their ability in ballroom dancing and were so tough that when they were stepped on their owners just giggled and said, "Okay, so sorry." The girls learned all the steps the Marines knew in ten minutes. In Elysia, dancing lessons start shortly after the baby is able to stand. I have often seen mothers, sitting cross-legged on a coconut mat, beat a rhythm with their hands while naked babes learned the first movements of the native dances.

The Elysian boys rose to the situation handsomely, doing their share of tagging and getting tagged. Both sides were very sporting about it all and tried to outdo each other in courtesy. The girls never left the floor except to go to the powder room, or rather the powder jungle. Perhaps that was why their parents didn't worry about them.

The dances were such a success that they became almost a racket. The Elysians, whose previous medium of exchange had been woven mats, soon got acquainted with American money, which enabled them to buy canned salmon and similar American luxuries. The chiefs and other important families, realizing the financial possibilities of dances, removed the furniture from their houses once a week and turned them into dance halls. They charged 50 cents admission and staged exhibition dances during which the customers were invited to throw money on the floor. An exhibition would sometimes net as much as \$40, the house taking all.

One placard advertising an exhibition dance read:

Come, don't miss the best dancers wonderful time Hawaiian hula and Polynesian dances and performances, will be taken place and also a knife dance. I believe you eager and grave to have good time so come to see. Intoxicating liquor, fights and arguments with all indecent actions are not allowed to be seen, if we do get rid of these things it does mean we are showing our Gentlemanlike. (*Dress Up Well.*)

These affairs became so numerous and raucous that the military authorities had to put on the brakes. Now all dances are sponsored by Marine units — admission free, selected exhibitions only, and no floor money.

The laundry situation for the officers has been difficult. Though the Elysians have attained skill in many fine arts, laundering is not one of them. At the river or village pool, which is a combination bathing and clothes-washing center, a bundle of laundry, including socks or other articles from which the dye will run, is beaten with a club for 20 minutes, with occasional immersions. The articles are then spread out over bushes or grass. When dry, the woman gives the clothes a few strokes with her charcoal-fueled iron, rewraps the bundle, calls it a day, and reaches for her guitar. The customer's problem is to guess which of his clothes bundles is to be sent to the laundress and which has just returned from her.

There are frequent discrepancies

between outgoing and incoming bundles. Many Elysian men and boys, whose necks and chests once bore necklaces and artistic tattoos, are now much less colorfully attired in khaki shirts or white cotton undershirts. In fact, the Marine undershirt has become almost a universal garment in Elysia. Brown children play about in undershirts of knee or ankle length bearing stenciled names like Steve Ryan, Corp. USMC. However, many of these garments are come by honestly as payment for native merchandise or favors granted.

The most acute sufferers in the laundry situation are the later arrivals among the Marines. Most of the women are signed up to full capacity. One lieutenant, down to his last clean shirt, complained bitterly to a sergeant, "It seems a person can't get a laundress around here for love or money." The sergeant's reply was a classic: "Well anyways, sir, not for no money!"

Most any Elysian kid can win the heart of any Marine. My first acquaintance in one village was Willie, aged 12. He noted the insignia on my collar and, flashing his white teeth in a bewitching smile, said, "Captin, I very very happy to meet you. If you like walk in village, I show you everythings. If there is words you do not know I will announce de meaning of dem."

Willie's father wears a loin cloth and a string of shark's teeth beads, and speaks polished English. He teaches school in the daytime and in

the evening conducts a class in which he tries to teach Marine officers the Elysian language. One evening Willie entered the classroom and whispered something to his father. Quite unruffled, the teacher announced: "If you will excuse me, gentlemen, we shall terminate our lesson for this evening. My son has just informed me that my wife is removing the furniture from my house and is leaving."

We offered to help in any way we could. He declined graciously. "Thank you so much. I can attend to this myself quite well." He then made his unruffled and unhurried exit. The technique he employed must have been effective, for when I passed his house next morning, his stout wife and all their children were going about the morning routine in their usual happy and placid way.

The Marines have learned a great deal by living among the Elysians. A good many have unlearned some old American fallacies. Accustomed to the idea that money is a measure of success and happiness, they have found that great happiness comes from producing one's food, clothing, shelter and comforts with one's own hands, and from the natural joy and loving friendship that nature has stored in the more fortunate of human hearts.

The more the Marines see of the

Elysians, the higher they esteem them and value their friendship. We have done many things that have brought them hardships and inconvenience; but far from complaining, they have smiled and shown their beautifully perfect white teeth and have thanked us, and God, that it was no worse. We have built barracks in their taro patches, damaged or destroyed their houses by tractor accidents, plowed up their yards and their flowers. But they have always laughed and said it was their contribution to the war; they have planted their taro higher in the steep mountains where our tractors cannot go; and they have sung soft music in the moonlight for us.

We both understand that, although our backgrounds have made us differ a little from each other, we are basically pretty much the same. But the Elysian children still think we are rather odd. Little Lucie, aged six, wandered into my tent one day and looked the place over carefully. Then she turned to me and said, "Where woman?"

I answered, "Don't got woman this house."

"Don't got woman this house? All house got woman," Lucie said.

"Well, this house don't got woman," I said.

"White man funny," Lucie said, and walked out of the tent.



¶ Next to the airplane, the most revolutionary development in the history of warfare

The Greatest "Secret Weapon" of the War: Radar

Condensed from Collier's

Donald Wilhelm

IN 1940, RAF pilots, outnumbered more than 10 to 1, gave Hitler his first defeat. Beaten in his attempt to smash the RAF and its air-dromes by daylight attacks, Hitler then turned to night bombing of cities. But "The Few," their backs to the sky, were able to find his big black ships in the dark, at whatever altitude. Because they had sufficient advance warning a comparatively few planes dispersed at various fields were able to intercept enemy planes, from whatever direction and wherever they attacked. So many German planes were destroyed that Hitler had to accept defeat.

Nazi secret agents tried desperately to solve the mystery of how the RAF did it. They might have found out, back in 1935, when they were free to roam England at will, if they had visited a quiet English lane near Daventry.

There, early one March morning, a battered old truck was parked on the frozen ground at the roadside. In the sky an RAF plane kept appearing and disappearing. In the truck were two young women lab-

oratory assistants who could keep a secret, and a stocky, spectacled, dark-eyed Scot, 43 years old: Robert Alexander Watson Watt (now Sir Robert), British scientist, inventor and meteorologist. Several other physicists and technicians were present. The observers were tensely watching some hastily improvised instruments. Finally, they relaxed and exchanged excited comment. Their test was successful! The new instruments, crude as they were, could detect the approach of a plane and, like a moving finger, follow it wherever it flew.

This was the birth in Britain of radar — the greatest "secret weapon" of the war — the one weapon that won the Battle of Britain. The United States already had a fairly well-developed radio detection device, but in those days we were not sharing our military secrets with Britain — or she with us. Within two years the British apparatus was in night-and-day production behind barred doors of a factory. The few who knew what it was for never spoke of it save in code. It was one

of the war's best-kept secrets — until July 17, 1941.

On that day Lord Beaverbrook broadcast an appeal for desperately needed radio technicians to service radar. It was no longer possible to keep the news from the Nazis, as they had developed a similar — though inferior — system copied from captured apparatus. (Later the British watched the enemy build a radar station on the Channel, at Bruneval. When it was ready they sent Commandos over who took it, lock, stock and barrel.)

What is this magic secret weapon? How does it work?

As now developed, radar continuously sends out short radio waves, searching the air for many miles up and around. They travel with the speed of light — 186,000 miles a second — nearly a million times as fast as the sound waves used by the old-fashioned sound detectors of limited range. Radar waves are unaffected by fog, smoke, rain or snow.

When they strike any ship or airplane they “bounce” back, and flash their findings to the radar plotting board. Radar tells altitude, speed and course of approaching planes.

Continuously on watch above and all around Britain, sleepless, tireless, all-seeing radars are infallible. Within their range, no ship or airplane above water and under heaven can escape detection. And when they “see” an object, or many of them, guns and searchlights can be ac-

curately aimed, instantly, though the targets be still invisible.

In 1940-41, when we were being given to suppose that some RAF pilots had “cat’s eyes” and that others were being fed carrots so they could see through the dark, it was radar, used by night-fighter pilots, finding the enemy bombers for them. Five years ago it would have seemed fantastic to suppose that a plane or a ship could locate an enemy target in the darkness, go to it and blast it to pieces all by means of radio. But radar has made this possible.

Radar saved the hard-pressed pilots, machines and ground crews of Britain and Malta from complete exhaustion. What it has saved in airplane wear-and-tear, gasoline, oil and general maintenance, by obviating the need of air patrols, is beyond calculation.

Radar functions thousands of times faster than human senses — in millionths of a second. With radar to help, men on a warship can “see” many miles regardless of weather conditions; “see” an enemy vessel and with uncanny precision send planes or fire a salvo at it — this perhaps without anyone on the target vessel hearing gunfire or knowing where the projectiles came from.

Radar is everywhere helping to make anti-aircraft defense more and more effective. When *Luftwaffe* planes came to attack London in force Sunday night, January 17, in reprisal for RAF raids on Berlin, they took a disastrous beating. With

radio-locaters, the new anti-aircraft guns no longer sought to saturate the skies with shells, but fired "to kill."

Radar might have averted the disaster at Pearl Harbor. On that fateful Sunday morning of December 7, Private Joseph L. Lockhard, off duty, was experimenting with it. He reported many planes approaching 132 miles away, but his superiors knew that a large number of American planes were due, therefore no alarm was sounded. Radar was used by the defenders of Midway to win the battle which President Roosevelt called our greatest 1942 victory. It helped to save Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad.

After the war many operators will find their lifework in radar, and help to improve safety in the air and on the sea. With this "magic eye," ground services can follow an airliner in transit. If it gets off its appointed course it can be informed by radiophone. It can be advised of mountains or other obstructions ahead, of other planes or ships near it. And if it must make a forced landing in thick weather it can be told just where it is in relation to a landing field. In the future, too, great ocean liners need not grope their way through fog, fearful of icebergs or other ships — they can know just where they are at all times in relation to any island or other surface obstruction.

As early as 1922, American scientists discovered that any solid body

— for instance a ship — passing between a transmitter and a receiving set interfered with reception. Then they discovered that it was not necessary for an object to pass between a transmitter and a receiving set to detect it — that a solid body would reflect or "bounce back" high-frequency radio waves striking it. Therefore it was possible to have the transmitter and receiving set at the same location. This could be on a ship, for example, and conceivably on an airplane.

By 1930 we had apparatus which could detect a plane in flight. By 1934 we could measure the distance between detector and plane, and our navy had already installed radar on a number of warships and shore stations. The navy engineered its own apparatus. Much of the basic research was done by the Bureau of Standards' radio division, under Dr. J. H. Dellinger. The Army Signal Corps all along has been in the forefront of radar development in its swiftly expanded laboratories.

The principles were known to countless radio "hams" and high school students. The British and U. S. patent offices received hundreds of applications covering commercial use of these principles and granted and published details of scores of patents, including a 1936 patent for the radio-echo airplane altimeter developed in the Bell Laboratories in New York City.

Radar is now so complex, so far advanced, and of so many kinds that

it leaves little if any room for the ideas of any inventor not already fully informed. For this reason, both British and American governmental agencies ask that the public refrain from making inquiries or submitting suggestions.

Germany, along with Italy and Japan, unfortunately now is using radar widely. A race for supremacy is under way. British newspapers

from time to time announce startling advances in this new field of science. The United States, more than any other country the peacetime home and GHQ of radio, has pooled all her scientific resources with Britain and the other United Nations. If they can hold their considerable edge in the race for radar supremacy, it could quite conceivably be the margin that will win the war.

White Man — Big Farce

¶ MOST OF THE southwestern Indian pueblos celebrate the coming of the white man with a yearly feast. He is usually represented by Indians wearing goat beards and old overcoats, their pockets bulging with papers and magazines. They carry brief cases and look very solemn. Tourists are represented dressed in castoff modern clothing with tin cans tied all over them, and the Indian women mimic the white women's jodhpurs and slacks by winding their shawls around their legs. Much of the repartee is lost to a white audience, but occasionally an Indian fun-maker speaks in English as when one of them, unbuttoning first a raincoat, then an overcoat and an undercoat, drew out of a vest pocket a very large watch and remarked:

"I must see whether it is time to be hungry."

— Margretta S. Dietrich in *New Mexico*

¶ A MANHATTAN firm which deals in Indian crafts and relics placed an order with Chief Blow Snake of the Winnebago Indians in Wisconsin for 2000 Indian novelties to be used by an advertising agency. Five hundred assorted medicine charms, arrowheads and wampum arrived the first week, 200 the second. The firm thought it had become adjusted to the Indians' blithe disregard for white men's notions, but was nevertheless surprised the third week when, with the arrival of only 50 articles, they found that Chief Blow Snake had added the note "That's all. You have enough."

— Adapted from Harry T. Paxton in *The Saturday Evening Post*

The Italians Aren't Mad at Anybody

GEORGE RODGER, a *Life* magazine photographer, was photographing a British assault on the cliffs in Abyssinia when he ran out of film. He took a short cut to the British headquarters to get another supply.

As he came around a small dune a burst of machine-gun fire ripped the leaves from the trees above his head. He flopped to the ground and crawled to the other side of the dune. Suddenly he came face-to-face with five crawling Italians.

Rodger, who was unarmed, leaped to his feet and threw his hands into the air. Simultaneously, the five Italians jumped up and threw their hands in the air. Then the six of them burst out laughing. Rodger gave them a handful of cigarettes and they showed him how to get around their patrols safely. They gave him a bayonet and an automatic and he showed them how to get to the British lines to surrender.

—Allan A. Michie, *Retreat to Victory* (Alliance)

¶ DURING the last days of the Abyssinian campaign, when the Italian retreat became a rout, the British were able to pull off incredible single-handed captures which should only happen in the comic papers. One South African pilot friend of mine, stationed in Kenya, was making a test flight with a new plane when he suddenly found himself over an Italian airdrome. Giving the hangar a spurt of fire in order to test his guns, he was startled to see half a

dozen Italian airmen run out frantically waving white flags.

He raced back to his home field and announced that he had just captured an Italian airdrome. His five flight companions refused to believe him, but they took their planes and flew back with him. Just to make sure, they swooped over the field and peppered the buildings with bullets. This time the whole Italian personnel ran out waving white sheets.

The South Africans went home again, loaded eight South African infantrymen into a big transport plane, and headed back for the Italian field. This time they landed and as the six pilots stood guard in their fighters, the eight infantrymen rounded up a couple of hundred Italian pilots and ground crew men.

—Allan A. Michie, *Retreat to Victory* (Alliance)

¶ A BRITISH Guards battalion made a sally into Libya and captured 200 Italian prisoners. Piling their captives into captured Italian lorries, they started back for the British lines. On the way one of the Italian trucks broke down and the Guards commander, unwilling to risk a delay for repairs, ordered his men to abandon the vehicle and the 32 prisoners in it.

Fifteen minutes later the British column sighted a truck coming after them at great speed. It was the 32 Italians, who had repaired their own machine. "We were British prisoners," they protested. "We want to remain your prisoners."

—Allan A. Michie in *Coronet*

Remove Union Restrictions and Increase Shipyard Production by One Third

By

John Patric

“**W**IPE OUT every union curb on work, and we’d build a third more ships with no more men,” the manager of an eastern shipyard told me. Declared a Pacific Coast superintendent, “If the unions would take off the brakes and let me go into high, we’d double our output.” In nearly all the 32 shipyards on Atlantic, Great Lakes and Pacific Coast waters which I visited in a countrywide investigation for The Reader’s Digest, I heard similar dismaying disclosures. They compel the unpalatable conclusion that, while our shipyards are streamlined for war output, many of our unions are deliberately slowing down production.

I interviewed labor leaders, naval officers, Maritime Commission members, employers and workers. Special passes often enabled me to wander unescorted through the yards: I crawled into holds and engine rooms, often so grimy that I looked like another worker. Everywhere I found men loafing. I talked with them; rode their buses, trains and ferries; visited their homes, asking “Why?”

The answer was almost always the same: arbitrary union rules limit

What Is Wrong with Management?

IF YOU work in a factory or shipyard, what is your *chief complaint against management*? The Reader’s Digest will pay \$100 apiece for the best 15 letters on this subject. Write frankly — your name will be kept confidential. Letters should be typewritten, not over 300 words, mailed before June 30, 1943, and they cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address Labor Editor, The Reader’s Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

workmen’s output; “featherbedding” — making work for more employes — is rampant; fast workers are threatened with fines or loss of membership cards (and their jobs) unless they slow down.

Shipyards thus are forced to carry on their payrolls many more employes than they need. Union leaders, who hold the only real disciplinary power, wink at loafing; some encourage it — the more men it takes to build a ship, the more dollars in dues pour into their treasuries.

Throughout my investigation I carefully typed each night what I had seen and heard during the day. From 553 single-spaced pages I cite the following typical incidents.

Consider first the case of a sea-plane-tender, already launched and almost outfitted, for which a navy crew was waiting. Steamfitters in the hold came upon a section of copper nickel pipe already installed. The leaderman — shipyard term for straw boss — snapped to his men, "Rip it out! Them damn copper-smiths can't do our work!"

The steamfitters cut the pipe up, tossed it in a scrap pile, then installed new pipe exactly like the job they had just yanked out.

The coppersmiths' leaderman came down. Gathering up the pieces of pipe, he stormed into the general manager's office. The latter called in the steamfitters' shop steward. "Why?" he demanded, pointing to the pipe.

"That's steamfitters' work," replied the steward.

"Like hell! It's copper nickel pipe — *our* work," snapped the copper-smiths' straw boss.

"We'll yank out all your goddam pipe and do the job ourselves," rned the steamfitter.

It's sabotage," interrupted the general manager. "Yank out any more and I'll phone the FBI!"

Episodes like that are common in shipyard union jurisdictional disputes — even though ships are needed so desperately.

At another yard, both the shipwrights' union (builders) and the shipfitters' union (outfitters) claim the exclusive right to install the ladders in the destroyers being built

there. While the two unions feuded, work on the destroyers was held up. "And *we* can't do a thing about it," moaned a navy officer.

A similar case turned up in another yard when I went with the hull superintendent to check a rigger's report of "a dangerous situation that might kill somebody." We found an iron plate teetering over a hatch; a workman stepping on it might fall into the hold. The superintendent slid a plank under the plate, correcting "the dangerous situation."

"Why didn't you do it yourself? Why call me?" he asked the rigger.

"Not me," was the reply. "I'd be liable to a fine if a shop steward caught me doing a shipwright's work."

In one yard the riggers, who attach the cables for lifting prefabricated sections, couldn't lay the wooden blocks on which the sections are temporarily stored; that was shoring, and only shipwrights could do it under union rules. "When we move assemblies, the crane operator, his helper, the riggers and the man who rounds up the shipwright, all lose time — just for the sake of having the shipwright come and drop some wooden blocks on the ground," declared the yard boss.

I watched a "flanger" welding clips by which ships' plates are forced into alignment. Next came a "tacker," who is likewise a welder, to tack the plates together with spots of weld. After them followed the "welder" to close the seam. Nearby a "burner" cut holes in plates with an acetylene

torch. All four craftsmen were welders, all members of the powerful Boilermakers' Union. Yet none could "overlap" — do another's work. Frequently one crew was held up for an hour, awaiting another crew to come and do a job which any man there could have handled.

In a Puget Sound yard, carpenters were screwing steel plates to a ship's decks. The sheet-metal workers' shop steward ordered them to stop.

"That's our work," he declared. "It's metal."

"Oh, no," argued the carpenters. "It's ours — the metal's fastened to wood."

Then the coppersmiths' union put in a third it's-our-work squawk on the grounds that the screws were made of brass, which is part copper! With a strike threatened over this crucial matter, the management finally succeeded in arranging a compromise — which kept many more men than necessary on the job.

"See those stanchions?" asked the manager of a yard building navy vessels. "Stanchions [ship's rails] are welded into place, therefore they are a part of the hull. So the shipfitters claimed that installing stanchions was their work. But they're made of pipe, and the pipefitters said, 'It's our work.' They grabbed a supply of stanchions from the warehouse and installed them where they were not yet needed, just to block the shipfitters. It took several wasteful meetings during production time to iron out that squabble."

Patriotic shipyard workers deplore these ridiculous limitations as much as do yard executives. They want to deliver an honest day's work — but union rules prevent. Their viewpoint was summed up by a husky guard with a sawed-off shotgun in a San Francisco Bay yard.

"I'm a mechanic," he said. "I signed on as a machinist's helper. Then I found that a helper mustn't use a screwdriver; he can't touch a wrench to a nut. All I did was stand around and draw 95 cents an hour for doing nothing. So I asked for a transfer to this job. At least it doesn't hurt my conscience not to be using this shotgun."

Although master agreements do not specify helpers, many craft union locals insist on a helper for each journeyman. Yet these same locals forbid the helper to use tools. "Helpers!" exploded one foreman. "They're our biggest headache. We've got 900 of them, and 90 percent aren't necessary. Some unions won't let us train them, because the journeymen don't want too much competition for postwar jobs."

In a machine shop I saw a puddle of oil. The machinist spoke to his helper. The helper was idle, but no matter; union rules required that he hunt up a laborer, who finally cleaned up the oil while both the machinist and his helper watched.

Such incidents, involving sacred union prerogatives, occurred endlessly, slowing production in every yard I visited. One night I saw six

cleaners quit their jobs because of foul air in the large tank-carrying invasion barges in which they worked. A battery of electric blowers, which would have changed the air each minute, had been delivered — but the maintenance electricians refused to hook them up. Their leaderman said, "That's work for *instillation* electricians, not for us. I've been warned twice not to work on vessels. The next time I'm caught I lose my union card." So the yard superintendent, the electrician foreman, the tank cleaners' foreman and crew wasted hours while the general superintendent got permission by phone from the unions' business agent to relent this one time and allow the *maintenance* electricians to hook up the blowers.

In some Pacific Coast yards where riveters work by the day, the unions have rated 320 rivets per man as a good day's work. "If we drive more in wartime, what guarantee have we that we won't have to drive more in peacetime?" asked an ardent union riveter. "Then we'll be doing other guys out of their bread and butter." In Atlantic Coast yards, however, where they are paid on the production basis — a fancy name for piece work — riveters regularly drive 700 and more rivets in 10 hours.

That the West Coast riveters are making it easy is proved by a crew in Oregon known as the Five Iron Men, who scored 638 rivets per man per eight-hour shift, in a contest. When they asked for increased pay

commensurate with their output, the yard was willing, but the Pacific Coast shipbuilders' agreement with the AFL contains the following clause: "There shall be no contract, bonus, piece, or task work." So the output of the Five Iron Men slumped back to normal. "The unions — hell, they're organized to protect inefficient workers!" exclaimed a workman.

A blacksmith crew finishing steel ship's ribs usually produces only 18 to 25 ribs a day. Yet in an Oregon yard rival gangs, spurred by argument over which shift was the mightier, pushed the output up to 52 ribs a day. At this point the boilermakers' business agent rushed out to halt "the speedup."

Welders, chippers, caulkers, reamers and other shipyard workers deliver almost twice as much work on the production basis in eastern yards as they do on the per-day basis in Pacific Coast or Gulf yards. In some yards men who work too energetically are "chalked." A young Texan explained this to me. "I learned welding at a trade school and came down to the Gulf to build ships. I was turning in twice as much weld as the other guys, so the shop steward now comes down each day and draws a chalk mark on the steel plate. That's as far as the union allows me to weld in one day."

A western shipyard was rushing wooden barges. Delivery depended on the caulkers, whose union refuses, even now, to train enough ap-

prentices to meet shipyard demands. In this yard, union rules allow caulkers to do only 100 feet a day on hulls, 135 feet on decks. Pressed for delivery of the barges, executives persuaded the caulkers' union to set aside the limit on this emergency job with the understanding that the men would be paid in proportion to the work they did. Caulking unrestrained, they earned two or three days' pay per shift. After the barge order was completed, the caulkers reverted to the old day's average, as if victory were in the bag.

Union restrictions vary widely from yard to yard. Locals of the same union may have entirely different rules. Each union has its own shop stewards in every yard to see that no other craft poaches. Stewards are supposed to work like any other craftsmen but are usually so busy handling grievances that they seldom do a full day's work. So assiduously do they enforce union rules that the production chief of a New Jersey yard summed up the result thus: "If we can average six productive hours per man per eight-hour shift, we're lucky."

Yard managers and superintendents agree that shop stewards could do more than any other group of men to speed the output of ships. Instead, many of them work in reverse. Straw bosses, obliged to belong to the union but usually not allowed to vote, are at the mercy of the hard-boiled inner circle that runs most locals. Any union can discipline a

straw boss on charges brought by the very shop steward whose work he is supervising. "We're in a tough spot," exploded one of them in a Maine yard. "We're supposed to be company men — if we don't get production the company gives us hell; if we *do* get production the union gives us hell."

Perhaps the whole picture was summed up best by a superintendent who said: "Suppose the restrictions under which we're trying to build ships applied to your automobile. Say your motor needed overhauling. You'd have to call a pipefitter to disconnect the fuel lines. Then you'd send for an electrician to disconnect the wires. A machinist would have to take the carburetor off. None of the three, however, could clean any of these parts: a laborer would have to do that. The pipefitter couldn't put a new bend in the copper gas line; he'd have to get a coppersmith. And your pipefitter, your electrician, your machinist and the coppersmith would all need helpers to stand by."

How is it possible, when we are in a life-or-death struggle, that we permit such conditions to exist in our shipyards? Union leaders gave me their answer repeatedly: "We fought like hell for our rights and we're not going to give them up now. If we do, we'll never get them back in peacetime." But do their "rights" include jurisdictional squabbles and work restrictions that impede vitally needed war production?

But British shipworkers "fought like hell" for their rights, too — yet they are working much harder than American workers. If men were permitted to work in our streamlined yards as do the British in their crowded, old-fashioned, oft-bombed

yards, we might have turned out between 10 and 11 million tons of ships last year instead of 8 million.

The bottleneck to victory is shipping. We could break that bottleneck much sooner if our workers were allowed to work.



Father Trains a Dog

MY FATHER is fond of dogs. Likes to train them. His method is this: He says to the new dog, "Good Jackie." The dog wags his tail. "Come here," says my father. "Come here, boy." The dog looks at him doubtfully. My father, who hasn't a great deal of patience, raises his voice: "Come! Come here, sir!"

The dog grows alarmed and tries to get out. My father advances upon him, repeating, "Come here!" with increasing annoyance and sternness.

"I wish you'd let Jackie alone," says my mother. "He doesn't know what you want of him."

"Pooh! Of course he does," declares my father. "He knows damn well. Come *here*, sir!" And he drags the new dog from under the sofa.

"Sit up," he instructs him. The dog is utterly limp. My father shakes his finger at him. "Come! Sit up, sir!"

"Oh, please don't," says Mother. "How *can* you expect the poor thing to sit up when he doesn't know a word you're saying!"

"Will you let me alone?" shouts my father. "Sit *up*, sir! Sit *up*!"

My mother goes to the door. "I'll not stay here and see that dog frightened to death."

"Frightened!" my father says, testily. "What nonsense! I know dogs. They all like me."

The dog sees the door being opened and suddenly bolts. My father grabs fiercely at him. In vain. "Confound it!" he says, in passion. "Now see what you've done! You've spoiled my whole plan." He stamps.

"You could never —" my mother begins.

"I COULD!" roars my father. "But I can't do a thing if I'm interfered with. Where's that dog gone? JACKIE! Here, Jackie! Come here, sir!"

I ONCE used this fragment from my boyhood diary in a column I was writing for the New York *Evening Post*. Mother triumphantly showed the clipping to Father. He read it carefully, then looked up at her with a smile of satisfaction and sympathy. "I hope you'll behave yourself after this," he chuckled. "That's just how you kept interfering with my training that dog."

— Clarence Day, *Life With Mother* (Knopf)

Personal Glimpses

¶ JUST before leaving for a hunting trip in Africa, Theodore Roosevelt invited a famous English big-game hunter to give him some pointers for his trip. After a two-hour conversation at the White House, during which the two were not disturbed, the Englishman came out.

"And what did you tell the President?" asked a reporter.

"I told him my name," said the wearied visitor.

- Emily Bax, *Miss Bax of the Embassy*
(Houghton Mifflin)

¶ WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes was wounded during the Civil War, he was cared for in a Hagerstown, Maryland, home. He lost touch with the family but always remembered their southern charm, particularly that of the daughter. Forty years later he was delighted to receive word that she was coming to Washington and wanted him to dine with her. The understanding Mrs. Holmes laid out her husband's evening clothes and ordered a bouquet for him to take.

At 11 that night she heard the Justice come in and go to his study. There was a long silence. Finally she got into a dressing gown, went down and found him at his desk, his head in his hands.

"Wendell," she said softly, "she'd grown fat, hadn't she?"

Only then did he look up. "Yes, my dear," he said meekly.

- Alexander Woollcott in *The Atlantic Monthly*

¶ AS I waited in a parking lot in Mineola, Long Island, one cloudy afternoon a few summers ago, a tall, quietly dressed, elderly man walked toward his car at my left. He increased his pace as big raindrops began to fall. His chauffeur jumped out and opened the door, and the man seated himself just as the downpour started.

"There!" I heard him exclaim with satisfaction.

Suddenly he straightened up and slapped at his pockets. "I've left a bunch of keys in the County Court House. I'll have to go back for them."

"Let me get them, sir," the chauffeur said.

"No, I'll go, thank you. There's no reason why you should get wet because of my oversight."

Turning up his coat collar, he hurried back across the rain-swept street. He was J. P. Morgan.

- Contributed by John E. Bierck

¶ LIEUTENANT General Spaatz, now in charge of the Tunisian air campaign, was standing on a London rooftop a year ago observing an air raid. The Nazis' aim was wild, the bombs fell helter-skelter. Spaatz began to fume and curse. "The damn fools," he roared. "They're setting air power back 20 years!"

- *Time*

¶ WHEN Frampton's jolly bronze statue of Sir James Barrie's Peter Pan was ready for installation in Kensington Gardens, London, Sir James contrived to have it erected, by an immense force of workmen, between dusk and dawn so that his friends, the children, might think that it had been put there by the fairies.

- Robert Haven Schauflier, *Peter Panism*
(Macmillan)



Dress REHEARSAL

The Story of Dieppe

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

QUENTIN REYNOLDS was impressed by the efficiency with which the great Dieppe raid was conducted — but he was more impressed by the human beings who took part in it. The result is a vivid, personal story of the gallantry, the tragedy and the humor he witnessed while his ship was under prolonged air assault and artillery fire.

Mr. Reynolds has been an associate editor of *Collier's* for ten years, and a war correspondent for that magazine since 1940. He saw the debacle in France, and the blitz on London. During a battle in Libya he was with a group of British soldiers surrounded by Axis tanks and subjected to dive-bombing.

Four previous books, all best sellers, have come from Mr. Reynolds' war experiences: *The Wounded Don't Cry*, *London Diary*, *Convoy* and *Only the Stars Are Neutral*.

DRESS REHEARSAL

ON THE evening of August 17, Major Jock Lawrence phoned me at the Savoy Hotel in London. "Be at my office at ten in the morning in civilian clothes. Bring your uniform in a bag. Sweet dreams!"

I packed, but I didn't dream any sweet dreams.

Jock's "office" was the headquarters of Lord Louis Mountbatten, commander-in-chief of Combined Operations, which includes the Commando detachments. I had long wanted to go along on a Commando raid, and now it had been arranged.

At Combined Operations Headquarters everybody was calm, unhurried. You would never know anything was afoot by the conduct of the people in the building. The secrecy in regard to raids was so well kept that very few even at headquarters knew of them in advance.

Jock took me to Lieutenant Colonel Bobby Parks-Smith, who "briefed" me: "You will go to Jock's apartment and change into your uniform there. A car will pick you up at two o'clock and drive you to a port. There you will board the destroyer *Calpe*. Lieutenant Boyle will be expecting you. When the destroyer leaves its dock, he will tell you where you're going.

You will be the only correspondent on this ship, the headquarters ship that directs the whole show."

At Lawrence's place we found his roommate, Lieutenant Colonel Loren B. Hillsinger, an American officer, packing in a great hurry. He left and Jock laughed. "He's going on the same show you are. There will be several American observers, and a few American troops — just a token force."

When I had changed into my uniform, Jock said, "Take off those war correspondent tabs."

"What for?"

"You are going to a port. Maybe weather will delay the show for a couple of days. If people saw your war correspondent tabs, they might figure there was some big show on. We'll use a pair of lieutenant colonel's silver leaves. Then you'll be merely another American officer."

"Why can't I be a general?"

"You're just not the type. It would be very bad casting."

Then he said good-bye gravely. "I hope to Heaven nothing happens to you. But you're a pretty lucky guy."

"Sure, I'm a lucky guy," I said a bit doubtfully.

Soon a car painted in dull brown squealed to a stop outside. I went

out and climbed in the back with two officers — a Wing Commander and a British Major. We introduced ourselves, and the Wing Commander said to the driver, "Straight for Portsmouth."

It was a long ride — 78 miles. But it was a beautiful day, with the sun bathing the green fields of Devon and with August wearing a thousand varicolored flowers in her hair.

"Bad time to travel," the Wing Commander muttered.

"How's that?" I asked.

"At this time of day there's not a pub open the whole way," he said darkly. "Very annoying, these license hours."

OUR DRIVER stopped at a concrete pierhead. A warrant officer politely asked us for identification cards, and told us to wait for a few minutes. We sat on the end of the dock, talking about everything but the raid. It was a beautiful tribute to Mountbatten's code of secrecy that not once had either of my fellow travelers said a word about the plans.

Soon we were joined by a Canadian captain — a press officer. He asked us what ships we had been assigned to, and the Wing Commander and the Major said they were to go on the destroyer *Berkeley*. (A few hours later, when the *Berkeley* received a direct bomb hit, both of them were killed.)

"How come a Canadian press officer is on the show?" I asked.

He smiled. "It's pretty much of a

Canadian show. Our troops got awfully tired of sitting on their fannies these past two years. They want to fight. You should have heard them cheer this morning when Ham Roberts told them this is the real thing."

I'd heard Major General J. H. Roberts called a fighting general. I mentioned this to the press officer.

"I'll say he is. This morning he told his men they were to cross the Channel, passing through a ten-mile German mine field about three quarters of the way across. 'I want you men to know,' Roberts said, 'that your General will be first through the mine field, and if I get through safely so will all of you.'"

"He must have plenty of guts."

"He has," the press officer said, shaking his head admiringly. "His destroyer goes through first, and it has a hell of a chance to get blown up. And now we're off."

The *Calpe* looked very small and tired, but all destroyers look tired in their war paint. I climbed up the gangway and met a good-looking young man who introduced himself as Lieutenant Boyle.

"Shall we go to the wardroom?" he suggested. It is almost a rite on British warships that a visitor is first given the courtesy of the ship by the offer of a drink. Boyle ordered a drink for me, tea for himself.

Soon the ship shook herself like a puppy which had just come out of the water and "We're off," Boyle said calmly. "Now first of all I want to introduce you around."

We climbed two sets of iron ladders to a fairly large, pleasant room. Three men were doing things with radio instruments and headphones. But my eyes were on the big smiling man who stood up as I entered.

"Glad you're on board," he said genially. "I'm Roberts."

"Glad to know you, sir," I said weakly. What was it the Canadian press officer had repeated? *I want you men to know that your General will be first through the mine field . . .*

BOYLE told me at last that we were headed for Dieppe. Mine sweepers were ahead, trying to cut a lane through the German defense.

"Ever been to Dieppe?" young Boyle asked curiously.

"Two weeks ago, with the night fighters," I told him nonchalantly, and his eyes popped out.

"You actually flew in combat with them?" He was really excited. "I've often wanted to do that. Those pilots are marvelous. And such kids -- most of them."

"How old are you?" I asked, amused.

Boyle colored slightly. "I'll be 21 in about three hours. Tomorrow is my birthday."

A sailor stuck his head into the room. "Captain Hughes-Hallett would like to see you on the bridge, sir." Boyle and I climbed three sets of iron ladders to the bridge.

Captain J. Hughes-Hallett, in charge of the naval operations, would be complete boss until we arrived at

Dieppe. Then General Roberts would take over in conjunction with Air Commodore A. T. Cole. Combined Operations means exactly that: the army, navy and air force act as a team in perfect harmony.

We were lying about two miles offshore, apparently at our rendezvous point. It was quite dark, but we could see ships all around us. There were fat transports, heavy-bellied, with small invasion barges on their decks. There were the long tank-landing craft, low in the water, and occasionally the sleek form of a destroyer slithered by.

"Any cruisers or battle wagons with us?" I asked Hughes-Hallett.

He shook his head. "We have destroyers, but nothing larger. Every available fighter aircraft will be with us at dawn, however."

I suddenly realized that we were under way, and that a long line of shapes distinguishable only because they were darker than the water was following us. Boyle and I went below to the wardroom again, and he spread out a map and several large photographs on the table.

"Here's a general view of Dieppe." He pointed to the map. "You'll notice various notations on it such as 'possible light gun' or 'road block' or 'antitank obstacle' or 'house strengthened' and a hundred others. The RAF have been taking pictures of Dieppe for weeks; the last were taken yesterday. Take a look at them."

The photographs looked as though

they had been taken from a hundred feet up. The amazing telescopic lenses used by the photographic section of the RAF could "see" from really terrific heights. Houses, block-houses, road intersections, occasional concrete pillboxes stood out boldly.

"And here," Boyle added, "is our timetable."

He handed me three sheets of typed paper. As I read them I realized the weeks of work Mountbatten, Hughes-Hallet and Roberts had put in on planning this raid. Every ten minutes something was scheduled to happen. For example, the zero hour was 5:20. At that time landings would be made on the beaches. But at 5:10 our destroyers were to shell those beaches for ten minutes. Each had its particular target. Exactly 1780 shells were to be fired, and the three beaches to be shelled were exactly 1780 yards long. That was typical of the schedule.

"Entering the mine field," the little mess steward broke in laconically. "Better put on the Mae Wests and get on deck."

Life jackets are called Mae Wests even in official language now. When they are inflated the reason for the name is very obvious. We slipped into them and went on deck. Ahead of us I saw a light.

"The mine sweepers dropped lighted buoys where they had cleared," Boyle explained. "One about every half mile."

We passed within 20 yards of the small green light and now we were

in the mine field. We plowed along at rather a brisk pace.

"We're really in no hurry, are we?" I asked. "Couldn't we take it easy through this mine field?"

Boyle laughed. "If you hit a mine, it doesn't matter how fast you are going — the effect is the same."

Far ahead I saw another one of the small lights. So far so good. A brisk breeze had sprung up, but I noticed that I was sweating. I peered ahead, looking for the next buoy, but there was nothing ahead but darkness and beyond that the enemy. Not a voice broke the silence. The ship veered slightly to starboard and I wondered in a panicky moment if we had lost the trail left by the mine sweepers. This was like an old-fashioned paper chase, but not quite so much fun. Now we veered to port and I was sure that we had missed the way. And then suddenly a hundred yards ahead a tiny light showed.

Always, in war, the suspense is more frightening than the actual combat. Suspense tortures you by slow degrees, makes you weak and limp.

On we went, hitting each little green light right on the nose. Then a bell clanged somewhere; voices still for nearly an hour were heard again; the ship seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. We were through the mine field and now, of course, you shrugged your shoulders and told yourself that it hadn't been so bad after all.

Now the time for keeping secrets had passed, and down in the wardroom Roberts and Cole told me the plan of operation.

"Suppose everything goes according to plan," I asked Roberts, "is there any thought of establishing a permanent bridgehead?"

"No," he smiled. "We have food, medical supplies, ammunition for one day only. We want, if possible, to destroy shipping in the harbor, grab a radio detection finder, destroy the torpedo factories. More important, the raid will show the Hun that he can't relax his vigilance anywhere on the coast line; that he must, in fact, strengthen his defenses. He can only do that by withdrawing troops, planes and guns from Russia.

"Of course, we'd rather move in on a big scale and establish what people so foolishly call a 'second front'; but you know as well as I do the difficulties of that."

I nodded agreement. I had attended second-front meetings in Britain. The sincerity and honest intentions of the speakers and the audiences were impressive. And I had returned from Russia some months before, full of admiration for the Russian people, and as ardent a second-fronter as anyone.

I went all around London asking just one question. "Why hasn't a second front been opened?" I only asked men who knew me well enough to realize they could talk off the record. I talked to men like Averell Harriman, Ambassador Anthony

Biddle and some of the American generals serving under Eisenhower — who are, I think, the best in the world, young, vigorous, tough and aggressive. I talked to men in the Admiralty and the Air Ministry and, when I was all through, I had a pretty good picture of why a second front couldn't be attempted immediately. These men talked facts and figures. To them a second front was not a question of mere patriotism, of stirring crowds to emotional outbursts. It was a cold, military problem, involving men and machines of war — nothing else.

It couldn't be told at the time, but the parachute troops who would be necessary in any major offensive were only then being trained. There were less than 100,000 American troops finishing their training in Northern Ireland and none at all in Britain. Our air force hadn't begun to arrive as yet, and there were no airdromes ready for them. A few months later enormous, excellent airdromes had been built for the American air force, but you can't build them overnight — especially those designed to be used by large bombers.

Civilian critics of British and American military leaders just didn't know the facts of the case.

I went up on the bridge and was surprised to find that we had practically stopped. Evidently we were almost there. Far ahead a light blinked.

"That's a lighthouse," one of the officers on the bridge told me grimly. "It's good news, too. It means they don't expect us."

"Where are we now?" I asked.

"About ten miles off Dieppe."

The main force, which had Dieppe itself for its objective, would land to the right of the harbor. Commando No. 4 Unit was to land some six miles farther to the right and knock out a six-inch gun battery. This was an absolute "must"; the night before, the unit's commander, brilliant young Lieutenant Colonel Lord Lovat, had told his men simply, "Do it even at the greatest possible risk."

To the left of Dieppe there was another six-inch gun battery, on high ground which commanded the beaches in front of the city. Commando No. 3 Unit was to knock this one out.

About halfway between Dieppe and Lovat's landing place, a radio detection finder was located. This was to be destroyed or, if possible, dismantled and brought back by the South Saskatchewan Regiment. A civilian was to accompany the South Saskatchewan lads — a very important civilian. He was Professor "Wendell," whose real name is known to very few people in Britain. Actually, he is the developer of new stunts in radio location. He has made the British radio finders the best in the world, and it is due to him that the RAF and anti-aircraft groups in Britain are always able to spot the

Germans long before they arrive at their objectives.

Professor "Wendell" did not have a very pleasant assignment. He had a bodyguard of four soldiers whose only job was to keep their eyes — and their drawn guns — on the Professor. The Professor was to look over the German radio detection finder to see if there was anything new about it. With this immense technical experience, a few minutes alone with it should suffice. But suppose the Germans proved too strong and surprised the Professor and his four bodyguards? The answer was simple. The four soldiers had orders to shoot the Professor immediately. Britain could not afford to have this genius of radio location fall into enemy hands.

Mountbatten himself had explained to me this reluctance to risk the capture of anyone who might have information of value to the enemy. We had heard from RAF pilots who had escaped from German hands how expert the Huns were in getting the truth from prisoners. They had to some extent given up the physical torture they had practiced against the Poles, Czechs and Norwegians. This was prompted by no humanitarian motives. The Germans had merely discovered something far more efficacious than torture.

They had a drug which seemed to come right out of the Sunday supplements. When it was administered to a prisoner, the unhappy victim could

not lie, nor could he fail to answer questions. It was a sort of truth serum, something on the order of "twilight sleep," its effect being that the subconscious mind completely overruled the conscious mind. No strength of will was proof against it. British scientists had verified that such a drug existed.

Hence the destiny of Mountbatten's men was to kill or be killed, and they knew it when they volunteered to serve under him. "Wendell" knew the great risk he ran. But his patriotism was greater still. Fortunately for him and us, he escaped after accomplishing his task.

OBVIOUSLY, we hadn't been detected yet. Closer our flotilla crept. It was just 3:47 a.m. And then . . .

The night that had been sleeping awakened brilliantly in a riot of dazzling green and bright-red streaks that arched the sky, flashing vividly against the black velvet of the night. We stood there, stunned, on the bridge. These were tracer bullets, and they came from our left. Then the sharp bark of ack-ack guns came across the water.

Boyle returned from General Roberts' cabin. "A German tanker was going in, a few miles to the left of Dieppe, escorted by four or five E boats. They saw our Commandos' barges and started giving them hell. This," he added gloomily, "will upset our schedule."

I went into Roberts' cabin and sat

on the floor close to the door, out of the way. Roberts and Cole talked calmly, and men with earphones and mouthpieces received reports and gave them to Roberts.

"The E boats have been dispersed. Three of them sunk. The tanker has been destroyed. Commando No. 3 and the Royal Regiment are trying to find their rendezvous and proceed."

But the fire from the E boats had scattered the landing barges filled with Commandos and sunk some of them. Many of the Commandos died before ever reaching shore. Others turned back. One landing barge, however, managed to flank the E boats unobserved and "touch down" on the beach. The men in this barge were not actually combat Commandos. They had been trained in liaison and communication. But they carried guns. They waited for a few moments, and then 24-year-old Major Peter Young said, "We got orders to put that six-inch battery out of action, didn't we?"

Someone said, "That's right."

"Then what the hell are we waiting for?" he growled.

There were only 20 men. They went inland a quarter of a mile, unobserved, and found the six-inch battery. They scattered, Indian fashion, and opened fire with their little automatic rifles. They couldn't silence the battery, but they worried it so by their sniping that we, lying offshore, never got its full attention.

Now the dawn was growing brighter.

I looked at my watch and at our timetable. The barrage opened as the second hand of my watch hit the minute. The air seemed to tremble and vibrate with the sound.

For ten minutes the guns thundered and golden flashes cut the half light of the dawn and then, as though it had all been rehearsed by a master director, the curtain of the night rolled up, the sun chased a few wisps of mist away, and in front of us lay the city of Dieppe.

From the left flank came the dull booms of six-inch guns. Then came the rattle of machine-gun fire. Cutting through it all I heard the high singing sound of the Spitfires — 24 of them — two squadrons. There is a dainty slimness about Spitfires that no other planes have. Their motors never roar — they hum and sing. Now they broke formation, swinging into flights of four each. They separated and hit different levels so that we would be protected from all sides.

Roberts kept getting reports — few of them good. Each beach, each objective had been given a name.

"Report from Orange Beach, sir. Commando No. 4 accomplished their mission — returning."

"What about Red Beach?"

The aide shook his head and repeated monotonously, "Calling Red Beach. Calling Red Beach." This was where Commando No. 3 was supposed to have landed.

"Purple Beach calling. Asks for more smoke on west cliffs. Being strafed badly."

"Henderson, tell Alfred," Roberts said.

Colonel Henderson, one of Roberts' aides, spoke into a microphone. "Calling Alfred. Calling Alfred. Lay smoke on west cliffs immediately. Are you getting me? Over."

"Alfred" today was RAF headquarters in England. Somewhere 300 miles away, ears glued to headsets heard that. Orders were given. We had Douglas Bostons hovering over us, equipped with two-way wireless. I walked on deck and saw two Bostons dive from nowhere, trailing white feathery smoke behind them. It settled on the cliffs. They banked sharply and retraced their flight, and now the tops of the cliffs were hidden by this artificial layer of cloud. Machine gunners there would not be able to see our men huddling behind the low sea wall on the beach.

This was the essence of Combined Operations. Not two minutes had passed since General Roberts had asked for smoke on the cliffs — and now the cliffs were shrouded.

We had moved closer inshore now, and the scene was something that Hollywood could not have duplicated. Shells came from the shore batteries; one landed 50 feet from us and threw up a cascade of water which, catching the sun's rays, fell back, throwing off red and golden sparks. Boats of every kind stretched as far as the eye could see. Small motor launches dashed from ship to ship. Motor-torpedo boats roared throatily by, and large barges filled

with men and guns were moving toward the shore.

A landing craft approached us and tied up, and men climbed on board. They were dirty and grimy and their faces were streaked with black, but they were grinning. This was part of Lovat's No. 4 bunch. They hadn't been able to locate their own ship so they'd come to us.

"How was it?" I asked a big Com-mando as he climbed on deck.

"A piece of cake," he laughed. "We got close to them before they even knew we were there. We were shot with luck. A shell from our mortar hit their magazine and blew the whole bloody works up. Then we rushed in and finished them off. They put up a fight, but they don't like that steel. Do they?"

His pals nodded. "Tell him about the Colonel," said one.

My big guy roared with laughter. "He's a one — that Colonel Lovat. Coming back he was last off the beach. He always is. Well, the barges were about 15 feet offshore, so they wouldn't get stuck in case of a quick getaway. Those mortars from way back somewhere were dropping close and machine guns from the cliffs were going very fast. Stuff was dropping all over. The Colonel starts walking out in the water and when it gets to his knees, he's still ten feet from our barge and he lets out a yell, 'Why the bloody hell should I get soaking wet because you blokes are too damned lazy to bring the barge in close to shore? Come and get me!'"

They all roared with laughter. "Stuff falling all around and him only worrying about getting wet."

AND THEN the *Luftwaffe* came. From now on we were under constant pressure from enemy aircraft. Wherever you looked you saw dogfights as Focke-Wulfs and Dorniers tried to break through our protecting umbrella of Spitfires. I watched two Dorniers die, falling like balls of orange fire into the sea. A third met a shell squarely in mid-air and simply came apart, a mass of scattering debris. The thought that men of flesh and blood were part of that debris never presented itself.

A landing barge pulled alongside and delivered the first wounded. The doctor was waiting in a small room two decks below. He told the walking cases to sit down in the passageway while he took care of the two who were badly wounded. Both men lay there with eyes wide open, their faces drained of blood, expressionless, as though their pain had fashioned masks for them. One had been shot in the stomach. The doctor's expression didn't change as he took a needle and stuck it into the man's arm. He stood up, looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

The second man had a leg wound. The doctor gave him an injection of something. Two orderlies hurriedly cut the man's trouser leg and bared the wound. Below his knee the leg held only by a shred.

"How did I get out?" The voice

that came from the man was a dead monotone. "We touched down and stepped ashore and machine guns came from both sides. . . . Everyone was hit — except me. . . . They kept shooting at us. . . . They didn't hit me. . . . They were all killed — all, except me. . . . They never hit me. . . ."

The voice trailed off into nothingness. The doctor swore under his breath. "Too late, damn it!"

Only then did I realize that the man on the table was dead.

Our Oerlikon guns were barking angrily, which meant that the enemy planes were still coming. The wardroom was crowded now. At least a dozen men in soaking uniforms were there, and the little mess steward, Joe Crowther, was helping them remove their wet clothes and get into warm blankets.

Most of the wounds were shrapnel wounds, and those aren't so bad unless you are hit in the stomach. The doctor didn't have time to dig the shrapnel out. He just poured disinfectant over the wounds and slapped bandage pad over them.

Occasionally a bomb fell fairly close, and down below the water line we were never sure whether we had received a direct hit or not. We'd hear an explosion and the ship would shake and list a bit, and we'd be quiet and then Joe Crowther would cough and say, "Hell, that was half a mile away." Joe Crowther had been purely a Yorkshire accent a few years before. Now he was emerging

as a personality. He had a moon face and large pale eyes and he talked very slowly.

"This is a lucky ship," he said, wrapping a newcomer in blankets. "Aye, she's been hit lots of times, but they can't hurt her. She's sturdy and honest, she is, and best of all she's lucky. Have a drop of brandy, mate. It's all on His Majesty, the King. There'll be no mess bills this day."

Someone stumbled down the iron ladder and a familiar form lurched into the wardroom. It was Wallace Reyburn of the *Montreal Standard*. His face was ashen. He took two steps into the room, then collapsed slowly to the floor. I lifted his head and forced some brandy down his throat. He choked, shook his head, opened his eyes and recognized me.

"This is a hell of a story, isn't it?" He grinned weakly. Then he added, "I'm not sure, but I think I got hit a couple of times." Joe and I investigated. He had been hit in the shoulder and someplace else.

"There's one wound," I laughed, "you'll never be able to see yourself unless you're a contortionist. It isn't bad — just a little shrapnel. How was it on shore?"

"Bloody awful," he shivered. "I was with the Saskatchewans. There was a 12-foot parapet on the beach and on top was very tough barbed wire. Our guys worked and worked and finally one of them cut through it and we went over. That's when they discovered us. We ducked through some machine-gun fire and

got to a deserted house. But they had the house taped and started dropping mortars on us and that wasn't good. So we started to go to the city itself.

"We had to cross a river and there was a bridge across it. The first men who started over were all mowed down. Then Merritt came up. That's Lieutenant Colonel C. C. I. Merritt, and what a man! A big, young-looking guy, only 33. A terrific guy. He just said calmly to his men, 'Don't bunch up. Here we go.' And then, carrying his tin hat in his hand, he walked across that bridge like he was taking a stroll. Last I saw of him, he was going toward Dieppe with a gun in each hand. I hope he gets back."

"How long were you on shore, Wally?"

"Over six hours. The last hour was the worst, just waiting for our boats to take us off. They came on the dot, but the tide was out and we had to run 300 yards through machine-gun fire and mortar shells to reach them.

"It was as Dunkirk must have been — men lying there on the beach wounded or dead; men up to their knees in water waiting for boats; men aiming rifles at planes that passed so fast you could hardly see them.

"The boat I got in was stuck, but we shoved it off, and when we were out about 50 yards, so help me, it began to sink. Just went down under us. There was another about 20 yards away and we swam to that.

Then that one started to sink. But the British sailors went from man to man grabbing helmets, guns, anything that was heavy, and threw all overboard to lighten the boat and we managed to get away."

Both our Oerlikons and our four inch guns were firing now, and the noise and vibration filled the small room. The lamp over the table began swinging from side to side crazily. We listed badly to port and then to starboard — we were zigzagging, zigzagging. Evidently the Jerry planes were getting in on us.

I guess the lurch came first, a split second before the explosion. The ship heaved upward, then lurched to port. And then the explosion came, and it was as though you'd hit a giant glass with a giant tuning fork, and the sound of it kept ringing in your ears long after the blow had been struck. Then from the pantry adjoining the wardroom there was a mighty rush of water. We all hung on to tables and chairs, and then above all the noise came a ringing laugh — a healthy, hearty, bell laugh. It was Joe Crowther.

"Hear that new eight-inch gun of ours?" his Yorkshire voice boomed. "Sounds just like a bomb hittin' us, don't it? Hell of a gun, that big eight-inch. Shakes the ship up a bit. Broke all the glasses in my pantry."

I looked at Joe's big, innocent moonlike face and I blessed him. We were far below the water line and there would be small chance of getting up the iron ladder if we started

sink. We had no eight-inch gun, but some of the tenseness which had ripped the wounded men left them.

Men were hurrying into the pantry with tools. The ship had righted itself, but we were still zigzagging. The planes hadn't been driven off.

"We're laying a smoke screen," Crowther said calmly. "We always zigzag when we do that."

WENT on deck. Every ship was moving, so as not to present a stationary target. Flak ships (small craft carrying only anti-aircraft guns) pouted lead into the skies. Spitfires darted here, there, everywhere. But sometimes, in pursuit of an enemy plane, they left openings and Dorniers and Focke-Wulfs slashed through and bombed and strafed our ships.

A barge came alongside and discharged about 30 men — nearly all wounded. Our decks were crowded now with wounded. Some lay stretcher to stretcher, and others leaned against gunwales and ammunition boxes. Two of the men who had just come aboard were American Rangers. They looked very young.

"Who were you with?" I asked a tall, blond youngster.

"Commando No. 4," he said. He was Sergeant Kenneth Kenyon, of Minneapolis. "It was bad on shore, but, my God, how those Commandos can fight! We were after a six-inch battery, and there was an orchard just before we came to it. Know what those Commandos did? They lay down and fired; then stood

up, grabbed an apple off a tree, and started firing again."

His pal was Sergeant Matchel Swank, also of Minneapolis. He had a shrapnel wound in his arm, but he laughed at it.

"I knew nothing could happen to me," he said, grinning. "I had a swell mascot with me — a Bible." He dug into his water-soaked clothes and came out with a sodden little book. "My father carried it all through the last war, and he never got hurt. So when I left he gave it to me, and believe me I'll always carry it."

I walked aft, and saw where the bomb had hit. The debris had been cleared away, but some blood remained. Several stretchers lay together, and the faces of the men lying there were covered.

Then the *Berkeley* was hit. A large bomb landed amidships and broke her back. We didn't hear the bomb, although the *Berkeley* was only 400 yards from us. The noise from our own guns and from bombs landing nearby had swelled into one ear-splitting symphony of sound, so that no one note could be distinguished.

We went to the help of the stricken ship. Motor-torpedo boats and landing barges had surrounded her, and the British navy was doing a job now. I doubt if any man stayed in the water for more than three minutes. Many were killed when that bomb hit, but the last of the wounded were taken off.

Some of the survivors were brought to our destroyer. One of them was a

British army captain. I asked him if he had seen Colonel Hillsinger, Jock Lawrence's roommate. He nodded.

"They got him off," he said shortly. "I was with him on deck when it hit. I didn't get touched. He did, badly. He was kidding about some new boots he had on when the bomb came. The ship listed badly to port --- we were on the port side. I was unhurt and I went to help Hillsinger. He was swearing. The deck was level with the water, and there, so help me, floating three feet away, was one of Hillsinger's new boots. He was mad as hell and somehow he pulled the other boot off and threw it after the one floating there."

"You mean the blast from the bomb blew one of his boots off?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes," he said, drawing a deep breath. "It blew the boot off, all right. The boot floated there, and Hillsinger's foot was there too, inside the boot. Hillsinger is in a bad way, but he's a very brave man."

"He lost his leg?"

"He lost his leg," the captain said, tonelessly.

YOUNG BOYLE came into the wardroom. "The show is over," he said quietly. "Everyone is on the way home. Everyone but us. General Roberts is going in toward the beaches to pick up any men who may be in the water. We'll be here alone and we're sure to catch hell," he added cheerfully.

From the deck we could see the

ships retreating. Our destroyer turned in toward the shore, steaming so close in that the Germans turned their machine guns on us. We stood behind gun screens and bulkheads and the bullets rat-tat-tatted against them. Now and then someone spotted men clinging to rafts or wreckage, and we steamed slowly to them and hoisted them aboard.

The shelling was bad now because they had us alone. Before, there had been more than 200 targets in a radius of four miles.

I was standing just outside the passageway amidships when suddenly, above the sound of our guns, came a new noise --- a noise that having heard once you never forget. A Focke-Wulf 190 had gotten through the umbrella of Spits and was hurling itself downward at us. I stood frozen and so did the four men around me. Boyle was there and Air Commodore Cole. The plane came from 5000 to 300 feet in a few seconds, then dropped a bomb. The air was full of roaring noise, and I lunged backwards and through the passageway. I lay there on my back, listening to the world coming to an end.

I was dazed. I didn't know whether I'd been hit or not. Then I bit on something and spit out a gold inlay. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Evidently the concussion had loosened it.

I got up shakily and walked the two steps to the deck. The two men who had been standing on either side of me lay there dead. A sailor helped

Air Commodore Cole inside. His face was covered with blood. Young Boyle stumbled past me, his hands to his neck. He had been hit in the neck and the head.

I fingered the little gold inlay in my pocket. I'd been standing with four men; two of them were dead, the other two seriously wounded. I had only lost an inlay. What had I been saved for?

WE'D BEEN here nearly nine hours now and everyone was tired. There was no spontaneous shouting among the gun crews when they sighted a German plane. They merely loaded and fired automatically. We had about 500 wounded on board. The decks and wardroom were packed with silent men.

A body can take a terrible beating; it is practically indestructible. But nerves can stand only so much. When nerves get frayed and the strain on them over a period of time becomes too much, some men become sullen and irritable, some become slightly hysterical. This has nothing to do with a man's inherent courage or stamina. The reaction is entirely involuntary.

"Let's go home, for God's sake!"

A wounded lieutenant stood up suddenly. "I've had enough," he sobbed. "Let's go home!"

"Have a drink, man," Joe Crowther soothed. "We've all had enough, but the Skipper knows what he's doing."

The lieutenant drank deeply from

the bottle. The rest of the men looked away from him, as though not to notice his outburst. He had broken the rules.

Matchel Swank, the young American Ranger, came into the wardroom for first aid, and I got the brandy.

"A drink will do you good," I told him.

He looked at the bottle curiously. "What is it?"

"It's brandy — good brandy. It will make your hair curly, is good for the teeth, and makes childbearing easy."

He looked suspiciously at the bottle, took a drink, choked, spluttered, spit it out and asked plaintively, "Haven't you got any Coca-Cola?"

The Chief Engineer stuck his head in the doorway. "We're headed for home," he said briefly, and you could almost hear the relief exude from the 40 men in the room.

Dorniers and Focke-Wulfs kept after us, and we had two more near misses. But then we caught up with our flotilla, and passed it. This was fine, we thought. We'd be home in a couple of hours. But that wasn't General Roberts' idea. Oh, no. Once again he had to be first through that mine field.

Hours passed, and now the sun, having seen enough this day, balanced itself on the horizon. Far ahead we saw a thin line and then there was England. We were home, but there was no jubilation, no happiness on board. Everyone was too tired, and men were thinking of

comrades who'd been left behind.

By now the merciful deadening anesthetic of shock had worn off, and pain began to assert itself. Wounds held lightly together by the bandage pads and court plaster reopened, and men swore softly at the pain, swore at the unaccountable weakness of these bodies which, having withstood and smothered agony all day, now had relaxed their fight and allowed pain to take the upper hand.

General Roberts walked out on deck. He, too, looked tired now. He leaned over the rail, staring down into the water.

"It was tougher than you figured, wasn't it?" I asked.

He drew in a deep breath. "Yes," he said slowly. "It was tougher than we figured."

THE NEXT day Mountbatten talked to correspondents at a press conference.

"We did not accomplish all of our objectives," he said. "But we did accomplish our main purpose. We sent a fairly large naval force to Dieppe, and kept them there for more than nine hours. We lost only one destroyer. The RAF lost 98 planes, but saved 30 of the pilots. They officially downed at least 91 German aircraft and 200 others are listed as probables. The raid taught us a great deal which will be of value in subsequent operations."

About 10,000 men were engaged in the operation, including the naval

personnel and the RAF pilots. More than a third were killed or wounded. But the fact that the raid was launched against perhaps the best-fortified spot on the coast meant that no other spot was immune. Many places had to be, and were, immediately reinforced. The Germans had to give up their hope of sending several divisions from France to the Eastern Front.

The back of the *Luftwaffe* was broken that day in August. Only one real aerial attack has been launched on Britain since then, and our planes have been able to make daylight sweeps over France with much less opposition than they met before. The magnificent Focke-Wulfs and the trained German pilots lost that day were not expendables.

General Eisenhower studied every move of the Dieppe operation in planning the North African campaign. In fact, he was big enough to ask Mountbatten and his staff to help him plan that venture. Mountbatten had already considered a large-scale raid against the places finally attacked. He had made a plan which he turned over to General Eisenhower. Three days after the Americans had landed in northern Africa, Eisenhower sent Mountbatten a cable of thanks for his help. By inference he was thinking of the men who had died at Dieppe. It would be safe to say that many American lives were saved in North Africa because of lessons learned in the dress rehearsal at Dieppe.

